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Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

VOLUME III OCTOBER, 1924 NUMBER 3

BEN AMES WILLIAMS — B. E. WILDER

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The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1676 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federa control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—*Editor*

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL — ZANE GREY
DR. HENRY VAN DYKE — DONALD HOUGH
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — WARREN H. MILLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER — THOMAS AMBROSE
M. L. GOCHENOUR — HAROLD TITUS
E. H. ROSS, *Associate Editor*

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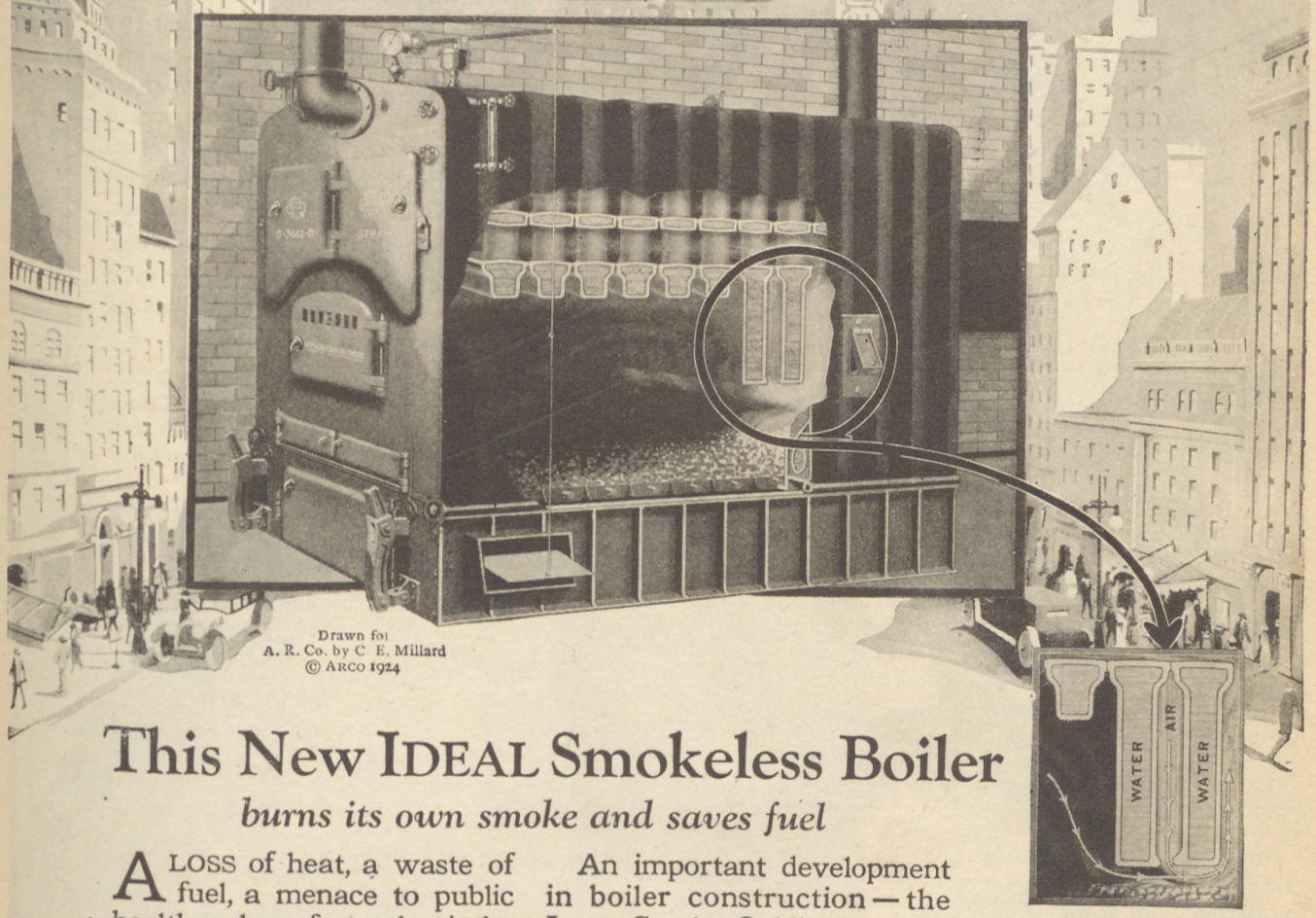

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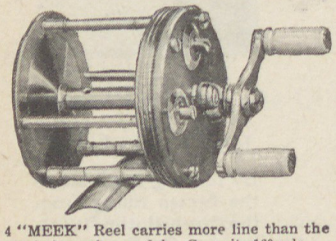

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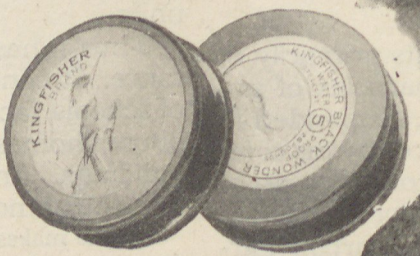

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Outdoor America

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The Menace of the Motor

By
WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "In Berkshire Fields," "On the Edge of the Wilderness," etc.

THE problem presented by good roads and the motor car is a great one. It is the most serious menace to wild life in America today. For example, I live at the foot of a mountain. Along the foot of this mountain (in Wester, Mass.) runs a state road. The whole top of the mountain, which is a long, wild plateau, is state reservation. The deer yard for the winter on the high ridges in number, and the first week in December (our one open week) finds them around the mountain, browsing at night on frozen apples in the old orchards by the road. Last year, for two weeks before the open week, and all during open week, motors went up and down this road all night, their number plates taken off or blackened over, with searchlights playing on the fields and woods on either side, and in some cases their occupants, I judged by the sound, using rifles instead of shot guns. At least five deer were killed before the open week, along this one road. Appeals to the local country constable and also to the state highway inspector failed to bring protection. You will find everywhere that the motor car, because of the quick getaway it affords, is increasing illegal game destruction, and that also it is everywhere making it easy for hunters to get far from cities into woods which twenty years ago they could not reach. In the Maine woods this summer, for example, I saw scores of fishermen and hunters come for over Sunday from distant points, and the noticeable diminution of fish in the streams which they can thus reach is plain evidence of the danger.

Using a searchlight in open season will have to be everywhere prohibited, as well as carrying loaded guns in a motor car, and our highways will have to be far better patrolled in open season to enforce the law. Those of us interested in conservation will have to work together to increase the number of state constabulary and to bring about public sentiment for their use in this service. Further, the woods and streams easily available to motor traffic will have, in many cases, to be absolutely protected or opened only under stringent restrictions, if our wild life is to be preserved. Nobody today has either to hunt or fish for food. The time when we can permit pot hunting or fishing has passed. Any one who hunts or fishes should regard it as sport, and undergo the hardships of tramping the wilds. If he isn't game enough to do this, he has no business with a rod or gun anyhow. It is bad enough to take the romance out of a mountain by building a motor road to the top, but to take all the wild life out of the wilderness by building a motor road through it or to it, and then permitting all the vandals who own a car to hunt and fish ad lib. is a crime. I saw ten men and three dogs get out of a truck last autumn and go into a grouse cover of not more than twenty acres. Having beaten that, they got into the truck again, and drove to the next one. What chance have our partridges against that sort of "sportsmanship"? None at all. They will all be gone in a few years.

Walter Prichard Eaton

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

McCorrison—Portrait of a Fisherman

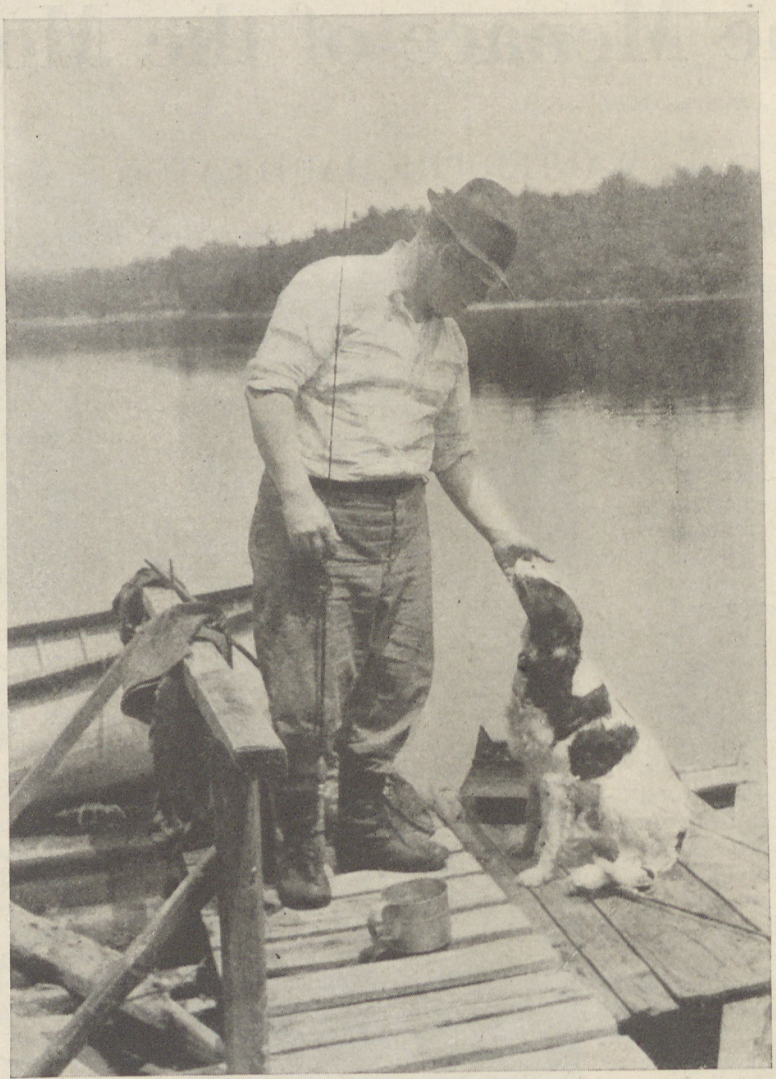
By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

The author of McCorrison needs no introduction here. His books—"All The Brothers Were Valiant," "The Sea Bride," "The Great Accident" and many others grace the shelves of thousands of libraries and his superb short stories appearing in current magazines have an immense following. He is not only a writer but a sportsman of the first water as this story will show—THE EDITOR

THIS is a man worth knowing, this Bert McCorrison. And especially if you are one of those who love the trout streams, who find a keen pleasure in taking your way along their meandering banks through some grassy meadow, or in fighting the clouds of mosquitoes that cluster along the course of a woodland brook. I met him first in 1918; and the day I met him was the second trout fishing expedition in my experience. We fished that day three brooks. At noon, Bert stopped fishing, and thereafter devoted himself to my instruction. He had taken twenty-three trout while I had taken two. Under his tutelage I managed to get five more during the afternoon.

That was the first of many long days together either along the trout brooks or in the alder swamps with our dogs, when the woodcock flight is on. And every day has enriched me with his companionship and made me know better the man whom I count one of my closest friends.

Bert is some sixty odd years old; perhaps five feet four; weighs I should suppose in the neighborhood of a hundred and thirty-five; and is so far as I have discovered quite tireless. For purposes of comparison, I am some thirty odd years old, six feet tall, and a hundred pounds heavier than he; and as amateurs go I am a reasonably good rough and ready walker. But after one or two experiences in trying to keep the pace Bert set, I found it necessary to modify his fishing tactics to suit my own abilities; and nowadays I cover one mile of brook to his two or three.



Buddies—the Author and his pal.

He is a friendly man, and the most absurdly generous person I ever knew; so generous that even though you may have thrice as many trout as you can use, he much prefers that you take home all he has caught as well. In spite of the fact that he is almost inevitably high line, and that his gun is sufficiently deadly, Mrs. McCorrison for years seldom tasted trout, woodcock or partridge. Bert gave them all away!

He fishes quite definitely, for the fun of fishing. This is not to say that he does not fish for the sake of catching fish, but he catches no more than he can use. If, when we fish together, I say to him: "Some folks coming tomorrow, Bert. I hope we get a good mess of trout," then it is perfectly safe to count upon him for the approximate limit. But if a dozen fish will satisfy us both, he takes no more than the necessary minimum; gets his fuller pleasure out of inspecting the brook, watching the trout in the pools, and scrutinizing the spring holes and runs to see how the fry are thriving. He is a worm fisherman exclusively; but it is just as easy to be a fish hog with flies as with worms. It is not a question of method, but of gluttony.

Bert has fished all his life. He began as a boy, with his father, when his function was to lie back out of sight of the brook and remove the fish from the hook and rebait the hook, so that his father, prone by the brook side, need not disturb the trout by moving. That was in the days when a fisherman took a bucket along, and filled it before he came home, not infrequently from a single pool. Bert's memories are stored with recollections of these ancient excursions; he can recite to you the details of each one. That the day was fair or lowery, that the brook was high or low, that the pool was of such and such a character; that the trout bit fast or sluggishly, and that the catch was thus and so. He has always fished, and always will. His small farm on the hill above Searsmont does not impose too heavily upon his time; he has always leisure to accept an invitation to go fishing, if the company suits his fancy. And he goes.

The fact that he can, roughly speaking, catch as many fish as he wants to catch, makes a description of his equipment and methods of some interest. He uses a steel rod, so old that the plated metal in the handle is worn down to the copper base, and the first guide has been cut apart by the line and discarded. His reel—"I sent to New York for that reel," he will tell you, "Sent them fifty cents for it, and I've had it twenty-two years."—his reel is small, with a wide barrel. It was originally probably nickel plated, but none of the nickel now remains. It is apparently of copper; and the bar across which the line runs is deeply grooved and in two places cut almost through by the

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

friction of the line. The click has the senile note of age; the reel itself is unsteady on its seat, and it has—if memory serves—been mended with solder here and there as need arose.

Upon this reel he winds a black silk line, which he never dries and which he uses until its manifest rottenness forces it into the discard. He will not use an enameled line because it fails to run easily through the guides when he casts his worm. His hook is a Limerick, rather large. I do not remember the number; but I do remember that he always says:

"I like a large hook because you're not so likely to kill small trout with it."

This hook is eyed; he uses no snell. "I used a leader and a snelled hook just once," he has told me. "Went fishing for salmon in George's Lake, and hooked one that would weigh four or five pounds. Just when I was getting ready to take him in, that leader caught on the boat and broke, and I never used one since."

With this gear, he uses for bait "a live, wriggling worm," not too large, hooked through perhaps half an inch of the middle of its length, both ends free. He can cast such a bait an astonishing distance without tearing the worm; and this enables him to keep back well out of sight and to avoid startling the fish by the sound of his footsteps approaching a given pool. When a fish takes the bait he pays out line, gives time for the hook to be pouched, and then lifts the trout easily and steadily from the water so that its struggles may not alarm other fish.

Unless we need fish, he works only those pools where there is a probability of taking big trout. Others occasionally take larger fish than he; but over a space of six years, I believe his catches have averaged better than those of any other man in the territory where he fishes.

Here are a few of the things I have seen him do.

There is a woods brook, which runs through a tangle of young growth, and where the mosquitoes are astonishingly numerous and hungry. He led me to this brook one day and to a certain pool. "There are four pools here worth fishing," he said, "and this is one of them. Go in easy, and put on a good, live worm, and drop it in right between them two logs."

I tried to obey directions; and I fished that particular pool for ten minutes, Bert at my elbow, until the mosquitoes demanded my attention.

"Nothing here," I told him.

He led me up brook to another pool where we could see three eleven-inch trout lying in mid-stream; I approached cautiously and began to work on them. They paid no heed to the worm, and I urged him to try them. He refused; instead went back down brook to the pool I had first fished, and took from it an eighteen-inch trout, weighing two and a half pounds, on the first cast.

He took me to another brook, and sent me down stream first, himself fishing each pool upon my very heels. In a mile of brook I took six trout, he took seventeen. Mine were under eight inches; he had two a foot long.

We went one day to the Ruffingham Meadow. The two brooks therein were dotted with fishermen, for it was Sunday. So Bert and I sat down at the head of the Meadow to wait for them to leave. They drifted past us toward the road, two by two, reporting catches as they went. One man had a dozen small trout; another had half as many; some had none at all, or one, or two. Toward mid-afternoon the brook was deserted, and we worked it together, I as always ahead, Bert taking what I left. I caught a few small trout, Bert took the limit in an hour and fifteen minutes of fishing.

He took three other men to a certain brook one day, himself not fishing. They had little luck, catching only a small fish here and there; and at length they appealed to him, declaring there were no trout in the brook. In half an hour he caught four over eleven inches and nine smaller ones, in the pools they had fished unsuccessfully.

I had one day a guest, whom I put in Bert's charge. They approached a pool in the bend of a meadow brook and under Bert's direction the other man fished it for ten minutes without having a bite. Bert was standing at his elbow; and the other at last said:

"Try it!"

Bert cast and caught a ten-inch trout on the first cast, another almost as large a moment later.

The tale could be extended indefinitely. A final incident stands out so boldly that it should be set down. Bert and another man went at four one afternoon to one of the meadow brooks near Searsmont. The other man had fished these brooks as a boy, but not for years past; and Bert directed him to two pools in the lower meadow.

"You'll get some good trout there," he prophesied. The other man went down the brook, fishing as he went; Bert as usual followed after. An hour later Bert, having taken five trout of which three were over ten inches, came to where the other was fishing the lower of the two pools. He asked:

"Any luck?"

"One," said the other.

"How big?"

"Just over the limit."

"Any bites here?"

The other man, disgruntled, shook his head. "How about you?" he asked.

"I've got all we need," Bert replied. "Guess I won't fish any more." And he sat down beside the upper pool, fifty feet above where the other man was fishing, and filled his pipe.

"I fished that pool," said the other. "Got one nibble; that's all. Guess they've moved out. But I want to try here for a few minutes more. I had one good bite."

So Bert smoked his pipe; and after a few [CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]

Bert McCorrison, lover of trout streams.

"Off fishing for life"

by B. F. Wilder.

Illustrated by Everett E. Lowry

THE hotel's broad veranda, shady and cool, was almost empty; hardly a dozen guests were in sight. At my elbow a large willow rocker moved invitingly in the soft air and I lighted my cigarette and sat down.

"You've picked a good spot, Colonel," remarked a voice beside me. "There's just enough breeze to make tobacco taste good. Nothing much to do here, anyway, except eat and smoke."

I turned to the speaker, a stout, clean-shaven, rosy-faced man, who drew leisurely on a fine cigar and regarded me with half-closed eyes.

"Isn't the fishing good?" I asked.

"Oh, there's fishing, if you like that," he replied pleasantly. "But I don't, you see. I'm off fishing for life."

"One trouble with fishing," he continued, after a moment's silence, "is that everyone gives you advice and it's all different. Why, last night, when the fishing crowd were talking about things to fish with—bait, you know—they couldn't agree even on those. One set was strong for real minnows and live worms; but they didn't know anything about fishing, weren't fishermen at all, in fact, according to the others. Then the gang that used wooden fish split with the fellows who liked feather flies: one side's way wasn't sportsmanlike and the other's was no good, as near as I could get the arguments. And in the end, I'm damned if the feather fly men didn't split up: some of 'em were wets and the others were dries. Ain't it funny how prohibition bobs up in pretty near everything?

"While I was listening to their chatter and wondering how they'd got that way, a little chap tailed on to me—I couldn't break away from him—and said that the only thing a trout would look at now was what he called a black gnat. Yet right afterward, when I came out here for a quiet smoke, I ran into a man who'd just caught a big trout—a good fish, too, I had a slice of it for lunch—and he told me he got it on a Seth Thomas."

"A Seth Green," I murmured.

He rumpled his iron-gray hair impatiently. "Seth Thomas or Seth Green, what difference does it make? Neither of 'em is a black gnat."

"A week ago I didn't know a thing about fishing," he went on musingly. "Jim Cullen got me to try it—said I'd like it. And he's a man who knows what he's talking about, usually: you take his advice on a horse or a bootlegger and you won't go far wrong. But when it comes to picking amusing pursuits, Jim's a flivver.

"He couldn't come up with me so I landed here alone, all loaded down with things to fish with, and got Blake, Jim's old guide, to row me. Jim said that Blake would teach me how to fish in no time, but something went sour in that programme. For the first hour or so about all he said was: 'Keep your tip up—keep your elbow down.' It sounded like a golf lesson. You know—keep your head down—keep your eye on the ball.

"After a while I got to thinking more about my elbow than about where my hooks were going, and then I hooked Blake in the ear. It didn't amount to anything—the hook went right through and all we had to do was snip off its end and push it back—but to hear him talk you'd thought I'd tried to kill him. Then he put on a big felt hat and a pair of goggles, and he hinted that he kept the stuff to wear when he was out with very careless people or someone who didn't know anything.

"I didn't mind his putting the armor on—a man ought to protect himself, even in the breakaway—but what he had to say about it got my goat. So when he told me that I couldn't expect to learn how to fish in a day or two, that he'd been at it for forty years and still had a lot to pick up, I came right back with the snappy line that perhaps I wasn't as stupid as he was. He gave me a nasty look, but he didn't speak.

"I felt better after that exchange and I kept right on throwing the feather flies out on the water and pulling them in again while Blake rowed. Nothing happened for a long time. But when we'd got to some big rocks near one of the islands, there was a sort of a swirl close to the last fly and Blake yelled 'Soak him!'

"That was a hell of a thing to say to a beginner, wasn't it? Soak him! A fish is soaked every minute of his life. How can you soak one any more than that? I didn't know what he meant and I looked at him for advice. Then he told me that a fish was biting the flies, and that what he wanted me to do was to jerk so as to stick the hooks in the fish. As soon as he said that I jerked, of course. But there wasn't any fish there and I told him so.

"He sort of gasped and said that he didn't suppose there was by that time and then he went all over it once more. He talked as if he was explaining something simple to an idiot child and I didn't like it. So I asked him why in hell he didn't say 'jerk', if he meant jerk, but he didn't answer—only blinked his eyes and swallowed, as if his throat was dry, and motioned for me to throw again.

"I threw, and a fish as long as my arm came up through the water and grabbed the last fly. I jerked, as Blake had told me to, but the pole wasn't strong enough and it broke in three places. I didn't jerk as hard as I could, either. There must have been something wrong with that pole—weak spots, maybe. The line broke too, so the fish got away.

" 'Tiss—tiss—tiss!' says Blake, shaking his head.

"I had an aunt who used to do that. Whenever I'd been walloped for some childish deviltry and was cooling off, she was sure to show up with her knitting and cluck at me like a hen. It used to drive me crazy then and it irritates me now, so when Blake started it I told him frankly what I thought of him as a teacher. He told me that the best teachers failed with dumb pupils, which was fair enough. I could always depend on him for a good hard counter and I liked him for it.

"Well, after a while I asked if there wasn't some kind of fish we could catch without a pole. He said that we could get smelts, and that he thought smelt fishing was just about up to me, too. I knew a dirty crack was coming when he began to talk, so I wasn't surprised when he went on to say that smelts were a sort of brainless fish that any child could catch. But I felt I owed him one for it.

"He rowed us over near the edge of the island and anchored the boat with a big rock on the end of a rope and we went to work on the smelts. You'd be surprised at how deep the water was: we weren't more than fifty yards from shore, but it was

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

all of a hundred feet deep. We didn't use the feather flies at all—just tied a couple of hooks on the end of a line, clamped on a little piece of lead and dropped it over. There was bait on the hooks, of course.

"The smelts bit right away and Blake was right about one thing—they are foolish. There we were taking 'em out, one after another and sometimes two at a clip, and they never even hesitated about biting. You'd say that after a while they'd take a fall to themselves. You'd think that little Mary Smelt would have looked around and said: 'I wonder why Pa and Ma went skallihooting up when they bit those things?' But not so! When little Mary got a chance she bit too, just like her fool parents.

"It was kind of nice out there on the water. Our hooks were going down empty and coming up loaded and I was feeling so good about learning how to fish that I offered Blake a cigar. I suppose he was sore about something, for he took a look at it and said he'd smoke his pipe. He said that he'd got used to tobacco when he was a boy and thought it tasted better than anything else.

"That made two I owed him and that last one was below the belt. If there's one thing I'm a judge of it's tobacco. But I didn't say anything till after he'd lit up. Then I told him that the wind was from him to me and asked him to change places, if he didn't mind. I added that I'd often seen the down-and-outers shooting snipe, but I'd never known before what they did with their game.

"That one landed and flushed his face up. I don't know what his comeback would have been, if he'd had time, for just then something pulled on my line and I knew it wasn't a smelt. I don't know how I knew, but I did: it was different, somehow. I gave a little jerk, like I'd learned how, and tried to haul it up. But it wouldn't come; it held down like a ton of coal.

"All of a sudden it stopped holding down and I thought it had gone away, but the next second the biggest fish I ever saw, outside of a fish-market, jumped out of the water within six feet of me. I nearly went out the other side of the boat! I'll bet I jumped higher than the fish did.

"I was rattled, I'll admit that, but I wasn't as foamy as Blake was, not by a long shot. Do you know what he did? I'm damned if he didn't grab the oars and try to row away! He forgot all about the anchor—just laid back and rowed for all he was worth. After a minute he saw he wasn't getting anywhere and he put all he had into one heave. And one of the oars broke and he went off the seat backward, with his legs in the air and his head in our box of smelts.

"That pretty near sunk us! I thought we were over, sure! We did tip far enough to get water over the rim of the boat, but not a great deal; about a pailful, I'd say, and Blake's pants soaked up most of that. Those boats must be safer than they look.

"I had to drop the line with one hand, so as to hold myself in the boat, but I kept a good grip on it with the other and the fish didn't get an inch from me. He was easy enough to handle, he swam on top of the water all the time and I could see what he was doing. I had him galloping in circles round and round the boat by the time Blake answered the bell.

"I guess he came up a little groggy from the fall, for he yelled for me to *play* with the fish. I wasn't there to play: I was out to get him, and I would have, too, if it hadn't been for Blake. I was pulling the line in—I had it all, except for about eight or ten feet—and in a couple of minutes more I'd have had a strangle hold on that fish. But Blake made a swipe at him with a big crab-net and frightened him into a fit.

"Ever play with a good pit bull? You know—let him get his grip on a strap, or something that won't hurt his teeth, and pull and bounce and shake, while you hold the other end? Well, it was something like that, If the fish had growled while we was raging around, it would have been just like it. Why, he acted as if the water was hot! He'd just hit it and go up in the air again.

"Blake stood up to make another swipe, but I knew the fish would never stand for it. If I was going to get him, I'd have to do it myself and do it quick—I could see that. So I leaned forward to get a better grip on the line and the boat tilted—I'm a heavy man—and Blake just saved himself from going into the pond. We came near turning over that time, too.

"When he fell down, I tried to lift the fish into the boat, but he was a lot heavier than he looked and the hook broke. I don't know when I've been so disappointed as I was then! One minute I could fairly see that fish on the table—broiled, maitre d'hotel with thin slices of lemon and bits of parsely round the edge of the dish—and the good scouts at the club sitting down to help me eat him, and the next minute he was gone! But life's just one disappointment after another, isn't it? I'll bet I could paper a room with my losing pool tickets.

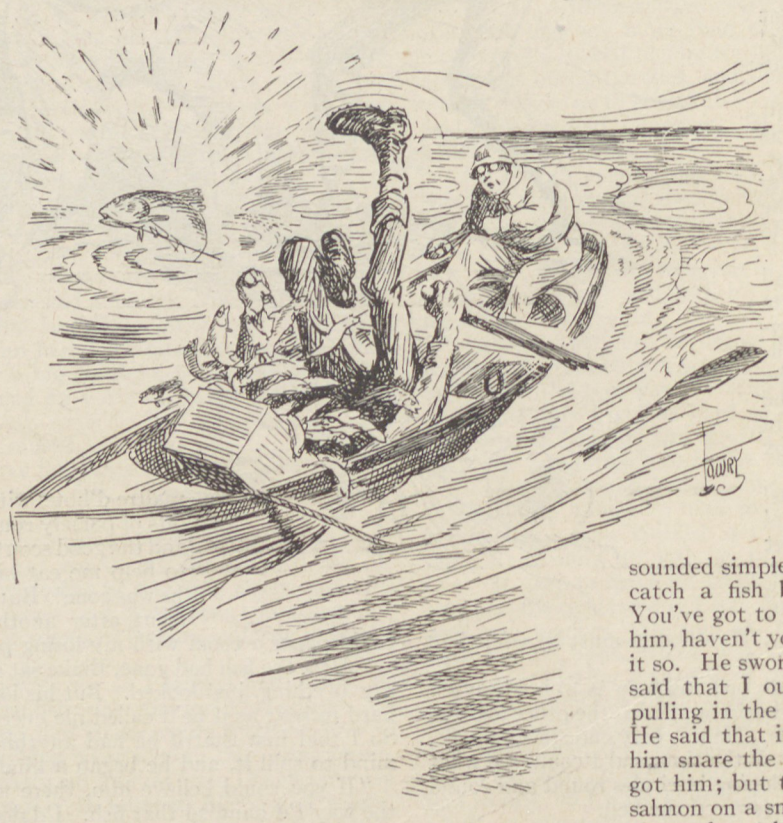
"After the fish had gone, Blake sat and looked at me—didn't say anything, just looked. But his look was enough; it was as hard to bear as if he'd called me everything he could think of. So I told him that if he had anything on what he called his mind to spill it, and he began a kind of sermon.

"If you could believe him, there wasn't a thing right with the way I'd handled that fish. I'd done the things I shouldn't have done and left undone those I should have done and there was no health in me, or words to that effect. But he couldn't put that over. I got right to him by asking if he knew anyone who could catch a nervous fish like that while a crazy man practiced headspins and backfalls in the other end of the boat.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

"He said that his falls were accidents and that accidents happened to the wisest men. I told him I knew that, but they didn't happen to wise people as often as they did to the other kind, and I'd bet on him for an accident every time he went out.

"He didn't answer that one. Maybe it was because he didn't have anything to say, but I think now that he was trying to control his hasty temper and thought a smoke might help; anyway, he took out his pipe and reached into his pocket for tobacco. But what he pulled out was a smelt—I guess it slipped in there while he was wallowing in the bottom of the boat—and when he saw what he had hold of he swore a blue streak and threw the fish a good eighty yards. There wasn't anything the matter with it, either—just a little pipe tobacco that could have been scraped off.



"After he'd thrown our smelt away and sworn himself out, he pulled up the big rock we had for an anchor and began to paddle with the oar we had left. I asked him what kind of fish he was after now, but he said that we were going ashore to get lunch, and if I didn't know any more about eating than I did about fishing I'd probably starve to death.

"He was all stirred up, so I didn't say anything back. It don't pay to rattle the cook, many a married man's found that out. And I didn't offer any objections to having lunch, for Jim Cullen had filled me up with talk about what he called 'the woodland repast.' When it came to cooking, according to Jim, nothing in the world beat a birch fire and every guide had Delmonico backed off the map. He may have been kidding but I certainly thought he meant it and he was perfectly sober. Jim isn't what you'd call a drinking man, anyway.

"One thing I'd planned on having that day was broiled tomatoes. You take five or six good-sized ones, wash 'em well, wipe 'em dry and slit 'em in half with a sharp knife. Then you take a tablespoonful of olive oil, with the same amount of salt and half a teaspoonful of good white pepper in it, and put it on the tomatoes and cook 'em for about eight minutes in a double broiler over a moderate fire. When they're done, you pour a little melted butter over 'em and you've got something. I'm very fond of 'em and I had half a dozen fine ones in the lunch basket.

"You'll hardly believe it, but Blake had never heard of broiled tomatoes. It wouldn't have done much good if he had; he didn't have a double broiler with him. But he said he could make what he called a pan-broil out of 'em, by getting a dry frying pan very hot, and I was fool enough to believe him.

"Well, we landed and I helped get lunch ready. Did you know that potatoes would sink? I didn't, till I'd dumped ours in a deep place to soak the dry dirt off. Blake had to go back to the boat for the crab-net, and he didn't salvage them all even then. The lunch was a little shy on potatoes. But I ought never to touch 'em and I don't believe they'd have been any novelty to Blake.

"We had some smelts first. Well, maybe not first, but they were the first things we ate. They were good, and I think everything would have been all right if we hadn't got to talking about that big fish. But no sooner did that come on the carpet than Blake began to tell what ailed me as a fisherman, and I told him that as a teacher he was all wet.

"Now I want you to get the straight of this, so I'm going to tell you just what happened. I won't try to repeat the exact language—though I don't know that it would hurt you any, you're over seven—but I'm going to tell both sides. Blake's story was that what he was trying to do when the oar broke was to get away from the fish, that a big fish like that needed room according to his strength. He admitted that he forgot about the anchor, but he said that was because he never used one, except when he went out with the neighbor's little children.

"Leaving out that crack about the neighbor's children—which may or may not have been a slam at me—his stuff sounded simple and I said so. How can you catch a fish by rowing away from him? You've got to pull him into the boat to get him, haven't you? But Blake wouldn't have it so. He swore that his way was right, and said that I ought to have helped him by pulling in the line and letting it out again. He said that if I'd done that, and then let him snare the fish in his big net, we'd have got him; but to try to lift the year's prize salmon on a smelt-hook was a sap trick and no one but a lollop would try it. And then he sort of broke down.

"Maybe there was something in what he said. I've talked it over with some of the fishing crowd—putting it as a hypothetical case, of course—and they

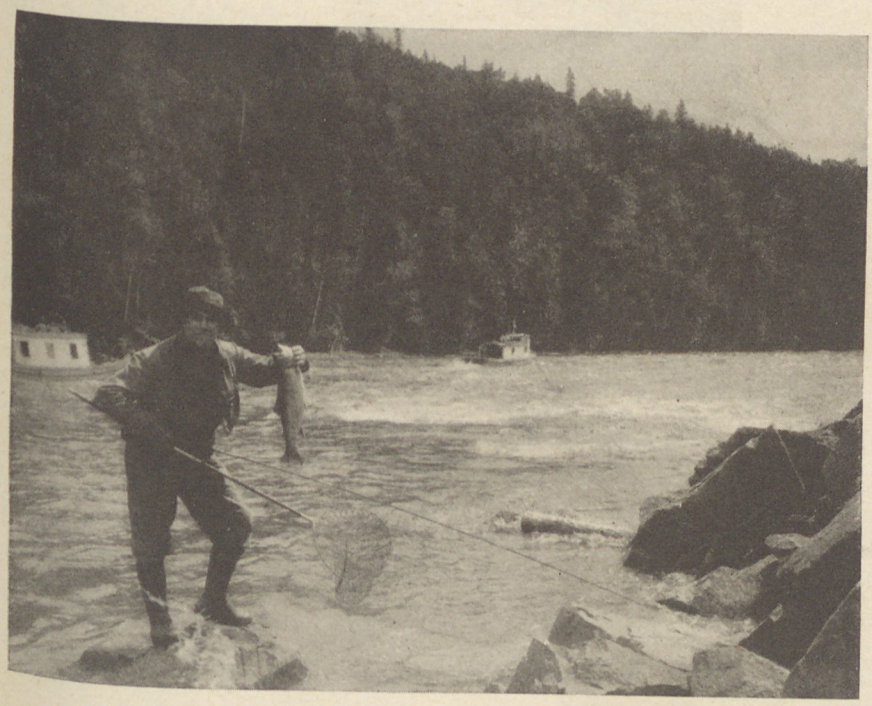
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Fishing *for the* Evidence

By W. M. STUART

THERE is still something new under the sun. And there is still a new way for a fisherman to tell an old story. Or maybe it is a new story in an old way. Anyway, it makes a good story and it is all about one of the best known members of the Izaak Walton League. So here goes.



Dr. Morlan with a large trout caught on a barbless hook.

Doctor H. J. Morlan, of Chicago, had heard so much about the fish that were being pulled out of the lakes in the Canadian Pacific Rockies that he decided he would go up there and have a try at them himself.

Well, the doctor and J. Murray Gibbon, of Montreal, were out on Fish Lake near Kamloops, B. C. In the same party, although in a different boat, was a moving picture operator from Montreal who had brought out to the West a brand new moving picture machine with all the latest slow motion attachments, which had cost several thousand dollars. This camera was lashed with a piece of rope on another canoe from that in which our heroes were holding forth. This movie man from Montreal who had been out for the Trail Riders' Pow Wow and other events of the mountain season had got the brilliant idea of getting some real fishing films showing the trout striking, the play, the actual landing and all the things that go to make trout fishing at its best one of the most glorious of all sports.

And the trout were biting—and the greatest of all fishing moving pictures was in the making.

Five big and beautiful trout had been landed with barbless hooks, for of course Dr. Morlan scorned to use anything else. The camera had recorded it all and everybody was prepared to call it a day and go home, when—oh when—there was a mighty splash—and then a still more mighty silence. The rope holding the camera to the canoe had frayed, or had been frayed, anyway it snapped and—overboard went the camera with its unique and priceless cargo.

And then there was a fine how-do you-do. Gone was the "Doc's" great opportunity to appear as a moving picture hero and to show his many friends that he had caught some of the finest trout ever landed. Gone was his opportunity to prove without a shadow of doubt that the big ones had not got away. But was it? Well, the resourceful Chicago M. D. was not so sure. He organized a search party and they secured grappling irons, but that kind of fishing yielded nothing. Then they got a drag between two boats and rowed back and forward over where the camera had disappeared—but still nothing doing. So finally Dr. Morlan played his trump card. He was not going to let the evidence of his fishing ability escape from the world of Izaac Walton Leaguers as easily as all that. Nothing doing. Why not send to Vancouver for a deep sea diver? No sooner said than done. And a diver they got. And the diver dived—but all he did was scare the fish, for never a trace of the elusive camera was to be found. The lake bottom at that point is quite muddy and it is believed that the camera is in the mud—for good.

But, as the Doc says—"Just think of it. The best fishing film ever taken—the real evidence that the big trout are there and anxious to be caught—the story of how barbless hooks can get the big fellows as quickly if not quicker than anything else. It is all there. And so is the camera—30 feet under the surface and in the mud."

It would not be surprising if many a big trout is laughing these days as he floats in lazy fashion over where that camera lies.

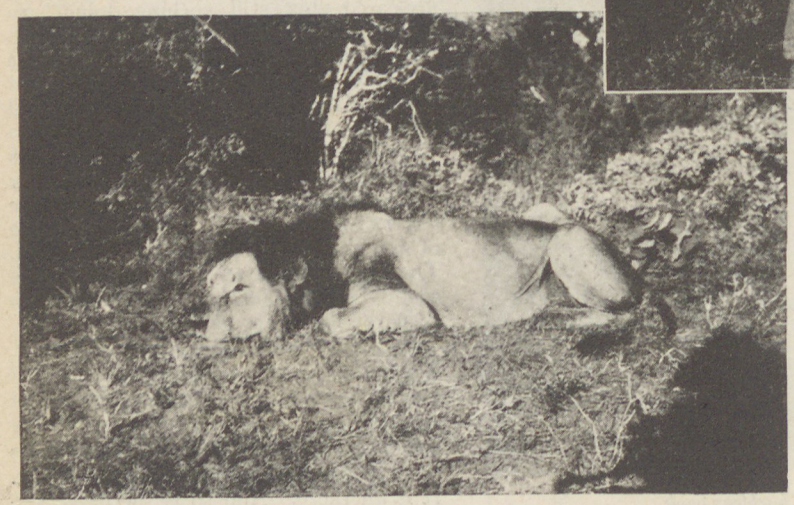
"And a diver they got—and the diver dived—"

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

The Black-Maned Lions of Mount Lololokwi

By GEORGE BRUNER

Illustrated by David M. Newell



With lashing tail and blazing eye,
Magnificent his tawny pelt,
He roared defiance to the sky,
The black-maned monarch of the veldt.
ANON.

A HUNTING trip in British East Africa is replete with stirring sensations, but the thrill that comes once in a lifetime is experienced when, from an oppressive silence in the dead of night a black-maned lion leaps directly within range of one's gun, the moonlight flashing from his sleek hide as his roars reverberate to the crags of old Mount Lololokwi.

We were camped on the Vaso Nyro River, in the shadow of the mountain famed for its lion hunting. We had been hunting for six weeks, with fair success. Our trophies included a rhinoceros, buffalo, eland, leopard, chetah, zebra, and several small bucks, but no lion, for which the trip had been made.

Our first night convinced us we were in lion country, as the opening serenade soon after we turned in struck terror to the hearts of our pack animals, causing great commotion in the camp, which did not subside until the early hours.

In a country where game is plentiful the lion feeds at night, gorging until break of day, when he returns to his lair to sleep until hunger again prompts him to explore his domain. Old timers in Africa assured us it is by the merest chance one will find a lion abroad during the day. We arose early the next morning and explored the section. Our guides finally located a good spot on which to erect a blind to shoot from. Gun bearers were dispatched and a zebra killed. The carcass was dragged to within shooting range of our guns, and left as bait for our royal trophy. We returned to camp and went to bed.

The next morning at daybreak we hurried to the blind to determine whether our lure had been disturbed. We approached as noiselessly as possible. As we came into the clearing a large male lion of the black-maned variety leaped from the carcass of the zebra and dashed away into the jungle. Pat, our white hunter and wise counselor, advised against a shot as the light was poor. He said we would come back that night and collect our prize when he returned to finish his feast.

In accordance with this decision we inspected the blind, or "boma," as it is known on the veldt. It was constructed of thorn brush and similar in design to a duck blind. It was large enough to accommodate two men, and so situated that a clear unobstructed view could be had of the zebra thirty feet away.

We returned to camp. The stage was all set. We had an early supper. Soon after, Pat and I, with our guns and blankets, rode out to the blind to begin our vigil. After entering the blind the gun bearers took our mules back to camp, leaving Pat and I alone in the "African Blue" to spend the night in anxious anticipation. Soon the sun went down and the short twilight gave way to darkness. A deep silence fell over the surrounding country. Much has been written and told of silent places, but to my mind there is no silence like that which follows the twilight in Africa. At this hour the eerie quiet drives one's thoughts towards civilization and home, augmented by a weird creeping sensation akin to horror, when the first howl of a hyena rends the stillness.

The hyena's call acts like a bugle, and immediately following it the nocturnal animals and birds come from their hiding places and the veldt swarms with its night life. The world that seemed so hushed but a short time before is now a subdued bedlam, if such can be visualized.

This night the moon shone from a cloudless sky, making the country almost as light as day except when a fleecy cloud hovered for an instant in its path.

As we waited, tense, the hyenas' cries came from all sides and their followers, the jackals, assisted in the din. They stealthily approached the carcass of the zebra, drawing close and then retreating as though they felt, rather than saw, an approaching danger. Suddenly, although we heard no sound, the hyenas and jackals rushed away and silence again prevailed.

Our eyes were glued to our bait as Pat touched me on the shoulder and whispered, "Get your gun up, he is coming!"

Then without further warning, out bounded the most magnificent specimen of a black-maned lion I ever hope to see. The moon made his tawny pelt glisten like silver. His head high and mane waving, he emitted deafening roars that echoed and re-echoed against the rocky face of Mount Lololokwi as his tail lashed defiantly. No painter could put it on canvas nor

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

could any weaver of words adequately describe this startling tableau.

Imagine if you can the thrill which accompanies the fulfillment of a life's desire to bag a lion, in such a setting.

Our quarry, after issuing his challenge to the entire animal kingdom, walked majestically across the moonlit space to the carcass of the zebra to resume his meal which had been so rudely interrupted by our approach in the morning. His attitude was in striking contrast to the slinking departure of the hyenas.

Straight to the zebra he came, apparently oblivious to our presence. He placed one massive forepaw on the shoulder of our bait and raised his head to sniff the air, making a perfect target. I experienced that sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach which is known to nimrods as "buck-fever." My muscles seemed paralyzed, but only for a moment. I cautiously raised my gun, a Winchester .405, to position and drew a bead directly on the center of the lion's chest. I pulled the trigger. My quarry seemed to melt to the ground.

I reloaded instantly and kept him covered, waiting for him to rise, but he did not move. I could not realize the lion was dead—it did not seem possible that one shot would complete the job. My nerve deserted me and I turned excitedly to Pat, who had been a silent spectator.

"Pat!" I exclaimed, "is he dead?"

Then Pat gave me a resounding whack on the back, and with a grin said, "Dead as hell! That's the way to get 'em!"

We did not dare to leave the blind to examine the prize before daylight, as there were many other lions in our vicinity. I contented myself with my pipe and many an anxious glance through the blind to make sure my prize had not arisen and walked away.

We had but a short time to wait. From the brush bordering our open space a second lion made his appearance, uttering low growls as he walked directly in front of the blind at a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet. I covered him immediately, but Pat advised against shooting, feeling certain he would approach closer and present a better target.

Rifle shooting at night is quite uncertain, so Pat's advice seemed sound. I withheld fire only to see the lion leap back into the friendly cover of the brush nearby. The next second and my chance was gone forever. During the remainder of the night we could hear his roars, but he did not show himself again.

When the first streaks of day crept over the top of the mountain the night prowlers silently wended their way to their secluded retreats, we crawled from the protection of our thornbrush and inspected our bag. He was a prize that any sportsman would be proud of. Larger than any lion I had ever seen in captivity or mounted.

We were soon joined by our gun bearers, mules and skinners. The hide was removed and we proceeded triumphantly to camp, where a royal welcome awaited us.

So in the shadows of old Lololokwi my heart's desire to bag a black-maned lion had been fulfilled, indelibly imprinting fond memories a lifetime could not erase.

Defiantly he roared across the veldt.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

On Anglers' Tales

By ROBERT E. McMILLAN

THERE was once an enthusiastic, if not altogether reliable, angler, who went in search of his favorite game soon after a great flood had carried the waters of his native stream far out of their bounds. The angry torrent, quickly subsiding, as often is the case with the swiftly aroused, had left a number of shallow pools among the jagged rocks that were plentiful upon the ancient flood plain of the river.

Our hero chanced to discover in one of the pools some unfortunate fish that had been deposited there by the receding waters.

The next day the faithful friends of that angler listened wearily to the story of the find—how the pool literally swarmed with fine five-pounders. Indeed, the number of magnificent specimens of the finny tribe which the narrator declared were taken from that pool was so large as to excite the suspicion of a certain cold and calculating listener, who slily induced the teller of the wonder tale to estimate the dimensions of the aforesaid tank among the rocks, whereupon the matter-of-fact mathematician presently proved that no such quantity of fish as that claimed to have been lifted therefrom could, by any possibility, have been contained in a receptacle of so small a capacity.

Let us now consider the flagrant case of my handsome friend H., who so successfully pursues the elusive small-mouthed bass, with the aid of an imported hundred-dollar rod, a rare collection of silken lines, and a bewildering assortment of artificial flies—not to overlook a costly reel of intricate mechanism.

We enter a crowded elevator. My friend nods easily to a non-angling acquaintance who, just to make pleasant conversation, timidly propounds the customary question to the great sportsman:

"Have you been fishing, lately?"

Now, as I have said, H. is no amateur sportsman. A skilful manipulator of carefully chosen flies and rare player of fighting fishes—he is no pseudo angler, stuffed with second-hand lore, obtained by dipping into piscatorial literature. To my certain knowledge, however, this mighty knight of the angle has not been away from home for weeks (except in flights of fancy), and such fishing as he has done, in the interim, has been strictly confined to the occasional pursuit of his favorites in the stream that flows near at hand.

"Why, yes," he begins, with a quick flash of the charming smile that is certain to disarm the most skeptical, for the moment, at least. "I was out one day, last week." Then with a half-deprecatory dropping of the voice: "Got one sixty-two pounds."

There is painful silence for several seconds. This is too much, even for those who never go afishing! Everyone seems aware of the fact that a five-pound black bass is the unrealized dream of many a patient angler of long experience. Looks of incredulity at once appear upon the countenances of all of his auditors. Someone is about to challenge the absurdity of the romancer's claim, when, swiftly, he makes everything clear.

"A sea bass—in Florida," he kindly explains, without so much as a tremor of the eyelid!

As opposed to the successful but prevaricating H., there is the pathetic case of dear old Judge R., who took up angling rather late in life, with the hope that the outdoor diversion might prolong his days. It was generally believed that up to the

WALT COMES IN

time of his demise, a few years later, the judge had not succeeded in landing even so much as "an eel, on the sod."

The judge was indeed an amateur.

He would remain, pole in hand, for hours at a time, upon the banks of a little weedy pond, whose murky waters were known by every boy in the neighborhood to have been drained, years before, of the last gasping shiner, and were now only inhabited by hoarse-voiced frogs and discontented water beetles.

If you chanced to meet him at the end of a perfect day, with not so much as a diminutive sunfish in the absurd little creel that he wore, you would, of course, politely propound the inevitable question:

"Well, Judge, did you catch anything today?"

It was then that his face would light up with a look of rare enthusiasm that bespoke the genuine, if unsuccessful, angler.

"No," he would begin, with proper regard for the exact facts, "I didn't catch anything this time, but I had three mighty good bites, and I'm going fishing again tomorrow!"

As might be expected, it is your angler of wide experience, like my friend H., who is disposed to be the most skeptical when informed that another of the craft has laid claim to extraordinary success with hook and line.

You chance to remark that A. reports a big catch of bass on a certain day, whereupon the great fisherman smiles, knowingly.

"Perhaps you will recall that we had three days of rain about that time," he remarks significantly. "Bass always bite best when the water is muddy, of course!"

You refer to the luck of a neighbor across the way, who returns with several dozen fine pan fish soon after the spring fishing season opens.

H. stifles a yawn. "I suppose he knows that it is against the law to use a seine in these waters."

But you feel that there is such a thing as irrefutable evidence. One day you triumphantly refer to the well-substantiated story that a certain local angler of evident repute has just succeeded in landing the largest fish of the season. You even show a copy of our reliable home paper, containing a likeness of the aforesaid angler, who smiles broadly at you as he holds, at arm's length, with unmistakable effort, a scaly denizen of the deep, of unbelievable proportions. You read aloud, with the ring of victory in your voice, the legend beneath the picture:

"Rock fish, caught by William Jones last Sunday at Four Mile Run; weight, eighteen pounds and nine ounces."

You fondly imagine that nothing can prevail against such weighty evidence of Sabbath breaking as this, when you receive a shock from which you expect never to recover.

Obviously, it would never do to let that ridiculous William Jones yarn go unchallenged. Something must be advanced, at once, to prove its absurdity, and that something, when said, must be conclusive.

But it is more than that—it is so unexpected as to cause you to clutch the nearest support, for a moment. Finally, you regain consciousness and insist that the statement be repeated, as you are unable to realize that it is the great H. who is speaking.

With a stern look, and an unmistakable air of finality, that great angler forever disposes of the absurd claims of the wretched William Jones.

"You know perfectly well what the facts are," he begins, with the look of one who considers your case hopeless. "I was out that day myself, and I didn't catch anything!"

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Iowa Celebrates

By MERTON S. HEISS

National Executive Secretary of the Izaak Walton League

President—Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa.

First Vice-President — A. J. Faerber, Davenport, Iowa.

Second Vice-President—Dr. E. V. Cutler, Osage, Iowa.

Third Vice-President — H. E. Walton, Sioux City, Iowa.

Secretary—D. D. Conger, Ida Grove, Iowa.

Treasurer—George O. Van Derveer.

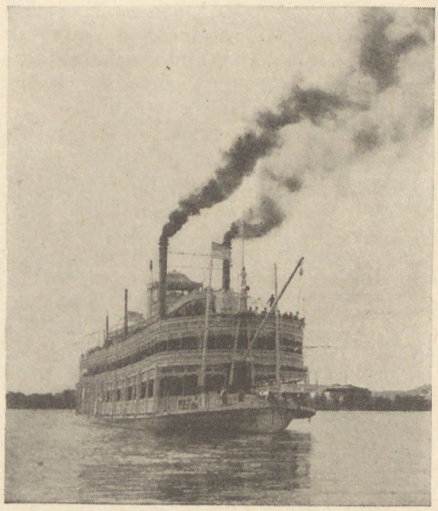
IN the little city of McGregor, pocketed in between two bluffs, a hundred delegates from Iowa chapters assembled last month to celebrate a series of conservation victories.

First, they celebrated the passage of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Act and, second, they jubilated over a ruling of the Iowa State Board of Health which marks one of the most important milestones in the progress of pollution battling in the United States.

Another cause for extreme gratification was the fact that the Iowa Division of the League is going forward with leaps and bounds and evidences are positive that this Division, before snow flies, will have by far passed the 100 Chapter mark and the day is within sight when the Division of the state "where the tall corn grows" will have at least one chapter in every county.

Particularly impressive was the meeting held on the second day of the convention in the Winnishiek Country. While the unsurpassed scenery of the Upper Mississippi glided by, delegates assembled on the giant River Steamer "Washington," paid a glowing tribute to Will H. Dilg, National President and founder of the League, and resolved to render every possible service looking to the fulfillment of Mr. Dilg's prophecies of last summer that these Upper Mississippi Bottom Lands would become a great playground for the middle west and a fish hatchery and wild game refuge through which the entire United States would profit.

The convention drew the two distinguished Federal fish rescue workers, Culler and Canfield. Secretary Hollowell of the division is in the middle.



River Steamer Washington, floating meeting place of Iowa State Convention.

J. C. Murtagh of Waterloo delivered the principal address of the River meeting.

To get back to the pollution matter, it is figured that the action taken by the State Board of Health will make possible the cleansing of every stream in the State of Iowa and will also assure all people that these streams will always be kept clean.

Briefly, the history of the Cedar River matter is as follows: Nearly a year ago Mr. Dilg advised the then existing chapters along the Cedar River that the stream could be cleaned up if they would unite and take their troubles before the State Board of Health. Mr. H. V. Peterson, Engineer for the State Board of Health, promised his earnest cooperation and later events proved that he had lived up to his promises.

A committee representing the Iowa Division and chapters along the Cedar River on July 23rd went to Des Moines and laid before the State Board of Health complaints from towns, cities and communities against the pollution of the Cedar River.

The balance of the story is best told in the resolutions adopted by the State Board of Health, which are as follows:

Resolved: That the Iowa State Board of Health request that no individual waste, sewage, or anything deleterious to public health and to animals, fish or wild game be discharged into our streams and rivers by individuals, communities or industrial corporations, and we call upon all public spirited citizens to aid us and their local authorities in the effort to enforce the laws against stream pollution and prevent the consequences that follow from pollution.

AN ORDER

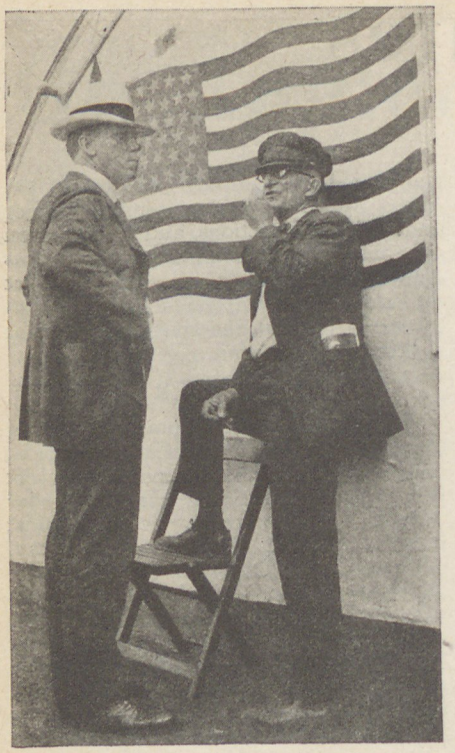
"In the Matter of Complaints Filed Against the City of Cedar Rapids; Sinclair & Co., Cedar Rapids; Penick & Ford Company, Cedar Rapids; Cedar Rapids Gas Company, Cedar Rapids; City of Vinton; Vinton Gas Company, Vinton; City of La Porte; City of Waterloo; Rath Packing Co., Waterloo; Waterloo Gas Co., Waterloo; City of Cedar Falls; City of Waverly; Waverly Gas Company, Waverly; and City of Nashua.

Now on this 23rd day of July, 1924, this matter came on for hearing before the Board of Health upon the application of citizens residing along the Cedar River. All of the parties complained on were represented at the hearing with the exception of the Kelly Canning Co., of Waverly, Iowa, and the Board heard the testimony of representatives of all the defendants and heard the report of the Sanitary Engineer of this Board and are fully advised in the premises.

From the evidence offered, it is the opinion of this Board that all of the parties complained on are discharging sewage and industrial wastes into the Cedar River and its tributaries without

James C. Murtaugh of Waterloo delivered the principal address of the Winneshiek meeting.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.



Dave Evans of Mason City, one of the League's very first friends and a staunch worker for the cause, attended every session.

proper purification of the same and that all of them are contributing to the pollution of the waters of the said Cedar River, rendering the waters injurious to the public health and deleterious to animal and fish life; therefore, it is the order of this Board that the Cedar Rapids Gas Co., of Cedar Rapids; the Vinton Gas Company, of Vinton; the Waterloo Gas Company, of Waterloo; Waverly Gas Co., of Waverly, shall within 60 days from this date have installed such modern methods as will separate oils and tars from water as recommended, and such method to be approved by the Engineer of the Board of Health.

It is further ordered that the City of Cedar Rapids; the Sinclair & Co., of Cedar Rapids; the City of Vinton; the City of Waterloo: the Rath Packing Co.: City of Cedar Falls: City of Waverly, and the City of Nashua, shall forthwith proceed to the preparation of plans and specifications for sewage treatment plants such that will be adequate to properly treat all sewage disposed of by each of the parties named. Such plans and specifications to be submitted to the Engineer of this Board for approval before installation of the plant. Such plans and specifications to be submitted at the earliest time possible.

Because of the impossibility of determining in advance the length of time that may be consumed in the preparation of the plans and specifications and in the installation of the sewage disposal plants of the various cities and packing companies, the Board does not fix the time in which said such plants shall be completed and as to these parties this matter shall be continued until the 24th day of September, 1924, at which time the Board shall hear testimony and consider further the matter of the time which these plants shall be installed and for such further orders as to the Board may seem proper at the time.

AN ORDER

Whereas, the oily wastes discharged from the public and private garages into sewers and drains and from these into streams and other bodies of water prevent the absorption of oxygen from the air by the water, as is necessary to fish life and natural purification to the water, and,

Whereas, the oily wastes may contain toxic or poisonous substances and,

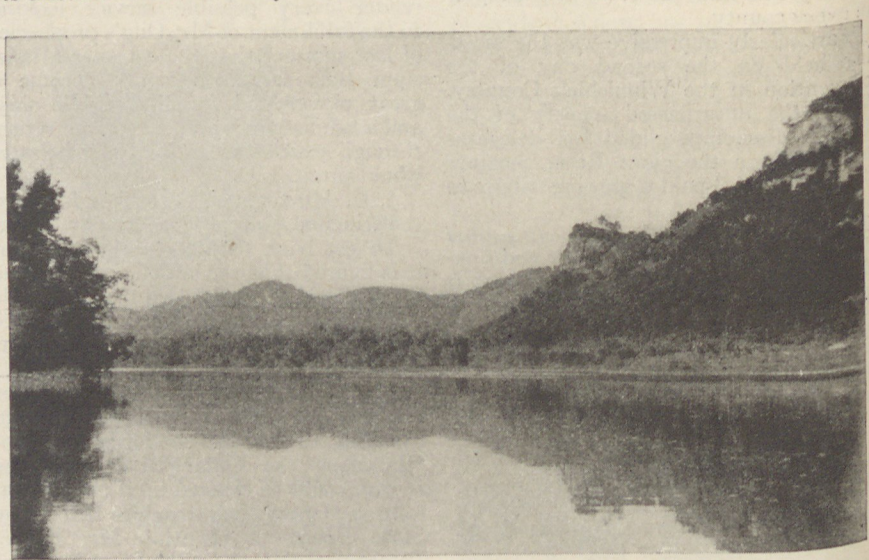
Whereas, any city, town, corporation or individual maintaining a sewer or drain becomes liable under existing laws for any damages or nuisances due to the effluent from such sewer or drain,

Therefore, be it resolved, that cities, towns, corporations and individuals maintaining sewers or drains discharging into streams or other bodies of water shall prohibit the entrance of waste matter from garages into such sewers and drains unless adequate devices for the separation of oily matters from the wastes shall have been installed. Failure to keep such devices in working condition shall result in prohibition of the use of the sewer or drain.

The best part of this is that the chapters along every stream in Iowa are going to do just as has been done along the Cedar River, and they have been promised and can with confidence expect similar cooperation from the State Board of Health.

Had the Iowa Division Convention accomplished nothing else during its life this pollution victory would have made its existence most decidedly worth while.

Judge George W. Wood of Waterloo was so busy Fred Bell (official photographer) could only catch a back view. The gentleman in the white hat answers to the name of Willford and hails from Waterloo.



Dreams Coming True. A section which will become a national preserve.

Right in order now will come campaigns for the Iowa River and for the Sioux.

So much happened at the convention and so many persons spoke that it would be utterly impossible to attempt a complete story of this history making gathering, but one of the outstanding features was the reception accorded Judge George W. Wood, who arrived a couple of hours late and was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. He had planned to prepare a presidential message and read it, but Judges are busy men and the message was extemporaneous. He spoke of the accomplishments of the League, explained in detail the tasks confronting the members, enlarged upon the necessities of working with and for the boys and girls of Iowa, so that they may become full fledged Waltonians and take their part in the conservation work which the men and women of today will bequeath to them. He complimented the Fish and Game Department for cooperation with the League and suggested that the Governor of Iowa appoint a committee of League members to work with the Fish and Game Department and with the Fish and Game Committees in the House and Senate. He favored the purchase of vacational grounds, additional fish hatcheries and game farms.

On the evening of the first day of the convention an elaborate fish dinner was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 50]

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food, Inland and Coastal Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

A Timely Plea for Action by N. E. Hutchens

SPORTSMEN, especially organized sportsmen, and more particularly Waltonians, have reached time and state of information which demand of them definite and positive *action*, instead of argument, protest and speculation, if they are to accomplish anything in the direction of ridding our waters of destructive pollution. They know the extent and more or less of the character of the polluting wastes which are being deposited in our waters, and they know also the destructive effect thereof upon the fish and the necessary aquatic life, animal and vegetable, upon which fish life largely depends. They have sensed the true standards of their industrial communities which despoil the open waters with a callous indifference to the effect produced upon the life and living conditions of America. But the individual sportsman has not realized that if *his* home is connected to a sewerage system that discharges unpurified human wastes directly or indirectly into a public water, he is proportionately as guilty of offense as is the individual manufacturer who so discharges the harmful waste products of his plant. The one is as greatly in need of education as is the other. Both should be under compulsion of compliance with those statutory and common law provisions which have been developed for the protection of life and property, as well as with that ethical rule which commands that we do no wrong to another.

And as the group of industrialists of a community who pollute our waters are to be censured as a group, so should the group of citizens comprising a community be criticised if it defiles a water with its untreated sewage.

The citizen group possesses the power to remedy either or both phases of the single problem; but it is manifestly unfair to pillory the manufacturer and to decorate the citizen who is equally guilty. The manufacturer justifies his practice by pleading lack of knowledge of remedial measures that are commercially practicable, while the citizen-group pleads municipal poverty—a question of expense only in either case.

As sportsmen we have failed to realize our responsibility as citizens and have seemed conscious only of the injuries done us by water pollution by destroying our fish. We have seen dead fish floating on the water below a factory, but have been oblivious to the community loss through the deaths and infections and lessened recreational and domestic use of the water imposed by the agencies that killed those fish. We have not even taken the trouble to learn just what did actually cause the fish to die, but have charged the responsibility to the factory or group of factories upstream from which we saw or suspected a flow of liquid waste.

The result of our incomplete observations and inadequate study has quite generally throughout the country, been a clamor for drastic penal legislation against pollution of water, all aimed at the manufacturing industries. This demand for legislation has been and still is most insistent and, frequently, *inconsistent*. It is the chief topic of discussion in public meetings of sportsmen and a conspicuous subject in their strong specialized press. But, notwithstanding all that the sportsmen are doing and saying against water pollution, the general public is not interested in, nor has it any considerable information on the subject.

The public may know that the fisherman howls about the destruction of fish by the arrogant captain of industry, but the public also remembers that the industrialist employs many hands and feeds many mouths and pays heavy taxes and is to be regarded as the backbone of his city, and—well, the public acquires no interest in the controversy. The public does not go fishing. The market still supplies fish for the table, and while the cost is high, that is true of every other item of food, therefore, the public is not agitated over the threatened total destruction of our fish food supply.

On the other hand, when the newspapers warn the householders of a city or town that their drinking water is contaminated, immediate attention is given. Those who can afford to do so buy bottled water while others boil that from their house faucets and the local or state sanitary squad cleans up the urgent menace about the time the public fear wears off.

We see, however, an occasional community reaction to a public health menace. Can we not see therein a suggestion that the people, those folks we call "the public," who are not at all interested in fish, will react to sound information which carries to them the fact that those causes which destroy fish also take a heavy toll of human life and efficiency and impose heavy burdens and great suffering and loss through impaired community health? Is not human life and health a subject of broader appeal than fish? And is not the individual fisherman rising to a greater height when he fights for better health and living conditions for his neighbor and safe recreation for boys and girls, than when his energy is being spent battling for fish or for the sport of angling?

It is also a fact that voluntary health workers and associations give little time or consideration to the menace in polluted water, for the reason that, in the main, their activities are more particularly along the lines of combating the ravages of tuberculosis, supporting and administering child welfare work, social hygiene and kindred community problems. The direct effect of water pollution, even where it is insufficient to produce epidemics of disease, and the indirect result on health by reason of restriction of recreational use of water, have equal and legitimate claim to consideration by those health associations and workers. It is, therefore, important to so relate the sportsmen, including fishermen and yachtsmen, to the health, or more correctly speaking, to the *disease* menace which water pollution presents, as to combine their energy and enthusiasm and desire for clean water with the scientific knowledge of the health group, and develop community demands for the purification of our waters wherever a water pollution menace exists.

To do this, let us not longer confine our vocal and literary efforts to sportsmen's meetings and magazines, but, rather, let our contributions flow also through those channels that serve the general public—the daily and periodical press—the bulletins and journals of the many voluntary health associations and the meetings of civic and patriotic societies, parents-teachers clubs and kindred organizations.

Where no public health organization is operating the sportsmen should confer with the National Tuberculosis Association, the National Health Council and local Red Cross officials with a view to the organization of whatever sort of health association the locality needs. Adequate assistance in such a project will be forthcoming.

We see in the suggested scheme a possible accomplishment in health work that will advance the general good with great rapidity, and a movement that will properly relate thousands of our sportsmen to important civic problems with which they now have no sort of contact.

Many sportsmen will learn for the first time of the exceedingly valuable work being done in their communities by those fighting the white plague, by the social hygiene workers, and by other self-effacing neighbors who carry cheer and health to the unfortunate and under-privileged. In the midst of such contacts the sportsmen of the nation will enrich their own lives and render real service to their fellows.

We seek to restore field and stream sports for our children and our children's children. Let us then first safeguard the health of those children, so that they can enjoy such sports, rather than to send them to the sports to gain health.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Splendid Anti-Pollution Work in Pennsylvania

Through the kindness and interest of Mr. M. M. Kaufman, of Clarion, Pa., we are enabled to give to our readers an account of the laudable work for the cleaning and safeguarding of their streams being done in that state.

Some Gain Made

Action by the State Sanitary Water Board towards the cleaning up of the Clarion River has already borne fruit, as the President of the Elk Tanning Company, the corporation owning the majority of the tanneries in Elk County, has assured the Sanitary Board that they will install mechanical devices that will eliminate all the acid from tanneries that now pours into the river.

The action of the tannery corporation is to be highly commended, just as the action of the paper mills company at Johnsonburg is to be condemned. They take the stand that because they employ 1,200 men whose employment and wages, they claim, are of more value to the state than all the fish in the Clarion River, they should not be required to stop pollution. Work will soon be started by the engineer corps of the State Sanitary Board to make the survey of the Clarion and its tributaries. When this is finished and their report filed some action will be taken to compel the paper mills to "clean-up."

The Clarion flows through scenery as picturesque, as pleasing to the nature lover, as may be found in this part of the country. The stream itself in some places pours roughly over rocks, while in other parts it flows placidly in broad pools. The hills between which it passes, the forests that come down to its banks at many points, give the valley a charming aspect.

But the water! Often it is so foul and discolored with the drainage from chemical plants, tanneries, and coal mines that one could easily imagine that it is not water at all but some other kind of liquid.

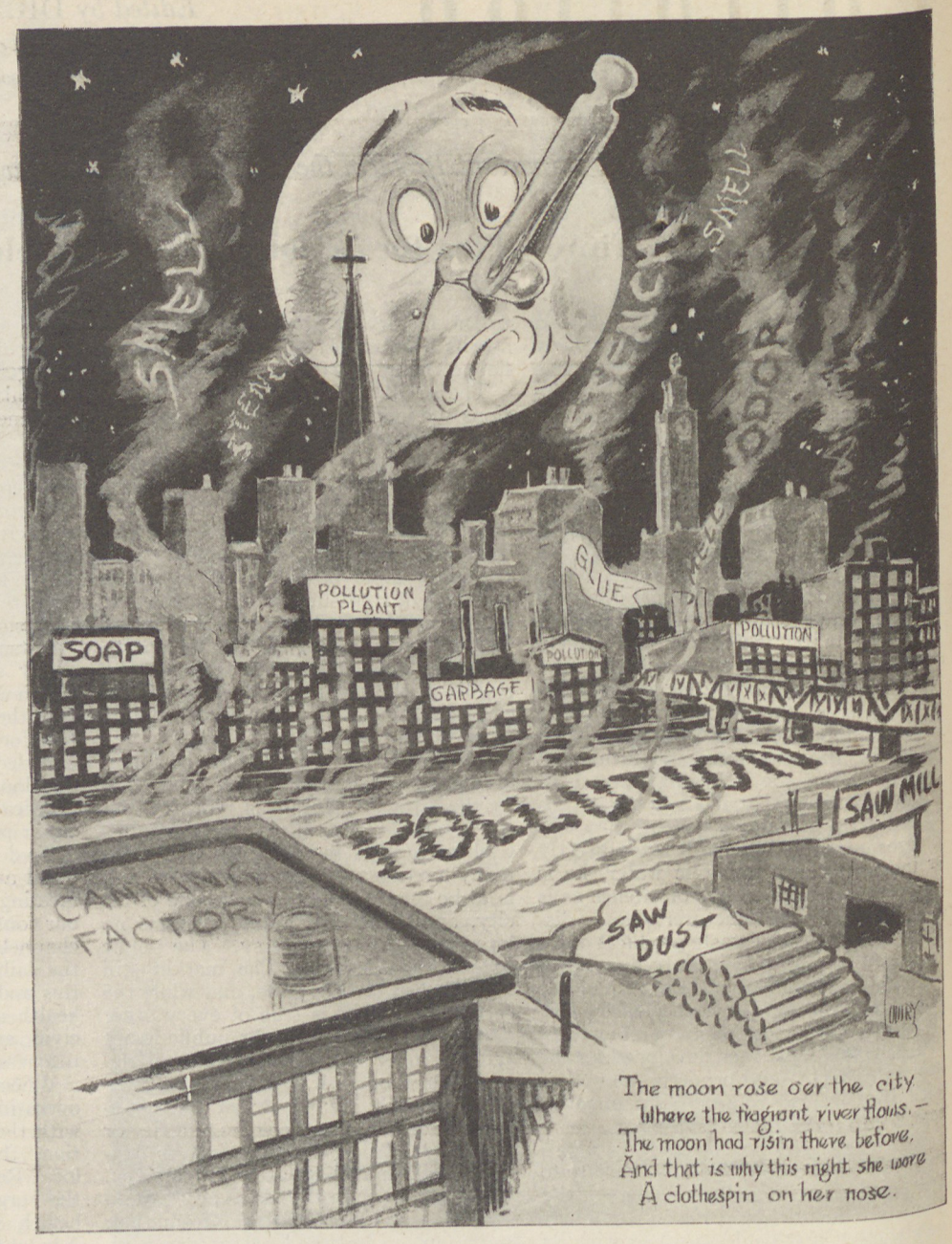
It is strongly to be hoped that the Sanitary Water Board will find that the evil can be abated. The board has shown a disposition to do all that it can to improve the condition of the streams. It has set aside several thousand miles of creeks and brooks in rural counties which are to be kept free from pollution, either municipal or industrial, and is now taking up the matter of purifying some of the contaminated streams.

There are difficulties, of course, in effecting this. It is not advisable to make things so hard for the industries which pollute the streams that they will be crippled. In the case of the Clarion it is to be hoped that the board will hit upon a plan which will permit the restoration of cleanness to the water but without injuring any of the manufacturing and mining companies in the valley.

The Clarion is, in the opinion of many, the prettiest stream in the country. If pollution of its waters is prohibited it will eventually furnish fishing for every resident of Pennsylvania who likes fishing. Let us hope and pray that this once clean river will be returned to its pristine purity.

Thirty-five hundred miles of stream in Pennsylvania have been officially protected from pollution of any nature by the edict of the state sanitary water board. That board, composed of state officials, is actively engaged in reclaiming polluted streams of the state as well as preventing pollution of those that have thus far escaped the deterioration caused by trade waste and sewage discharge. Streams in six counties of the state have been found comparatively free from any pollution and the board has hastened to insure those streams to anglers, swimmers, canoeists and other persons bent upon recreation, by designating them as Class A streams. Before any borough, municipality or industrial establishment can set up an outlet for sewage or industrial waste in these streams, it will first have to satisfy the state board that no pollution will be caused to the pure streams. The total mileage of pure streams, more than enough to span the width of the United States, has been officially protected by the board. Forest rangers and fish wardens are actively engaged in the work of mapping out other streams in the Class A category when the map is complete. Thus far, the official protectorate has been thrown about 595 miles of streams in Bedford County; 225 miles in Cameron County; 1,000 miles in Franklin County; 560 miles in Fulton County; 700 miles in Monroe County and 380 miles in Pike County.

SIGNALING



Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Our Friend the Dog

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In our opinion, no more appreciative tribute has ever been written, for it interprets to us at least the dog in his relation to man with all understanding and love. We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Maeterlinck, incomparable Belgian poet and writer, and Dodd Mead and Company for their gracious permission to reprint the essay herewith in part. It may be found in Maeterlinck's delightful book of essays entitled, "The Double Garden," copyrighted by Dodd Mead & Company, New York, Publishers.*

I HAVE lost, within these last few days, a little bull-dog. He had just completed the sixth month of his brief existence. He had no history. His intelligent eyes opened to look out upon the world to love mankind, then closed again on the cruel secrets of death.

The friend who presented me with him had given him, perhaps by antiphrasis, the startling name of Pelléas. Why rechristen him? For how can a poor dog, loving, devoted, faithful, disgrace the name of a man or an imaginary hero?

Pelléas had a great bulging, powerful forehead, like that of Socrates or Verlaine; and, under a little black nose, blunt as a churlish assent, a pair of large ganging and symmetrical chops, which made his head a sort of massive, obstinate, pensive and three-cornered menace. He was beautiful after the manner of a beautiful, natural monster that has complied strictly with the laws of its species. And what a smile of attentive obligingness, of incorruptible innocence, of affectionate submission, of boundless gratitude and total self-abandonment lit up, at the least caress, that adorable mask of ugliness! Whence exactly did that smile emanate? From the ears pricked up to catch the words of man? From the forehead that unwrinkled to appreciate and love, or from the stump of a tail that wriggled at the other end to testify to the intimate and impassioned joy that filled his small being, happy once more to encounter the hand or the glance of the god to whom he surrendered himself?

Pelléas was born in Paris, and I had taken him to the country. His bonny fat paws, shapeless and not yet stiffened, carried slackly through the unexplored pathways of his new existence his huge and serious head, flat-nosed and, as it were, rendered heavy with thought.

For this thankless and rather sad head, like that of an overworked child, was beginning the overwhelming work that oppresses every brain at the start of life. He had, in less than five or six weeks, to get into his mind, taking shape within it, an image and a satisfactory conception of the universe. Man, aided by all the knowledge of his own elders and his brothers, takes thirty or forty years to outline that conception, but the humble dog has to unravel it for himself in a few days. . . . .

It was a question, then, of studying the ground, which can be scratched and dug up and which sometimes reveals surprising things; of casting at the sky, which is uninteresting, for there is nothing there to eat, one glance that does away with it for good and all; of discovering the grass, the admirable and green grass, the springy and cool grass, a field for races and sports, a friendly and boundless bed, in which lies hidden the good and wholesome couch-grass. It was a question, also of taking promiscuously a thousand urgent and curious observations. It was necessary, for instance, with no other guide than pain, to learn to calculate the height of objects from the top of which you can jump into space; to convince yourself that it is vain to pursue birds who fly away and that you are unable to clamber up trees after the cats who defy you there; to distinguish between the sunny spots where it is delicious to sleep and the patches of shade in which you shiver; to remark with stupefaction that the rain does not fall inside the houses, that water is cold, uninhabitable and dangerous, while fire is beneficent at a distance, but terrible when you come too near; to observe that the meadows, the farm-yards and sometimes the roads are haunted by giant creatures with threatening horns, creatures good-natured, perhaps, and, at any rate, silent, creatures who allow you to sniff at them a little curiously without taking offence, but who keep their real thoughts to themselves. It was necessary to learn, as the result of painful and humiliating experiment, that you are not at liberty to obey all nature's laws without distinction in the dwelling of the gods; to recognize that the kitchen is the privileged and most agreeable spot in that divine dwelling, although you are hardly allowed to abide in it because of the cook, who is a considerable, but jealous power; to learn that doors are important and capricious volitions, which sometimes lead to felicity, but which most often, hermetically closed, mute and stern, haughty and heartless, remain deaf to all entreaties; to admit, once and for all, that the essential good things of life, the indisputable blessings, generally imprisoned in pots and stew-pans, are most always inaccessible; to know how to look at them with laboriously-acquired indifference and to practice to take no notice of them, saying to yourself that here are objects which are probably sacred, since merely to skim them with the tip of a respectful tongue is enough to let loose the unanimous anger of all the gods of the house.

And then, what is one to think of the table on which so many things happen that cannot be guessed; of the derisive chairs on which one is forbidden to sleep; of the plates and dishes that are empty by the time that one can get at them; of the lamp that drives away the dark? . . . . How many orders, dangers, prohibitions, problems, enigmas has one not to classify in one's overburdened memory! . . . . And how to reconcile all this with other laws, other enigmas, wider and more imperious, which one bears within one's self, within one's instinct, which spring up and develop from one hour to the other, which come from the depths of time and the race, invade the blood, the muscles and the nerves and suddenly assert themselves more irresistibly and more powerfully than pain, the word of the master himself, or the fear of death?

Thus, for instance, ... when the hour of sleep has struck for men, you have retired to your hole, surrounded by the darkness, the silence and the formidable solitude of the night. All is asleep in the master's house. You feel yourself very small and weak in the presence of the mystery. You know that the gloom is peopled with foes who hover and lie in wait. You suspect the trees, the passing wind and the moonbeams. You would like to hide, to suppress yourself by holding your breath. But still the watch must be kept; you must, at the least sound, issue from your retreat, face the invisible and bluntly disturb the imposing silence of the earth, at the risk of bringing down the whispering evil or crime upon yourself alone. Whoever the enemy be, even if he be man, that is to say, the very brother of the god whom it is your business to defend, you must attack him blindly, fly at his throat, fasten your perhaps sacreligious teeth into human flesh, disregard the spell of a hand and voice similar to those of your master, never be silent, never attempt to escape, never allow yourself to be tempted or bribed and, lost in the night without help, prolong the heroic alarm to your last breath.

There is the great ancestral duty, the essential duty, stronger than death, which not even man's will and anger are able to check. All our humble history, linked with that of the dog in our first struggles against every breathing thing, tends to prevent his forgetting it. And when, in our safer dwelling-places of today, we happen to punish him for his untimely zeal, he throws us a glance of astonished reproach, as though to point out to us that we are in the wrong and that, if we lose sight of the main clause in the treaty of alliance which he made with us at the time when we lived in caves, forests and fens, he continues faithful to it in spite of us and remains nearer to the eternal truth of life, which is full of snares and hostile forces.

But how much care and study are needed to succeed in fulfilling this duty! And how complicated it has become since the days of the silent caverns and the great deserted lakes! It was all so simple, then, so easy and so clear. The lonely hollow opened upon the side of the hill, and all that approached, all that moved on the horizon of the plains or woods, was the

unmistakable enemy. . . . . But today you can no longer tell. . . . . You have to acquaint yourself with a civilization of which you disapprove, to appear to understand a thousand incomprehensible things.

Hark! A gentle tapping at the blue window that looks out on the garden! What is it? Nothing; a bough of hawthorn that has come to see what we are doing in the cool kitchen. Trees are inquisitive and often excited; but they do not count, one has nothing to say to them, they are irresponsible, they obey the wind, which has no principles. . . . . But what is that? I hear steps! . . . . Up, ears open; nose on the alert! . . . . It is the baker coming up to the rails, while the postman is opening a little gate in the hedge of limetrees. They are friends; it is well; they bring something; you can greet them and wag your tail discreetly twice or thrice, with a patronizing smile. . . . .

Another alarm! What is it now? A carriage pulls up in front of the steps. The problem is a complex one. Before all, it is of consequence to heap copious insults on the horses, great, proud beasts, who make no reply. Meantime, you examine out of the corner of your eye the persons alighting. They are well-clad and seem full of confidence. They are probably going to sit at the table of the gods. The proper thing is to bark without acrimony, with a shade of respect, so as to show that you are doing your duty but that you are doing it with intelligence. Nevertheless, you cherish a lurking suspicion and, behind the guests' backs, stealthily, you sniff the air persistently and in a knowing way, in order to discern any hidden intentions.

But halting footsteps resound outside the kitchen. This time it is the poor man dragging his crutch, the unmistakable enemy, the hereditary enemy, the direct descendant of him who roamed outside the bone-crammed cave which you suddenly see again in your racial memory. Drunk with indignation, your bark broken, your teeth multiplied with hatred and rage, you are about to seize the irreconcilable adversary by the breeches, when the cook, armed with her broom, the ancillary and forsworn sceptre, comes to protect the traitor, and you are obliged to go back to your hole, where, with eyes filled with impotent and slanting flames, you growl out frightful, but futile, curses, thinking within yourself that this is the end of all things, and that the human species has lost its notion of justice and injustice. . . . .

THE SPORTSMAN. —By WEBSTER.

SAY, PETE, I'VE GOT A NEW MINNOW THAT'S TH GNAT'S EAR DRUM! WAIT TILL I GET IT! YOU'LL GO NUTTY OVER IT!
A FLY FISHERMAN WHO USES BARBLESS HOOKS
AIN'T SHE A BEAUT? B'LIEVE ME IF A BASS EVER CURVES HIS LIP OVER THIS BABY HE'S A GONER!
15 HOOKS! GOOD HEAVENS MAN, THAT'S BARBARISM! A FISH WOULD HAVE NO CHANCE AT ALL!
WHY, MAN, YOU MIGHT AS WELL USE DYNAMITE ON TH' FISH AN' BE DONE WITH IT! WITH 15 HOOKS A FISH COULD NEVER GET AWAY! WAIT A MINUTE — I'LL SHOW YOU A LURE A SPORTSMAN CAN USE WITHOUT LOSING HIS SELF RESPECT
NOW THERE'S A LURE! YOU NOTICE THERE ARE ONLY 9 HOOKS ON IT
I BELIEVE IN GIVING A FI H A SHOW FOR ITS LIFE — A SPORTING CHANCE
FLY FISHERMAN OVERCOME WITH EXTREME NAUSEA
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WEBSTER

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Eighty Thousand Mallards

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

By J. B. DOZE

LONG ago the crust of the Earth buckled and hidden forces, belched. Not a big belch, just sufficient to shoot to the surface rock, that had been under the sea which eons ago covered North America where the Great Plains are now. This belch caused a ridge, running north and south. The southern end is in Oklahoma and the northern end dips beneath the sand and silt of Mid-Western Kansas. There is a big gap in this ridge near the boundary line between Kansas and Oklahoma and, after winding in and out through chalky and sandy land, the Cimarron river finds the gap.

Now the floor of this gap is a bed of rock salt 20 to 40 feet thick, dead level, cross sectionally, but with a gradual dip to the southeast, a dip not sufficiently pronounced to give the Cimarron's current the velocity either above or below it. Naturally the river beds from bluff to bluff, which are from two to five miles apart. Over this gap of nearly 20 miles the stream has deposited in the thousands of years it has trickled through, a layer of fine salt laden sand.

And so was created the Salt Plains of the Cimarron.

Once or twice a year the river goes mad, sees red and when on a rampage it is red. These rises scoop out ponds and lagoons in the Salt Plains, sometimes forming shallow lakes of one or more acres in extent. In all this great expanse, one to three miles wide and 20 miles long, there is scarcely a spear of grass.

In the rough land adjacent to the river's bluffs are huge ranches and back beyond the bluffs the country is under the plow. Wheat, kaffir corn, milo maize and broom corn are the principal crops.

Few persons visit the marsh other than to get a wagon load of salt for cattle.

It indeed is a wild place, one of the very few left in the Great Southwest, the shortgrass land.

Wild fowl have learned of its solitude and safety. They have also learned of the kaffir and milo maize fields back in the hills coming down to the bluffs. Either through experience or instinct they also have learned that man does not pursue them at night and so they raid the kaffir and milo fields at night and seek the Salt Plains during the day.

For 20 years I had been accumulating information about the Salt Plains of the Cimarron. I had visited the river above and below the Plains and had wondered about the enormous flight of mallards. And so when our duck club on the Chikaskia river at Runnymede blew up, due to scarcity of ducks, lack of water and the increase in the number of hunters, my duck hunting associates checked it up to me to find another and better ducking ground. We made a trip to the Cimarron above the Plains one fall and learned the secret of why the mallards congregated in such large numbers in that out of the way place. So the next autumn we sought the Salt Plains, selecting as our objective a sweeping bend in the river where it turns south to leave Kansas and enter the Plains.

When time came to start on the ten-day hunt but two of our crowd was ready, Marcellus Murdock, publisher of The Wichita Eagle, and myself, then managing editor of the paper. We were prepared to go and we went without the others, loading a big army tent, camp duffle, grub, guns, ammunition and decoys in his motor car. It is 175 miles from Wichita to the Box Ranch, where we were to camp, and due to motor trouble we did not arrive until evening.

MR. DOZE, who is chief fish and game warden of the state of Kansas, is an ardent member of the Izaak Walton League and is very enthusiastic over a plan that the government take over and maintain as a stopping place for fowl on their migrations the upper end of Salt Plains, between Kansas and Oklahoma, as well as two other places in Kansas and Oklahoma very much on the same order. He claims that these three places are the only refuge that ducks or geese now have throughout these states.

We pitched the big tent in a blowout in the sand hills, making what is known as a dry camp, for Cimarron river water contains too large a saline content for drinking or cooking purposes. A 15-gallon milk can kept in the shade was our water supply and was replenished by hauling from a cistern at ranch headquarters four miles back toward the hills.

We spread our blankets upon the sand, scooping out the holes for our shoulders and hips, and went to bed late, for it is no small task to put a camp in order by lantern light.

The storm, which had threatened all day, was dissipated by a wind which died down with sunset. And so we went to bed without that urging hope of a fine morning's shoot.

One sleeps little the first night in a new camp and so we were up before the east began to glow. Until my mind ceases to function on this earth I shall recall with vividness that first morning. The most tremendous thing about it was the absolute stillness. The sky was as clear as a spring fed pool and the stars seemed to be hanging just above the sandhills.

So still was it that our ears throbbed with the ring of emptiness. Now and then we could distinguish the mutterings of the sand laden water of the Cimarron a quarter of a mile away.

A coyote yelped off to the north and another, across the river, answered. We listened in vain for a waterfowl to try his voice in that great stillness. Once, while coaxing the gasoline pressure stove to boil the coffee and grill the bacon, we heard a mallard talking. That made the coffee seem slower to boil. The eastern horizon was aglow when we finished our grapefruit, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee.

Then we turned to our guns.

"Not a very propitious morning," commented Marcellus. "But we're out here to hunt ducks, so let's start."

With guns, ammunition, a dozen live decoys and a shovel we started for the river intending to make our set-out near the state line and dig into the sand bank for a blind. A lone mallard drake, flushed by our approach, quacked his protests at being disturbed at such an unseemly hour. We ducked, expecting a flock to take wing, but the drake was a single.

The upper rim of the sun was peeping above the ridge to the east before we had dug in and made our set. We had not seen a duck since flushing the lone drake and Marcellus had begun to chide me for leading him so far afield merely to see a Western Kansas sunrise.

We had dug in a clump of buck brush and were arranging the bushes about us when the sky to the north began to leak ducks. Marcellus spied the first flock, fully 150, coming down river flying very high. We watched them go over and in that high altitude it seemed that they were within range. Four shots convinced us that they were not.

"We've just got to keep down and keep still. Those ducks must have seen us. Let's pull the brush about a bit closer," and I began to fuss with the cover.

While squirming about to rearrange the buckbrush Marcellus began to growl out of the corner of his mouth.

"Keep quiet, you Mutt, here's another bunch coming straight for us."

We ducked, hugging the sand, tying throw knots in our necks trying to keep our eyes on the ducks as they went over. All mallards again, about five drakes to one hen and about 100 in the flock. We did not shoot. Both knew they were too high. Both tried to argue in an undertone that they were in range.

"What in the Samhill is the matter with those blamed ducks that they won't decoy," I complained. "I'll bet anything they did not see us and I am sure I didn't move."

Marcellus exploded:

"Move, why your head was a regular jumping jack!"

Off to the north we heard a muffled roar growing louder and louder. We glanced at each other questioningly. Marcellus peeped through the buckbrush screen.

"Gosh, what a flock!"

We ducked again gripping our guns. The roar increased.

"Don't move," I whispered.

"Keep your own head still then," Marcellus shot back.

We waited, nerves tense, breathing loudly and hearts pumping with increasing speed. Suddenly guns began to roar in quick repetition. Duck hunters in a blind up river had opened fire. The big flock stood on tail and went over out of range.

"Wouldn't that make a minister swear," Marcellus growled. "Why couldn't those hunters have waited a minute longer?

"Did you notice anything strange about those ducks' necks?" I inquired.

"Only that they were breaking them to get out of these parts," M. M. rejoined.

Roar of wings checked conversation and again we crouched waiting for the oncoming flock to get above the decoys. This time fortune smiled, for the flock, smaller than the others, came down the river, turned at the bend and flew directly above the clump of buckbrush.

We scrambled to our feet and opened fire. A couple of the big birds turned loose at the first shots and shot earthward. What a thrill! We fired again without results. I leaped from the blind and hastily retrieved the two, both drakes.

Tossing them into the blind I leaped in after and picking up one of the drakes held it toward Marcellus.

"See that bump in the neck? Kaffir corn." (The crops of both ducks were packed tightly.) "No wonder I thought there was something the matter with the necks of those other ducks."

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

We could see flocks of mallards in every direction all bound down stream to the salt plains. I counted the ducks in a few of the flocks, the smallest total being 75, but more frequently did the number run above 125 and occasionally a flock of 200 or more went past, all flying high.

Marcellus, who is somewhat methodical and given to figures, suggested that we keep count on the number of flocks going over in a given time. We counted all the flocks going down the river bottom. Many of these passed out of range. Even had they been flying low, we could never have reached them from our blind.

And it seemed that as the day advanced the flight increased until by 9 o'clock the air was dotted with flocks. We had grown used to the roar that accompanied the approach and flight over head of each flock and we had also given up trying to bag a bird out of the high flying bunches. But before we gave up each had reached for a second box of shells. A half dozen ducks lay in the blind at our feet. But the paucity of the morning's bag gave us no regrets, for we were experiencing something few men on this earth today have seen,

Marcellus began to fret about our live decoys. We had neglected to bring feed for them. A bright idea came to me, and reaching for three of the big drakes I slit their crops and emptied kaffir corn into a shell box, filling the box and a lid from the three mallards, sufficient to satisfy our noisy decoys.

The northern horizon hailed ducks from 7:30 until 11 and then the flight began to dwindle. Marcellus had passed up a few chance shots in order to keep books on the flight.

"Let's go in and get something to eat," I suggested during a lull.

"Wait until I get this figured out," and he worked away on the bottom of a shell box with the stub of a pencil.

I gathered our bag, 14, and 11 of them drakes. All were shot from flocks at long range and their crops were packed with kaffir corn pilfered from some rancher's row crop field up stream.

"Where do you suppose all those ducks came from?" Marcellus quizzed as, finishing his calculation, he clambered out of the blind and fell in beside me.

"Some of them raided a kaffir field probably 50 or 100 miles up the river," I replied. "All of those ducks could not find room to light in the fields about here; they would step on each other's ears."

"How many ducks did we get?"

I told him.

"At that rate we will have to see a few million ducks to get our limit. Fourteen out of 80,000 that went past isn't a very good average I'd say."

"Eighty thousand," I shouted. "You don't mean to tell me that 80,000 ducks flew over us this morning! But come to think of it I wouldn't be surprised at anything they came so fast and furiously and in such big bunches."

You see Marcellus has been used to dealing with circulation figures for his and his rival's newspapers. Big figures are his meat and ratios and calculations come from him like web from a spider.

His figures may be off a few thousand but this I know, that in more than 30 years of duck hunting this nimrod had never before, nor has since, seen more ducks in one day.

Two mornings later the flight failed. Our belated companions had joined us and their disappointment was keen because we had pulled the long bow very effectively around the camp fire the night before in describing morning flights. The 29 fat mallards on the shady side of the tent aided us in making Marcellus' compilations believable.

And while hugging the blind bemoaning our fate a great roar floated to us from the south. It increased in volume until it seemed as though we were under a high trestle and a heavy train was thundering across overhead.

Off to the south a black cloud began creeping toward the zenith. It stretched fully three miles along the horizon, which was limited in scope from the blind owing to high hills across the Cimarron. Louder grew the noise and blacker the cloud.

All were watching it. Nobody spoke.

And then suddenly we realized what we were seeing.

Ducks, thousands and thousands of them! So many and so closely together were they flying that they darkened the southern sky. We waited with impatience for the cloud to break up but it seemed to hang above the same place. And for fully an hour we watched this remarkable flock of ducks. By the aid of our glasses we made out that they were feeding in a kaffir field.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Thousands would fly up and soaring above the heads of other thousands upon the ground, light ahead in the field where the kaffir had not been touched. In this manner that enormous flock or horde of flocks swept the field from end to end.

By 10 o'clock they had eaten their fill and begun to break up into flocks of 75 to 140 all headed toward the Salt Plains. By noon not a duck was in sight.

"For God's sake, men, come over and hunt in my kaffir field. Those ducks are ruining me. They ruined 100 acres of feed for me last night."

For some reason the ducks had decided to feed close to the Salt Plains that day. Perhaps they were tired of running the gauntlet of blinds along the Cimarron.

Ducks, especially mallards, are wise old birds.

The boom of guns in the rancher's kaffir field lasted until dark that night. Game laws were suspended as far as that rancher was concerned. And we did not censure him, for had we not seen in a kaffir field upstream what wild mallards sometimes do? They had torn shocks to pieces and dragged bundles a half dozen paces away the better to get at the grain laden heads. Ground about the shocks had been patted hard and smooth by web feet. In one night a thousand bushels of kaffir had been eaten by ducks, so the rancher off to the south had charged against Uncle Sam's waterfowl.

A squall blew up that evening. Uncle Pete and I, crouching beside a water hole in the Plains without cover in a barren waste, bagged 21 mallards in an hour. He is nearing three score and ten and has shot ducks since a boy.

"I've never seen anything like this in fifty years," he confided, eyes shining like those of a youngster's. "This is a shoot I'll never forget."

Next morning the ducks trickled into the Plains from the south, the east and the west. The flight from the north was poor. And, crouching in our blind, we knew why. Those wild mallards had learned their lesson. It was dangerous ground, ground to be avoided and they avoided it.

Came time to break camp and return to our work. The last morning shoot was to be an abbreviated one. Two of us went to the blind, the others turned to packing duffle. The occasional crack of guns at the blind was annoying to the workers. High overhead went a few flocks and once down the stream a bunch of ten or a dozen mallards sailed in. We ran to the top of a sandhill to watch an enormous flock go over and when directly above distinguished four black ducks in the flock.

Mid-morning we were at the Box Ranch headquarters. We did what hunters always do—turned to look back at our camp site. Our field glasses brought the river into plain view although it was nearly four miles away.

In almost a steady stream those 80,000 mallards were going down river over our abandoned blinds.

There is a lot to learn about ducks and duck hunting.

Drawing by William L. Wells

The Heritage of Tomorrow

By ELMER E. RAWDON

WERE you ever sitting at your desk with papers strewn about,
With your head so full of figures that it just seemed bustin' out?
Then you'd sorta just relax a bit and lean back in your chair,
Put your hands up to your head and run your fingers through your hair,
Close your eyes for just a second to clear the fog away,
And heave a sigh of weariness that doesn't come from play;
And while you were a restin' there without a premonition
From far away a voice would say,
"Come on, let's go afishin'."

THE figures then would vanish and the fog would clear away,
And your weariness would leave you and your tho'ts would turn to play,
The pencil there upon your desk would change before your eyes,
To a long slim slender bamboo rod and the pins would turn to flies,
The papers there before you 'd turn to lily pads of green,
And the desk with all its dignity would be a singing stream;
And then a voice would say to you, "That's just what you were wishin',
Come on and play, put toil away,
Let's you and I go fishin'."

WELL, you toiled hard for all you'd gained and neatly laid away
Was a tidy little fortune to use another day.
And if you never used it, there was Son—to him 'twould go,
And he would have the business too, and you were glad 'twas so.
So why not go afishin' in the streams you loved so well,
Since the future was provided for so far as one could tell.
You had no one to answer to, from no one admonition,
So for a while court Izaak's smile that guides men
While they're fishin'.

BUT is Son's heritage complete, complete as you had thought,
Had you willed him all that should be his of things you had begot?
Yes, you had left him rich indeed, in money, gain and power,
But had you left the fishin' too, to help his trying hour?
When you have gone he'll take your place, and, tired with business care,
Can he close his eyes, relax somewhat and lean back in your chair
And put his hands up to his head without a premonition
And just like Dad, do what he had,
Just steal away afishin'?

TAKE heed to this, down in his heart you've willed him a desire
To do the things his Daddy did and he can't quench that fire.
The voice that called you all your life when you were tired and blue
And helped you o'er life's stony road would help the boy o'er too.
And so, before you go to meet the Fisherman of Men,
Just try and leave some fishin' in the streams where you have been;
Get out the will you've made to him and pen there this addition:
"To you, my boy, I leave this joy,
A heap of fish for fishin'."

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE
Vice-President of the I. W. L. A.

The Rocky Mountain National Park, by Enos A. Mills, with a Foreword by Robert W. Johnson; Memorial Edition, cloth, 239 pages, Illustrated. Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City. Price $2.50.

IN these days of agitation to save for posterity what is left of the Outdoor America of our forefathers, the appearance of this memorial edition is most timely, for the author spent nine years of his life in strenuous labor to secure the establishment of the Rocky Mountain National Park, embracing an area of about four hundred square miles. "A twenty-five mile stretch of the rugged and towering Continental Divide extending through the Park, north and south. Within its boundaries are a score of peaks above 12,000 feet, a number more than 13,000 feet, and the rugged mass of Long's Peak, 14,225 feet above the tides." Enos Mills worked to benefit posterity and the Rocky Mountain National Park is his monument.

Mills built a cabin at the base of Long's Peak in 1886 and lived there until he died—"guide, philosopher and friend"—his religion consisting in trying not to be cruel to any living creature and in endeavoring to be kind to all.

He designates the beaver as the original Conservationist—"while his name is a synonym for work, he is intelligent enough to spend a large part of each year on vacation."

He believed that the greatest resource of a people and that which inspires them to do their best is the primeval beauty of the land in which they live; that health, education and universal sympathy come through outdoor recreation; that the spell of Nature, the urge of the wilderness, has been behind the building of every new state or nation; that scenery should be used and OWNED by the people, and that the nation that destroys its natural beauty is doomed.

He believed that scenery, next to agriculture, is our greatest asset and richest resource, and with protection is inexhaustible; that parks are gold mines and will decrease the running expenses of city or nation; they reach the life of everyone. That the great out-of-doors is the life-saving station of the nation and that the best medicine to lengthen life is to take to the woods. It is Mother Nature's cure-all and there are no substitutes just as good; that we need to mingle climate and scenery with our lives.

"Nature is the strongest, most lasting friend a man can have, because she ever keeps his ideals before him, and she will never betray the nation that keeps her wild gardens."

The chapter on "Life Zones" is packed with valuable information for the naturalist and outdoors man, and the chapter on "Wilderness Etiquette" should be read by all tourists who fail to clean up, burn or bury all camp waste, who being guests in Nature's garden leave ugly scars upon her face.

The book is copiously illustrated, mostly from photographs by the author.

The Passing of the Old West, by Hal G. Evarts, with Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull; cloth, 234 pages. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Here in story form that grips and holds the interest of the reader from cover to cover, is the most powerful sermon for Conservation I have ever read.

The mournful tragedy of the vanished animal life of the West is told by one who knows his subject and knows how to unfold it; the disappearance of the beaver that yielded from fifty to eighty million dollars' worth of pelts annually, the practical extermination of the buffalo by hide hunters; the total extinction of the wild pigeon by market hunters; the slaughter of the muledeer by thousands in their migrations; the butchery of the elk, first for their hides and later for their "tushes," and the sickening slaughter of these noble animals when driven by heavy snowfall from their refuge in the Yellowstone Park to the lower lands along the borders.

The callous indifference of our government officials to the destruction of wild life within the refuge of the Yellowstone Park was equalled only by the mockery of the punishment of convicted marauders—expulsion.

Finally, the best of the timberlands are gone or going, to feed the insatiable maw of the all-devouring dollar—the symbol of the Mad God—Overdevelopment—which brings one to think that the usual commercial mind is the most dull, wasteful and ignorant of all the sad wonders of the pageant of humanity.

Shank's Mare, by Charles Coleman Stoddard; cloth, 217 pages. George H. Doran Company, New York.

A homely title for a most enjoyable book. "Choosing a companion for a walk is as ticklish a piece of business as choosing a wife," and accordingly our author chooses a dog. "A dog is the safest and most reliable of companions. He enters with sympathy into every mood, never tires by the way, never intrudes with troublesome talk. He is always within call, always ready for a frolic. He eats any food, shares any quarters without complaint. When we come in at night he will lay his head in one's lap, and his tired eyes will shine with appreciation of the fine day we have had. No one can know his full capabilities for comradeship until he has chummed alone with a dog, day in and day out, in camp or on the road."

We are told:

"He walks best who walks most with his head, eyes and heart."

"Legs are automatic, the only piece of machinery that improves with use."

"If we expended a tenth part of the energy and observation upon our local horizon that we will upon a holiday in a strange country, we would be transported into another world."

"It is a far-seeing dispensation of Nature that she has put her finest touches upon the most obscure and inaccessible localities."

"As the weather is the most ancient thing in the world, it is about the most exacting and coquettish. To face a rainy day deliberately with a joyous heart, to feel ourselves part and parcel of it, is to have drunk to the full the walker's cup of pleasure."

So while it rains, he sings:

"It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop, I see
Wild flowers on the hills."

If you go along with Stoddard upon the Open Road, he will shorten the way with happy references to persons well worth knowing: Maeterlinck, Gilbert White, Thoreau, Sir Thomas Brown, Alexander Smith, Stephen. Graham, Enos Mills, George Borrow, Mark Twain, Hazlitt, Walton and other walkers of the Milky Way who have left "footprints in the sands of time." If you have the faculty to absorb and retain his pleasant talk you will return with the rudiments of a liberal education.

And the lure of his verse!

"The brook shall be our drinking cup,
A rock our table when we sup,
Soft, fragrant balsam be our bed,
Our pack a pillow for the head,
The stars their myriad watch will keep,
Above our bivouac while we sleep."

Let's go!

Jack Miner and the Birds, Some Things I Know About Nature, by Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ontario. The Ryerson Press, Toronto.

It was Jack Miner who put Kingsville upon the map and made himself King Bee of the ville. Before the light of Conservation broke through the clouds of his self-indulgence he lived as a mighty hunter before the Lord, and took heavy toll of the wild life of woods, waters and fields.

One day he lay in wait for geese in a field where they were wont to feed. Covered with a white blanket he fancied himself part of the snow-covered landscape. A bunch of geese flying low headed in his direction. To his disgust a couple of laborers appeared in the line of flight. The geese passed a few rods high directly over the laborers, but when they came within a hundred yards of where he lay the gander in the lead gave a warning honk and all sheered off. This set Jack to thinking. "If the geese know me as their enemy surely they would know a friend if they had one."

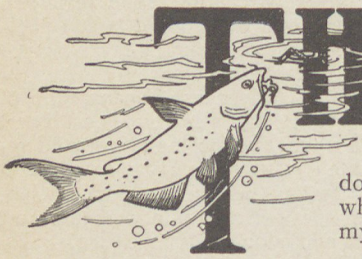
(Continued on page 67)

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

The Sandbar—A Little River Story

By EL COMANCHO
(W. L. Phillips)

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so. Drop me a line also and tell me why you don't, if you have a kick coming. I like to please you if I know what you want. "El Comancho."



THE LAST dew-diamonds were yet asparkle in the shaded places in spite of the soft wind that boomed up from beyond the down-turned edge of the sky, where the world left off and mystery began.

Long, cool shadows reached northwestward from the giant cottonwoods which bent in stately companies bowing to the wind even as a great ship rides on a rolling sea, for it was June, the time of full leafage when trees get exercise and renew their youth in a slow dance to the music of a whole-sail breeze.

The pole willows, growing in brakes along the mud bars and doomed to destruction with the next small change of channel such as the flood waters always bring, whipped and bent and gave way to the thrust of the singing winds, for the air current was always strongest where it sucked up the unresisting space which followed the open river channel.

Fat yellow grasshoppers clung to the willow branches, feeding voraciously on the tender, bitter leaves and many lost their hold, to go hurtling down into the water, there to kick clumsily shoreward as far as may be.

Fat catfish, wise to the ways of the winds and the river willows, lurked in the deeps close under the bank all unknown to the yellow grasshoppers.

Some of the luckless insects reached the shore, but most of them succeeded only in making a disturbance which served to call attention to themselves and their frantic efforts to get hold of something they could climb out on, for no grasshopper likes to be in the water.

The prowling "Channel Cat," spotted almost like his blue-blooded peer, the trout of the high hills, and a fighter of almost equal worth, shot up from below and, turning at the surface in graceful arc and mighty swirl of waters, shot back to his lurking place beneath the cottonwood root, leaving the river surface clear and still; the grasshopper no longer was—already he was on his way to become a part of the corporate being of the spotted channel cat.

There was one who saw it all, a prowling, silent youth whom we shall call David, mainly because that was not his name.

Fifteen years before this June day David had been born into this world under the benign influence of some unknown star of exceeding activity, and accident had, perhaps, endowed him with brains. Any thinking person will tell you that brains are of little worth except to think with, but that they are very excellent for that one particular purpose. David used his to the limit of capacity, for his whole life was one of contemplation wherein he questioned the world continuously.

He was a living interrogation point, nor satisfied, ever, until he'd probed to the bottom and gotten the last bit of knowledge on any and all subjects as swiftly as circumstances would allow.

Sometimes he reached only the outer fringe of understanding and there was baffled by a stone wall of mystery beyond which he could see no way to go; he stowed away his facts in orderly array then and closed the mental file, to open it again later.

He never forgot; he never quit; he never was satisfied with half knowledge and he was born with the patience of an Indian, the silence of a bear-cub, the keen perception of a coyote and the bodily health of a gray wolf pup.

Surely the gods had looked on the birth of David with favor and each one had endowed him with his best, for, be it known, David had been given the latent ability to see, to remember, to analyze and then to reproduce in word and drawing, his findings and thus to record and pass them on for the benefit of the world, and this he did as the procession of days went by.

On this summer day he was part of the river landscape, for nobody ever caught him asleep anywhere.

Go where you would David was, or had been, there ahead of you and sooner or later you would be sure to see what you thought was a shadow materialize and move and behold! David came forth in the flesh, for he had the art of camouflage down to a science long before the French coined the word, and it was part of his endowment by the Gods to be able to blend himself into the background of his surroundings and disappear, only to come into your circle of vision again when he chose even though you looked right at him without seeing him, just as you were blind to the whereabouts of the young quail that hides from you because he matches the withered leaves he hides among.

David was not superhuman, in spite of the uncanny things he did; he was merely a natural born student and investigator, who had brains and used them all the time to think with.

Day or night, rain or shine, cold or hot, David could likely be found, if found at all, along the Little River to greet one with his ready smile.

We will likely meet him many times in the most unexpected places, of his own choosing, if we loaf along the river and also, belike, from him we shall learn many hidden things, for his is positive knowledge obtained first hand by observation and slow assimilation through constant companionship with a wilderness he can justly call his own.

Today he stretches flat on his back on a great bar of yellow sand, left clean and high and dry by the last spring flood after the fashion that it has been renewed every springtime for such space of history as has gone back down the years a most surprising while.

Mark you how David showed this to me while we sprawled at ease on this same hot sandbar watching a blue wasp capture, sting and lay her egg on the paralyzed, but still living, body of a great hairy spider and then bury him for the grub, that would hatch from her egg, to feed upon while it grew.

Said David: "This sandbar is washed clean away in the rush of every spring flood and the sand goes on down stream, a little each year.

"Each year this is done in the top rush of full flood, for this bar is ten feet above summer level of the river and the eddy where this sand stops is formed at ten feet level; the high water mark is thirteen feet, which gives current enough here to wash this pile away. I've measured it and I know.

"When the water starts to fall the current slacks and drops this sandbar here again, but each time it happens it is new, clean sand; the gravel is dropped up yonder at the head of the bar because it is heavier.

"This bar is always here and it has always been here, made

IN the first of this series of Little River stories by El Comancho which will run in Outdoor America, you are introduced to David. David is a real character though a composite one. He is a part of every western man who ever grew up alongside of any Little River from Ohio to the Rockies. Everyone who reads "The Little River Stories" is going to love "David" and the "Little Girl" and follow with interest their romance, which is as well the story of Everyman and Everywoman.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

new with every flood, just as it is now, since before Christ was born—"

"What! Before Christ was born! How do you, flat on your back and gazing into the deeps of the sky, know this, David?" I asked, astonished at the quiet, perfectly matter of fact tone the boy used and wondering how he should have arrived at this startling conclusion, for his book learning was not extensive, as I knew, and his age did not admit of profound geological research; yet he calmly made an assertion that, it seemed to me, could only be depended on if uttered by some deeply learned professor with many letters tagged on in procession, rearward, from his name, giving notice to the world that here was a college man, possessed of profound knowledge.

David, fifteen-year-old thinker and possessor of brains and freckles, favorite of the Gods, and Chosen One, Last-born Son of the First Woman, rolled the brown, supple length of his beautifully perfect naked young body over with the unhurried, effortless ease of a coiling serpent and then, while I watched the muscles ripple under his sun-tanned, silken gold skin, he lay there on his belly on the sand and pointed to a great, gnarled cottonwood growing on the river bank, its huge trunk in line with the trend of the bank as one picket shoulders another in a picket fence.

This tree was at least four feet through at a point ten feet above the ground and its great roots ran like serpents, far out in all directions, to disappear under the rich river bottom soil.

Its top spread wide and its longest limbs reached half across the river and were gnarled and twisted by the gales of summer until they bended northward, giving to the flow of the south winds; in places they were broken where bygone tornado had riven and twisted them beyond resistance and brought parts crashing down in wreck; yet, as a whole, the great tree was sound and vigorous and, as long as white men had lived in the locality, it had shaded the swimming hole of the Free People in the land we know as Boyhood, just as this treeless bar of yellow sand had gleamed here in the sun for them to wallow in.

David pointed to the great tree and in his slow, final way he said: "That tree cannot move; it has not moved since it came there from a wind-blown seed; it is at least two thousand years old and I think it would count nearer three thousand rings across half the stump if it was sawed down so I could see. Those rings grow slowly, only one each year; the tree is over two thousand years old and it has stood just where it is now all its life.

"That means that this river channel has not changed, right here, for that long, because it would have left the tree high and dry if it had cut away the bank and made a new channel, or it would have buried the old tree if it had filled in.

"It has not done either one, for it grows right at the edge of the water and on the very edge of the bank; one side of the tree trunk is seven feet longer above the roots than the other and the long side is next to the water while the short side sends its roots out straight away from the water into the bank, as it always has.

"You can see that can't you?"

I could, indeed, see it plainly, now that he had pointed it out in detail, but I had never seen it before, though I had gone swimming here for ten years!

"This is eighteen hundred and seventy-five," said David, "and that means time measured since Christ was on earth; if that tree is three thousand years old it was a grownup tree standing just as it is now before Christ was born; if it stood there then as it does now, with the long side to the water, then the river ran just 'zactly where it does now, didn't it?"

"Fat catfish, wise to the ways of the winds and the river willows, lurked under the bank."

It did; no doubt about it! But it had taken this nature-child to see and read that message and understand! We others of commoner clay had missed this mute record.

I looked at this boy—a perfect specimen of the male youth of the genus homo and I wondered what else his young eyes had seen that was hidden from my own though in plain sight for me to see.

I determined to forgather very much with him, for I was minded to learn the forgotten, or unknown, art of thinking—of learning from David how to use my brains. I have never regretted it.

He continued to talk, in his quiet, unobtrusive way, and I noticed that his words were perfectly plain and pitched in a tone that seemed to blend into the surroundings and not disturb any of the wild creatures, for birds of several varieties came close to us, fluttered in the sand, with scarce a look toward us, and went their way, unhurriedly.

"If the river channel has not changed in three thousand years then this country here has been the same, hasn't it?"

David was working out a logical sequence of fact through the simple process of thought.

"If the country and the river has been the same then the climate has been the same, too, and I heard old man Pethoud say, just the other day, that the climate has changed a lot since he came to the Missouri River in 1843. Do you think it would change that quick after it has been the same for three thousand years? I don't.

"I don't think he knows. He's like a lot of folks, he guesses and he doesn't look far enough, so he gets fooled. I think he's wrong; I think the climate and this country has been the same for maybe a million years.

"I don't know, but it seems to me that the world is awfully old; some day I'm going to find out.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

"Miss Purdy, up at the library in Omaha, showed me a book that was full of queer animals that don't live on the earth any more; she said we find their bones in rocks, so we know how they looked.

"Some day I'm going to own that book; some day I'm going to travel out to the Rocky Mountains.

"Jim Bridger told my dad there was a place out on the desert where the ground is all chalk and it was full of dried, dead fish; you find them in between layers when you split the chalk, like pictures in the leaves of a book; some day I'm going there; Jim Bridger drew a map and gave it to my dad so I can find the place.

"There is a forest of trees turned to stone not far from there, and up north a ways, Jim says, there's a lot of country where hot springs and hot water boils up out of the ground and steam comes up from lots of places there.

"Some day I'm going there, I want to know why these things are the way Jim says they are—and they are that way because Jim Bridger wouldn't lie about it; no reason why he should."

Whooping voices, pitched in boyhood tones, reached us even against the wind; the crowd of town boys were coming swimming, and in five minutes they burst through the willow screen that surrounded the open bar, as joyous, red-blooded, human a crowd of young huskies as ever the world saw, for they lived out of doors in the healthy land of the old, wide open grassland West which shoulders up against the Missouri River and reaches out into the dim mystery below the edge of the western horizon.

Ed Cole, Bill Nickell, Ben Drum, Sap Williams, Dord Guetner, Bill Fulton, Charlie Peggle, "Deacon" Lowe, "Skinny" Cave (the Indians later called him Pe-han-hanski—Tall-crane!), Tod Ayers, Buck Buchanan, Charlie Emery, Clate Salisbury, Lee and Ed Greer and twenty more were there, whooping, howling, never still for a moment, mauling each other (after the fashion of pups and boys since the world began) and undressing as they came, to toss clothes aside at tree root as they raced for the cool river and plunged in, head-first and frog-like, with the abandon of familiarity, for, in those days, on the raw edge of savagery, we wore no bathing suits and we lived so much in and about the swimming hole that it was like home is to a band of alligators!

David watched the crowd come, but made no move to join them; he was well liked but rather shy of crowds, very much preferring solitude and the company of the wildlings, nor was he given to the whoopings and senseless clatter of boyhood "gangs."

He would be called a shy, quiet boy, good at minding his own affairs and not much of a "mixer."

Ben Drum, the boisterous, beefy, redfaced town bully, loud mouthed, hang-jawed and the possessor of bull strength and lobeless ears, stripped with the rest, ready to take his noisy swim, for he had the herd instinct and loved the very loudest spot in the center of noises and action; his idea of sport was baseball and his standard of amusement was seven-up, Mexican Monte or Poker and he would play cards with anyone till doomsday, if he could.

He spied David and came rushing like a rampant bull.

"Say, lookit here, Dave Summers, I'm gonna pound hell outta you if you don't let my gals alone—d'ye hear? You was hangin' 'round Min Jackson up to Wilson's party the other night when I wasn't there; you know, well as anybody, Min Jackson is my gal—mine, see? You keep away from her or I'll smash your nose for you, see?"

While Ben was unloading this tirade David had risen to his feet; he had not hurried; he had not hesitated; he seemed rather to flow upward from the sandbar in one supple, continuous movement of rippling, naked muscles, and he stood calmly looking into Ben's eyes when that redfaced individual finished his verbal ultimatum with a shake of beefy fist an inch from David's unblinking eyes.

"I was not at the Wilson party, Ben, and I have not seen Minnie Jackson for over a month at least," he said, very quietly.

"Annie Coffin said she saw you and you was huggin' Min, and Annie wouldn't say that if it wasn't so I reckon. I ain't gonna tell you no more; you keep away from Min or I'll bust yeh, dang yeh!"

"I tell you I have not even seen Minnie and I would not hug her, or any other girl, even if I had a chance."

"Haw! Haw! Haw! I s'pose you're a angel! I s'pose you ain't like nobody else about girls! Know what I think? I think yer a sissy-cat! I think yer a liar—"

Did you ever watch the sudden, deadly thrust of a striking serpent? Have you noticed how direct, purposeful and final it is?

David moved just that way; one second he stood, flexed, balanced and at ease, his naked golden-brown body as beautiful as a Greek statue in its lines and free natural pose.

The next second Ben Drum smashed down, flat on his back on the sandbar, ten feet away, with a red stream spurting from his nose and smearing his naked skin. David seemed scarcely to have moved and still stood as before, at ease, beautiful as a statue, but with muscles a bit more rigid under the skin. That was all.

"I don't lie. Don't forget that, Ben."

David's voice was quiet as before but it carried an understanding of finality to the listener such as it has been my fortune to hear only once or twice in my life.

Ben began to bawl like a beaten calf and his tears ran down to mix with the blood from his swelling nose; "I'll git you fer this, Dave Summers!" he yelled as he struggled to his feet. David smiled as he turned away. "Let's go somewhere," he said.

The Out-of-Doors—What Is It?

By DON C. McKENZIE

THE open trained Moses for leadership, drew Jesus nearer the Father and knit the spirit of Lincoln. It furnished the figures for some of the highest reaches of poetry. It was men of the open who pushed America's frontier from the Atlantic to the Pacific, blazed the air trails uniting her coasts and will blaze others that will strengthen the bond of nations.

What is it out there that profoundly influences the thought and actions of man? Is the physical all?

Does the thunder and majesty of Niagara leave only the impression of mighty physical force, or also of the spiritual and intangible?

Once a horseman in New Mexico's desert looked through the thin, dry air to where clouds and peaks mingled sixty miles away. Moving specks in the distance might be either horses or cattle. He was a smaller speck. Beyond the horizon's rim stretched a world, only a dot in the universe. He contemplated his insignificance in comparison and the greatness of the Power that created and ruled over it all, even down to the cactus flower whose crimson beauty so strangely contrasted with the barrenness and stunted growth about it. The physical aspect might have awakened those thoughts, but wasn't it something other than physical that made him feel that he was in the actual presence of that Power, and a part of the quiet spirit that brooded over the vastness? What aroused the feeling of reverence, soothed and quieted, even while the skin turned red in the sun's glare and loose sand gave beneath the feet?

One summer night a visitor wandered among the hundreds on Chicago's recreation pier. Thousands of lights jeweled the night along the shore. In their rays the pulse of human life beat strong. The whistle of an occasional steamer drifted in off the lake. Sometimes a searchlight cut the darkness, while smaller lights shone at stern and mast. A white moon rode midway between horizon and zenith. On the water's surface beneath it was a path of dancing silver. The man wondered what it was all about, why it was, what unseen forces were at work out there, what mystery the night held, and if it possessed a thousand times more soul than some of the pleasure seekers near at hand.

He did not know. Centuries of attempted analysis have not fully shown the nature of the forces at work about us, merging finally in that ultimate force, God. But we do know that the out-of-doors has abundantly influenced for good some of the world's outstanding characters in the battle of life, and that is much, perhaps enough, for us to know.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

The Grizzly King

Illustrations by Leonard J. Cronin

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THAT night the big loneliness returned to Muskwa. Bruce and Metoosin were so tired after their hard climb over the range that they went to bed early, and Langdon followed them, leaving Pipoonaskoos where Bruce had first thrown him.

Scarcely a move had Muskwa made after the discovery that had set his heart beating a little faster. He did not know what death was, or what it meant, and as Pipoonaskoos was so warm and soft he was sure that he would move after a little. He had no inclination to fight him now.

Again it grew very, very still, and the stars filled the sky, and the fire burned low. But Pipoonaskoos did not move. Gently at first, Muskwa began nosing him and pulling at his silken hair, and as he did this, he whimpered softly, as if saying, "I don't want to fight you any more, Pipoonaskoos! Wake up and let's be friends!"

But still Pipoonaskoos did not stir, and at last Muskwa gave up all hope of waking him. And still whimpering to his fat little enemy of the green meadow how sorry he was that he had chased him, he snuggled close up to Pipoonaskoos and in time went to sleep.

Langdon was first up in the morning, and when he came over to see how Muskwa had fared during the night he suddenly stopped, and for a full minute he stood without moving, and then a low, strange cry broke from his lips. For Muskwa and Pipoonaskoos were snuggled as closely as they could have snuggled had both been living, and in some way Muskwa had arranged it so that one of the dead cub's little paws was embracing him.

Quietly Langdon returned to where Bruce was sleeping, and in a minute or two Bruce returned with him, rubbing his eyes. And then he, too, stared, and the men looked at each other.

"Dog meat," breathed Langdon. "You brought it home for dog meat, Bruce!"

Bruce did not answer, Langdon said nothing more, and neither talked very much for a full hour after that. During that hour Metoosin came and dragged Pipoonaskoos away, and instead of being skinned and fed to the dogs he was put into a hole down in the creek-bottom and covered with sand and stones. That much, at least, Bruce and Langdon did for Pipoonaskoos.

This day Metoosin and Bruce again went over the range. The mountaineer had brought back with him bits of quartz in which were unmistakable signs of gold, and they returned with an outfit for panning.

Langdon continued his education of Muskwa. Several times he took the cub near the dogs, and when they snarled and strained at the ends of their leashes he whipped them, until with quick understanding they gripped the fact that Muskwa, although a bear, must not be harmed.

In the afternoon of this second day he freed the cub entirely from the rope, and he had no difficulty in recapturing it when he wanted to tie it up again. The third and fourth days Bruce and the Indian explored the valley west of the range and convinced themselves finally that the "colours" they found were only a part of the flood-drifts, and would not lead to fortune.

On this fourth night, which happened to be thick with clouds, and chilly, Langdon experimented by taking Muskwa to bed with him. He expected trouble. But Muskwa was as quiet as a kitten, and once he found a proper nest for himself he scarcely made a move until morning. A part of the night Langdon slept with one of his hands resting on the cub's soft, warm body.

According to Bruce it was now time to continue the hunt for Thor, but a change for the worse in Langdon's knee broke in upon their plans. It was impossible for Langdon to walk more than a quarter of a mile at a time, and the position he was compelled to take in the saddle caused him so much pain that to prosecute the hunt even on horseback was out of the question.

"A few more days won't hurt any," consoled Bruce. "If we give the old fellow a longer rest he may get a bit careless."

The three days that followed were not without profit and pleasure for Langdon. Muskwa was teaching him more than he had ever known about bears, and especially bear cubs, and he made notes voluminously.

The dogs were now confined to a clump of trees fully three hundred yards from the camp, and gradually the cub was given his freedom. He made no effort to run away, and he soon discovered that Bruce and Metoosin were also his friends. But Langdon was the only one he would follow.

On the morning of the eighth day after their pursuit of Thor, Bruce and Metoosin rode over into the eastward valley with the dogs. Metoosin was to have a day's start, and Bruce planned to return to camp that afternoon so that he and Langdon could begin their hunt up the valley the next day.

It was a glorious morning. A cool breeze came from the north and west, and about nine o'clock Langdon fastened Muskwa to his tree, saddled a horse, and rode down the valley. He had no intention of hunting. It was a joy merely to ride and breathe in the face of that wind and gaze upon the wonders of the mountains.

He travelled northward for three or four miles, until he came to a broad, low slope that broke through the range to the westward. A desire seized upon him to look over into the other valley, and as his knee was giving him no trouble he cut a zigzag course upward that in half an hour brought him almost to the top.

Here he came to a short, steep slide that compelled him to dismount and continue on foot. At the summit he found himself on a level sweep of meadow, shut in on each side of him by the bare rock walls of the split mountains, and a quarter of a mile ahead he could see where the meadow broke suddenly into the slope that shelved downward into the valley he was seeking.

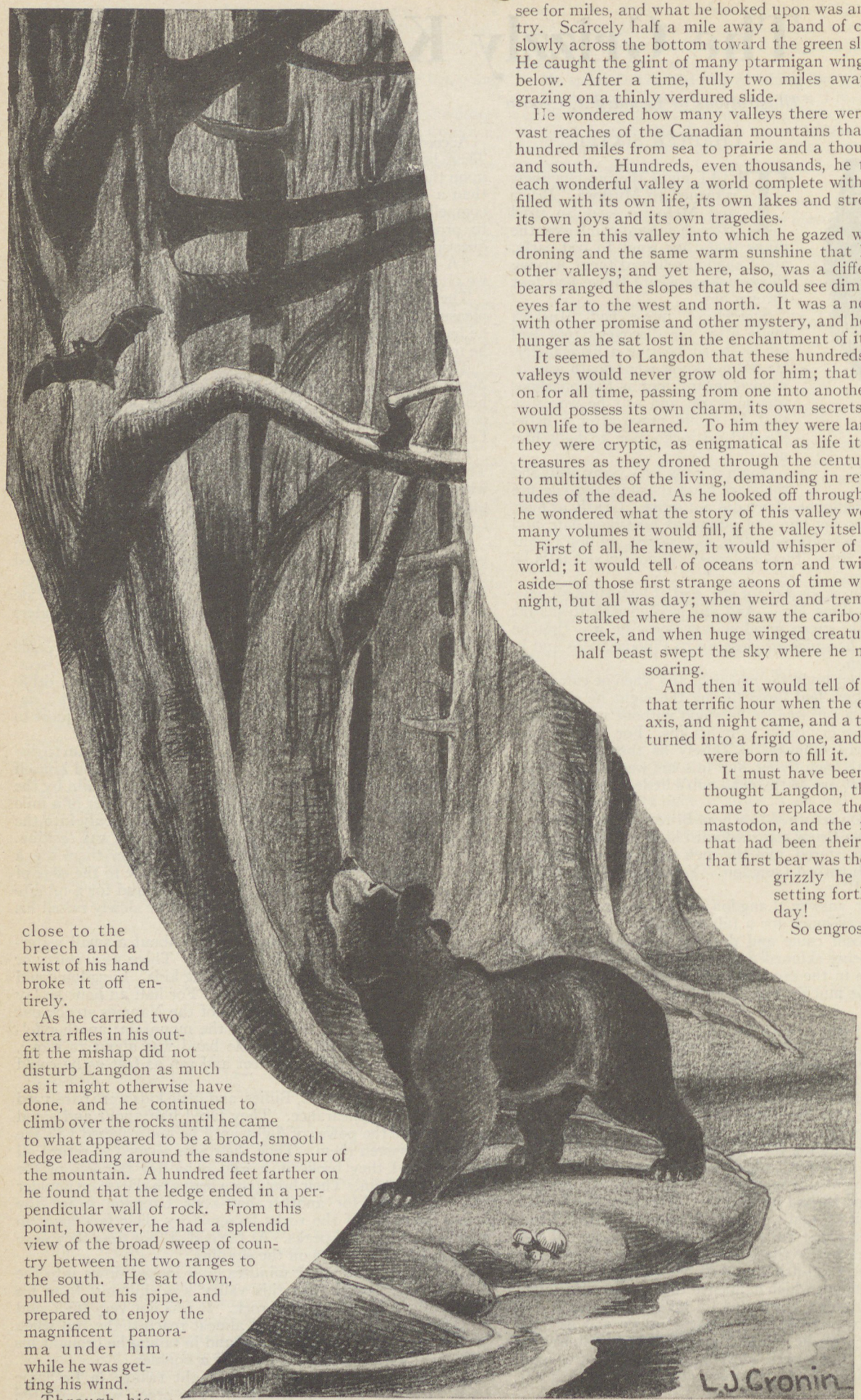
Halfway over this quarter of a mile of meadow there was a dip into which he could not see, and as he came to the edge of this he flung himself suddenly upon his face and for a minute or two lay as motionless as a rock. Then he slowly raised his head.

A hundred yards from him, gathered about a small waterhole in the hollow, was a herd of goats. There were thirty or more, most of them Nannies with young kids. Langdon could make out only two Billies in the lot. For half an hour he lay still and watched them. Then one of the Nannies struck out with her two kids for the side of the mountain; another followed, and seeing that the whole band was about to move, Langdon rose quickly to his feet and ran as fast as he could toward them.

For a moment Nannies, Billies, and little kids were paralyzed by his sudden appearance. They faced half about and stood as if without the power of flight until he had covered half the distance between them. Then their wits seemed to return all at once, and they broke in a wild panic for the side of the nearest mountain. Their hoofs soon began to clatter on boulder and shale, and for another half-hour Langdon heard the hollow booming of the rocks loosened by their feet high up among the crags and peaks. At the end of that time they were infinitesimal white dots on the sky-line.

He went on, and a few minutes later looked down into the other valley. Southward this valley was shut out from his vision by a huge shoulder of rock. It was not very high, and he began to climb it. He had almost reached the top when his toe caught in a piece of slate, and in falling he brought his rifle down with tremendous force on a boulder.

He was not hurt, except for a slight twinge in his lame knee. But his gun was a wreck. The stock was shattered



"—he saw the shadowy things fluttering in the gloom of the forest—"

close to the breech and a twist of his hand broke it off entirely.

As he carried two extra rifles in his outfit the mishap did not disturb Langdon as much as it might otherwise have done, and he continued to climb over the rocks until he came to what appeared to be a broad, smooth ledge leading around the sandstone spur of the mountain. A hundred feet farther on he found that the ledge ended in a perpendicular wall of rock. From this point, however, he had a splendid view of the broad sweep of country between the two ranges to the south. He sat down, pulled out his pipe, and prepared to enjoy the magnificent panorama under him while he was getting his wind.

Through his glasses he could see for miles, and what he looked upon was an unhunted country. Scarcely half a mile away a band of caribou was filing slowly across the bottom toward the green slopes to the west. He caught the glint of many ptarmigan wings in the sunlight below. After a time, fully two miles away, he saw sheep grazing on a thinly verdured slide.

He wondered how many valleys there were like this in the vast reaches of the Canadian mountains that stretched three hundred miles from sea to prairie and a thousand miles north and south. Hundreds, even thousands, he told himself, and each wonderful valley a world complete within itself; a world filled with its own life, its own lakes and streams and forests, its own joys and its own tragedies.

Here in this valley into which he gazed was the same soft droning and the same warm sunshine that had filled all the other valleys; and yet here, also, was a different life. Other bears ranged the slopes that he could see dimly with his naked eyes far to the west and north. It was a new domain, filled with other promise and other mystery, and he forgot time and hunger as he sat lost in the enchantment of it.

It seemed to Langdon that these hundreds or thousands of valleys would never grow old for him; that he could wander on for all time, passing from one into another, and that each would possess its own charm, its own secrets to be solved, its own life to be learned. To him they were largely inscrutable; they were cryptic, as enigmatical as life itself, hiding their treasures as they droned through the centuries, giving birth to multitudes of the living, demanding in return other multitudes of the dead. As he looked off through the sunlit space he wondered what the story of this valley would be, and how many volumes it would fill, if the valley itself could tell it.

First of all, he knew, it would whisper of the creation of a world; it would tell of oceans torn and twisted and thrown aside—of those first strange aeons of time when there was no night, but all was day; when weird and tremendous monsters stalked where he now saw the caribou drinking at the creek, and when huge winged creatures half bird and half beast swept the sky where he now saw an eagle soaring.

And then it would tell of The Change—of that terrific hour when the earth tilted on its axis, and night came, and a tropical world was turned into a frigid one, and new kinds of life were born to fill it.

It must have been long after that, thought Langdon, that the first bear came to replace the mammoth, the mastodon, and the monstrous beasts that had been their company. And that first bear was the forefather of the grizzly he and Bruce were setting forth to kill the next day!

So engrossed was Langdon in his thoughts that he did not hear a sound behind him. And then something roused him.

It was as if one of the monsters he had been picturing in his imagination had let out a great breath close to him. He turned slowly, and the next moment his heart seemed to stop its beating; his blood seemed to grow cold and lifeless in his veins.

Barring the ledge not more than fifteen feet from him, his great jaws agape, his head moving

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

slowly from side to side as he regarded his trapped enemy, stood Thor, the King of the Mountains!

And in that space of a second or two Langdon's hands involuntarily gripped at his broken rifle, and he decided that he was doomed!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A BROKEN, choking breath—a stifled sound that was scarcely a cry—was all that came from Langdon's lips as he saw the monstrous grizzly looking at him. In the ten seconds that followed he lived hours.

His first thought was that he was powerless—utterly powerless. He could not even run, for the rock wall was behind him; he could not fling himself valleyward, for there was a sheer fall of a hundred feet on that side. He was face to face with death, a death as terrible as that which had overtaken the dogs.

And yet in these last moments Langdon did not lose himself in terror. He noted even the redness in the avenging grizzly's eyes. He saw the naked scar along his back where one of his bullets had plowed; he saw the bare spot where another of his bullets had torn its way through Thor's fore-shoulder. And he believed, as he observed these things, that Thor had deliberately trailed him, that the bear had followed him along the ledge and had cornered him here that he might repay in full measure what had been inflicted upon him.

Thor advanced—just one step; and then in that slow, graceful movement, reared himself to full height. Langdon, even then, thought that he was magnificent. On his part, the man did not move; he looked steadily up at Thor, and he had made up his mind what to do when the great beast lunged forward. He would fling himself over the edge. Down below there was one chance in a thousand for life. There might be a ledge or a projecting spur to catch him.

And Thor!

Suddenly—unexpectedly—he had come upon man! This was the creature that had hunted him, this was the creature that had hurt him—and it was so near that he could reach out with his paw and crush it! And how weak, and white, and shrinking it looked now! Where was its strange thunder? Where was its burning lightning? Why did it make no sound?

Even a dog would have done more than this creature, for the dog would have shown its fangs; it would have snarled, it would have fought. But this thing that was man did nothing. And a great, slow doubt swept through Thor's massive head. Was it really this shrinking, harmless, terrified thing that had hurt him? He smelled the man-smell. It was thick. And yet this time there came with it no hurt.

And then, slowly again, Thor came down to all fours. Steadily he looked at the man.

Had Langdon moved then he would have died. But Thor was not, like man, a murderer. For another half-minute he waited for a hurt, for some sign of menace. Neither came, and he was puzzled. His nose swept the ground, and Langdon saw the dust rise where the grizzly's hot breath stirred it. And after that, for another long and terrible thirty seconds, the bear and the man looked at each other.

Then very slowly—and doubtfully—Thor half turned. He growled. His lips drew partly back. Yet he saw no reason to fight, for that shrinking, white-faced pigmy crouching on the rock made no movement to offer him battle. He saw that he could not go on, for the ledge was blocked by the mountain wall. Had there been a trail the story might have been different for Langdon. As it was, Thor disappeared slowly in the direction from which he had come, his great head hung low, his long claws *click, click, clicking* like ivory castanets as he went.

Not until then did it seem to Langdon that he breathed again, and that his heart resumed its beating. He gave a great sobbing gasp. He rose to his feet, and his legs seemed weak. He waited—one minute, two, three; and then he stole cautiously to the twist in the ledge around which Thor had gone.

The rocks were clear, and he began to retrace his own steps toward the meadowy break, watching and listening, and still clutching the broken parts of his rifle. When he came to the edge of the plain he dropped down behind a huge boulder.

"—and here again Thor paused, sniffing up and down the wind—"

Three hundred yards away Thor was ambling slowly over the crest of the dip toward the eastward valley. Not until the bear reappeared on the farther ridge of the hollow, and then vanished again, did Langdon follow.

When he reached the slope on which he had hobbled his horse Thor was no longer in sight. The horse was where he had left it. Not until he was in the saddle did Langdon feel that he was completely safe. Then he laughed, a nervous, broken, joyous sort of laugh, and as he scanned the valley he filled his pipe with fresh tobacco.

"You great big god of a bear!" he whispered, and every fibre in him was trembling in a wonderful excitement as he found voice for the first time. "You—you monster with a heart bigger than man!" And then he added, under his breath, as if not conscious that he was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 47]

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Just Billy—A Boy

By GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Illustrations by C. J. Shreve

THE light began to show very faintly along the eastern edge of the prairie horizon line. In the immediate foreground was a dark spot, as the light slowly strengthened, a few low bushes showed along the edge of the big spot.

Billy watched with wide open eyes. He could see darker objects moving on the splotch. He heard a low hum, which seemed to be far above him where the sky was now getting to be quite light. The hum grew louder, now it sounded like the singing of a telegraph wire on a frosty morning. It came so close that Billy strained his eyes to see what made it, then it faded away till he could hardly hear it, to return louder than ever. Then just above him it suddenly ceased and a dozen dark objects dropped noiselessly into the splotch, among the other spots which moved gracefully about on the surface of the lake.

Billy was four years old, and this was his first morning on the edge of a duck lake with his father. It was, too, the first time he had seen the sun rise and now he divided his time between the sky line, red and scarlet with great silver bars shooting up through it, and the objects that moved on the surface of the lake.

He had been carried here while the sleep was still heavy in his eyes and wrapped warmly in a navajo blanket was close to his father in a hole dug down in the ground a short distance back from the water.

Faintly Billy could hear that steady hum again. This time he knew what to expect, besides it was getting quite light and, looking off to the North away from the light which blinded him, he could see a flock of ducks coming at a speed that made Billy forget to breathe.

They were coming straight in and Billy thought that they were coming right into the blind where he sat. But no, a graceful turn, a slight tilting of the wings, a flash of green and gold and the flock turned, circled the lake and sailed away in the distance. Billy breathed again. They were gone—but no, the specks were growing larger, they had turned again and were coming back. Now for an instant they were in the sun, then the hum ceased and Billy could see that the wings were curved and that the flock was dropping down directly in front of their blind.

Billy's father changed his position slightly, raised his gun and as the ducks came in fired twice. Two fine fat canvasbacks tumbled onto the prairie not fifty feet away. Billy was out of his blanket and racing to pick them up before they had stopped flopping.

His father smiled.

"Glad I completed the picture for him," he said to himself, "it would have been too bad to have missed, on his first morning."

So began Billy's life as a sportsman.

When he was six years old he was given a 410 gauge shotgun and a leather belt full of little shells, no larger than a fire cracker, and on their first hunt that fall he killed several ducks that had been winged by other hunters and fallen in the little lake.

The fall he was seven, he crawled carefully through the prairie grass to the edge of a pond on which a great flock of Mallards were noisily feeding.

Something flushed them and they rose to come directly over Billy not a dozen yards away. Up came the little barrel, covered a great green head, led him a few inches and then with a whip-like crack brought him dead to the ground.

Billy was now a wing shot, he knew the vast difference between "potting" a bunch of birds and real sportsmanship.

Billy's father had to work, but evenings and Saturdays he spent with Billy in their tiny work shop in the basement of their home. Here Billy learned to make things, to clean his guns, to wind a fly rod, to tie a leader.

The summer Billy was ten an expressman brought a large box; that night Billy and his father opened it to find a lot of wooden ducks fairly well shaped but not to their satisfaction in body or neck. So his father rigged up a frame with a strap and a lever which he held tight with his foot. This held the duck while he carefully re-shaped the decoy to their satisfaction, then he and Billy sat on the floor and painted and striped and dotted until Billy's mother called down the back stairs:

"John, how late are you going to keep that child up? It's now way past his bed time."

"All right, mother, we will finish these tomorrow night."

All through the summer evenings the two pals prepared for the opening of the duck season and when September 16th came they were ready to the last button.

Billy was now shooting a 16 gauge pump gun exactly like his father's 12 gauge, only with a 26-inch barrel and a stock made to fit his shorter arms. Shells had been hand loaded with much interest and many discussions as to penetration range, shock; and anyone listening would have concluded that the two were within a year or two of the same age, and no one could have questioned for a moment their perfect happiness and satisfaction in their comradeship.

The evening of September 15th found them spinning away on one of the highways toward a crossroad which carried them twenty miles into the country to a stream which wound across the prairie, feeding a chain of small lakes. The two hunters drove near the largest one of these and camped, put up a small tent and arranged a comfortable bed. Then as John began to prepare supper Billy picked up a bucket and went down to the stream for water.

He paused for a moment and looked down toward the lake; what he saw sent a cold chill of disappointment up Billy's back, for already he knew the meaning of the white and black sign on the edge of the lake. However, he must be sure; there might be some mistake, so he walked down to the post and read.

"WARNING

"Private property, this lake has been leased to the Southern Gun Club and anyone not a member of this Club will be prosecuted for shooting on the land behind this notice."

Billy walked slowly back to the camp, his outing, for which he had worked and planned all through the long summer, was ruined. His father's face showed the keen disappointment he felt at Billy's news, but after a few minutes he said,

"Never mind, son, they haven't posted the creek and when they begin shooting on the lake, there are sure to be some ducks come up toward the upper lakes. If we find a good place here and put our decoys in the stream, we may have some shooting after all."

Daylight next morning found Billy in a perfectly constructed blind a hundred yards above the hated sign, his beautifully painted decoys floating in a tiny pond and looking for all the world as if a bunch of ducks had found the choicest bit of feed in the whole country.

No sooner was the Eastern sky light, than the shooting began on the lake and instantly thousands of ducks took wing and began circling over the lake and flying up and down the stream. At first none seemed to see Billy's decoys and he thought none would, but finally a band of young Mallards that had been hatched out on the lake, confused at the unusual racket, swung up along the creek and decoyed straight for Billy's blind.

He had visualized such a scene many a time and now his mind worked very fast, a glance to see that the safety was off on his gun, he knew that there were six loads in the magazine; a slight calculation as to distance, height and speed, and he covered the leader, "crack," "crack," "crack," four times, so fast that a man in the nearest blind on the lake scowled, "I didn't know any of the boys had an automatic or I wouldn't have invited him to shoot."

Billy raised up out of the blind, four fat young Mallards lay on the ground and another with a wing broken was swimming down the stream as fast as he could go.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Of all things Billy had been taught the crime of leaving a crippled bird to die a lingering death hidden in the grass, and now all thought of forbidden territory was overcome by the fear that the bird would escape into the lake. Not even waiting to pick up those he had killed he ran down the stream, cut off a loop and waited for the cripple to round the bend. Soon he saw him sneaking along close in to the edge and waiting till he was within safe range Billy raised his gun and fired, the duck turned over on his back waving a pair of red feet and legs. At the same instant Billy felt a firm hand seize him by the collar.

"You will walk right past a sign and poach on my preserve will you, young man?"

Now Billy had never in his short life received a harsh word. He was his mother's right hand helper, his father's pal, and the beloved companion of all his associates, so there had never been any occasion for rebuke and just now he was more surprised than frightened, so he turned a calmly controlled face toward his captor, "Don't jump at conclusions," he quietly remarked, "I just crippled that duck from a blind on government land, where I had a perfect right to shoot him, and I ran down here in order to keep a crippled bird from crawling off to die in the grass. As he was finally killed on your land, however, the law would give him to you and if you will let go of me I will retrieve him for you and go back to my blind."

The man let go his grip and stood looking down at the frank young face. There was something wistful and yet respectful in his glance.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I am sorry I misunderstood. Of course I wouldn't take your duck."

The boy laughed. "I really wish you would," he said; "you see I didn't shoot at that duck. He got in the way and got a wing broken; but now that I have had to kill him, that settles my shooting for today."

"Why, how many have you killed?"

"This makes five, and I mustn't lap over on father because he must kill his share, too."

"But the law allows each hunter ten birds."

"Yes, but we don't figure on the limit every time; and I shouldn't have shot so fast today if it hadn't been that I thought it was the only chance I would get."

The duck had floated down near the two as they talked, and the man picked up a stick and drew it close to shore and handed the boy the bird.

"Where is your father?"

"He went up the creek. I think he knew this was the only place where I could get a shot and he left it for me. I haven't heard him shoot. I'm awfully sorry, for he does love to hunt; guess I was selfish to take this place, poor old Daddy."

Tears were now flooding the eyes of the boy, and the man was winking very fast.

"Don't, please don't, we will see if we can't find him and he may shoot in my blind. You see I didn't realize how selfish I have been, and I guess I had forgotten that boys like to hunt. You see, my boys—don't care—for that sort of thing."

"Have you a boy?"

"Yes, two of them."

"How old are they?"

"One is about your age, the other is only three."

"Well, did you take your boy with you and wrap him up in a blanket and let him see the sun rise on the prairie and hear the ducks come in?" The man shook his head.

"Have you got a work shop where you make bird houses and decoys and trout flies?"

"No, I guess I have been so selfish that I have missed my big chance."

"Well, you needn't miss it any longer 'cause you let him come with us and he'll want to hunt— There comes Daddy."

The two men approached, "Why, good morning, Mr. Martin, I didn't know *you* were our new settler."

Two fine canvas-backs tumbled from the sky.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

"I am glad to see you, Wharton; but I guess game-hog is nearer the right name."

"Not at all, the game clubs rightly managed are the next best things to game refuges, though it seems a little unjust at times. You see, Billy and I are members of the Izaak Walton League, the National sportsmen's organization and are trying to be broad enough to give our support to anything which tends to conserve and protect wild life."

"I see, and that's the reason you limit yourself to only half the number of birds the law allows you."

"Yes, there are only three of us in our family, and ten birds give us a game dinner for ourselves and some to give to our immediate friends. We find that one or two treats of this kind during the season is all the average person wants, and more than that becomes a bore to them because they don't like the bother of picking them."

Martin thought a minute, he had a very unpleasant memory of a story that came to him of game being wonderfully received by a certain family and then thrown into the garbage can because the maid disliked to pick the birds and it was easy to report them as spoiled.

"You and Billy have done me a lot of good this morning. There is one thing more I should like. Teach me how to make my boy—like Billy."

"Come with us, Jim, our country is big enough for us all—Billy would, of all things, like a boy of his own age to hunt and fish with him."

That winter the little shop was enlarged and a fireplace put in, and now four happy people are having wonderful evenings planning and working and talking over the new game farm and refuge which has been started where the old Southern Club used to be.

The Dancing Bear

By LEE CLARK

Behold! the bear.
Dancing on the asphalt street
Beneath the noonday's scorching heat.
He stops—and dreams
Of rushing streams—
And icy pools,
Where lurk the leaping rainbows.
Of azure skies,
And mountains blue, capped with the gleaming snow;
Where sobbing pines and fairy birches grow.
He hears the wind sing songs of long ago
When he was wont to roam the whispering woods.
Then looms before his weary eyes
Titanic gorges—somber, deep,
Where roaring rivers crouch and leap,
And darksome caves where he could sleep
Beside his dam—if he were free.
And then he gazes to the East,
And dreams 'tis morning.
And over the distant peaks,
He sees the rising sun
Come down the trail to greet him,
As he sways along the narrow ledge
That twists, and turns, and clings
To the face of the precipice.
While below him, a mile below,
The wild white waters whirl.
He looks to the West:
And sees—a gorgeous path of glory
Bisect his little lake,
The teardrop of Mazama,
As drops the sun behind the Western Ridge.
Once more his dreaming panorama shifts;
This time to meadows sweet with clover.
And, he hears the droning bees
Telling of the honey
Stored in the hollow trees.
He sees his cubs at play,
The bounding elk out on the plain,
And then—he longs
For those bright days to come again.
But—a tug upon his chain,—
And on he goes adown the street,
Beneath the noonday's scorching heat.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

"There is a little lake near Giant Forest"

The Little Lake

Fishing in the National Parks

By

JOHN R. WHITE

THERE is a little lake near Giant Forest. The Park Rangers call it Hidden Lake because no trail leads to its almost virgin shores; yet those versed in the signs of California's High Sierras may pick their way across the granite slopes which in part encircle the approach to Hidden Lake. Along the way are "ducks," small rocks placed on larger rocks or boulders so that the discerning mountaineer may know that others have passed that way. By the exercise of care a horse may even be led over the glaciated backbone of California and so down through the forest of Red Fir and Lodge Pole pine which march to three sides of the lake. On the south side there is a meadow, bespangled in midsummer by cyclamen and meadowsweet. The meadow slopes up from the lake to the very edge of the thousand foot cliffs which we named "Raven Peak" because a pair of those dark melancholy birds were nesting there when, at dusk, we first cast a Royal Coachman on the unruffled bosom of Hidden Lake.

A three pound Rainbow took that fly. A few minutes later he lay amid the rank but sweet smelling grasses of the meadow; while but a few more minutes passed before he fulfilled the highest destiny of a trout as the supper of two hungry men of the National Park Service. As Kipling has observed:

"The World is wondrous large, Seven Seas from marge to marge
And it holds a vast of various kinds of men"

—and fish. But of all the fish from Kew to Khatmandu there is none to equal a Native Rainbow of the High Sierras when it has passed from icy water to the frying pan within ten minutes. The very tang of the mountains is encased within its crisp brown skin. It is as different from the fish in a city restaurant as camp coffee is from the brew made never so carefully in percolator at home. Which reminds me of the simple method of testing coffee used by the Park Ranger who was my companion at Hidden Lake. He dropped small pebbles into the coffee pot and when a pebble rose to the surface the brew was sufficiently strong to wash down the trout.

It is hard to leave this subject of the mountain lake, the delectable trout, the coffee with a kick, the smoke of the campfire mingled with incense offered to the Goddess Nicotine; and I cannot leave it until I speak of our second visit, two years later. We followed the same "ducks." We descended through the forest to the edge of the lake. We unsaddled and we unpacked. And then came the longed for moment when the rod was jointed, the reel fitted, the leader moistened, the fly attached. The fatigue of the day's travel was forgotten as I approached the well remembered spot. Was that one trout two years ago an accident? Lightly I cast another Royal Coachman over the same water, and scarcely had it touched the surface when the line tightened and the reel sang a sweet song, and the world seemed far away, and nothing much worth while but a three pound trout 10,000 feet up in the Sierras, and the sun touching the tops of the pines and making rosy the Raven Peaks. Yes, the world is wondrous large but it contains no finer moments than these. There is peace to a man's soul alongside a mountain lake at sunset when the trout are rising to the fly. They rose, oh, how they rose. I stopped for very weariness of arm before the "ten pounds and one fish" limit was reached. They all ran the same weight, just about three pounds. We remained three days and we took as many fish as the law and the conscience of a fisherman permitted.

In the morning we could see them where the lake shallowed near the meadow; like a school of porpoises they wallowed along the bottom of the lake and they rose to the fly like swallows.

The above is but the prelude to my statement that the National Parks are the fisherman's best friends. Scientific conservation and propagation of fish are carried on in the parks. A park superintendent may systematically stock streams and lakes and close waters which are being overfished. The automobile now brings a hundred fishermen to a stream where one came but a few years ago. Fortunately, the remedy accompanies the disease; for if the fisherman may come in his automobile the motor trucks may haul cans of trout fry in a manner not possible in the horse and buggy days. That the Park Service is fulfilling its duty is shown by the reports from such a congested area as the floor of Yosemite Valley, where fishing is reported better than ever in 1924 and one angler took a 9 pound trout from the Merced near Camp Curry. Within an hour or two of Giant Forest in the Sequoia National Park, during the 1924 season, fishermen have taken the limit daily from the Marble Fork, from Yucca Creek and from Twin Lakes. From Yellowstone National Park come similar stories of limit catches.

If you want personal proof of the manner in which a National Park serves the fisherman, come to Giant Forest in the Sequoia National Park. And if you show the button of the Izaak Walton League or can give the grip and password of a Master of the Rod, perhaps the superintendent may tell you where the trail that is no trail starts for Hidden Lake, and how you may follow the "ducks" down to the edge of the lake at dusk when, at the hour beloved by all good fishermen, the trout are leaping, crazy for the fly.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Canoeing Along *the* British Columbia Coastline

By
W. D. YOUNG

LIKE many others who love outdoor America, we had long desired to visit the British Columbia coast region. From Vancouver, B. C., to Alaska, the coast line is notched and serrated like a cross-cut saw by an intricate system of fiords, islands and salt water channels. On every hand great mountain masses loom, many glacier crowned, and sending wild cataracts plunging into the sea. Added to this are almost unnumbered islands all mountainous and picturesque, and covered to the water's edge with heavy timber, while many of the rivers lead to lovely inland lakes a few miles from the beach.

Not owning the necessary cruising yacht with which to see the region in proper style we determined to travel by canoe, first shipping it as far as possible into the region by steamer. We believed that by careful handling we could navigate a canoe safely in those waters and be able not only to visit several of the inlets but also to ascend the rivers to some of the lakes. Our party consisted of Mr. Theodore Tupe, of Seattle, my wife and myself, all of us experienced in outdoor life and wilderness camping.

From Vancouver, B. C., we boarded a steamer for Shoal Bay, a regular landing point located on the east side of Thurlow Island near the mouth of an inlet called Phillips Arm.

Leaving Vancouver at 6 P. M. we were due to reach our destination next morning, but it was 5 P. M. before we were landed at Shoal Bay.

As we made camp four Indian children appeared and regarded us from a respectful distance with an absorbed curiosity. These barefoot primitive children possessed a real, perhaps instinctive, courtesy. They were quiet and unobtrusive despite their lively interest in our strange outfit. The oldest boy was quite speechless when assured that we had no other boat than the canoe.

The following morning, while purchasing a few final supplies at the store, we learned that a gas boat was going up to the head of Phillips Arm that evening and would take us up. At 5 P. M. we had loaded our things on the gas boat and started up the Arm. An abnormally dry season had made the forest fire situation acute, and the entire coast country was covered with a pall of smoke, from Puget Sound to the northern end of Vancouver Island. As we moved up the Arm, mountains showed up dimly on both sides, rising abruptly from salt water, in some cases topped with snow. In some places logging concerns are at work near salt water or along the main river valleys a few miles back, and there are also attempts made, always close to the beach, by individual settlers to skid logs into the salt water by hand logging methods. Aside from these scattered and really trivial efforts at "development," which are restricted almost wholly to the immediate shore line, the coast country of British Columbia is an untouched wilderness of marvelous scenic beauty, unbelievably vast in extent.

Arriving at the head of Phillips Arm at 6:30 we landed at the mouth of a clear brook. We made camp among some drift logs at the high tide mark.

As we were finishing supper two small row boats, each holding a single man, came down from the mouth of the river, and

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

landing on the beach near the brook, started to clean fish. We strolled down to exchange greetings. One of the men proved to be Stewart Edward White, famous author and sportsman. He is a quiet-spoken man of medium height and gives the impression of being physically hard and fit. He assured us that fly-fishing at the river's mouth at high tide was unusually fine, and their catch of a dozen large cutthroat trout furnished ample evidence. Later we had chances to talk with him further and were glad to get his ideas on various outdoor topics. His opinions were of the conservative and tolerant type, induced by wide experience. After a congenial half hour Mr. White returned to his camp and we retired.

Shortly after midnight I woke to find my feet in water. Sitting up I found that the tide had moved silently in and had already taken possession of the foot of our bed. We moved back as far as possible, but still the water crept up. Finally, as we were about to pick up our beds and retreat to the woods, the tide, suddenly deciding that the joke had gone far enough, turned and retreated as rapidly and noiselessly as it had come. Ten minutes later we had rolled back our beds and were asleep.

The following morning we started up Phillips River, hoping to pick out a route over which we could take our canoe and outfit to a lake, reported to exist a few miles upstream.

A short distance above salt water the river becomes rapid and breaks up into two branches. The first of these we followed soon became hopelessly choked with fallen logs. Starting up the other we continued about a mile, where the branch again divided and the main fork was again blocked with logs. The remaining branch,

Ready for some stiff work on Phillips River.

a mere brook, in a broad gravel bed took us through into the main river above the forks. Satisfied that we had picked a feasible route to the lake we dropped back downstream. At the mouth we found Mr. White and party fly-fishing with wonderful success.

A few days later we broke camp and headed for Phillips Lake. We had one long carry to make and camped one night on the river. The following day by noon we had reached Phillips Lake. The lake, really an enlargement of the river, is about three miles long by one mile wide. It is surrounded by mountains rising to an altitude of about 5000 feet, heavily covered with timber up to 3500 feet. At the head of the lake the river had formed a sandy peninsula of perhaps ten acres, covered with scattered clumps of willow and alder brush. Two flocks of ducks flapped and floundered up the river with excited squawks. Landing here to look about we saw the sandy shore line lined with bear tracks and as we walked about over the peninsula it appeared as though a bear convention had been in progress. They were of all sizes from tiny cub tracks to a large one that measured 14 inches long by 7 inches wide. Deciding that this was far too public a place for locating a camp we continued on around the lake and made camp on a small island near the outlet. This island was about an acre in extent and covered to the water's edge with thick brush. A half-hour's work with the axes and we had a space cleared large enough for our camp. Another hour and we had a stone fireplace built and fir boughs brought from the mainland for beds.

As we cooked supper in the lengthening shadows, trout rose all about our island, feeding on tiny midge flies. The lake, a mirror for the mountain shores, was disturbed only by rising fish and a pair of loons feeding in a shallow bay, and pausing occasionally to rouse the echoes with their wild call. Brush snapped down the lake shore and a doe stepped down to the water and drank. All the wild things on Phillips Lake, including ourselves, were feeding.

We were out early next morning, anxious to climb and explore.

Looking up Homalko River Valley across head of Butte Inlet.

Taking the canoe to a point about one mile up the south shore of the lake we started up through a fine forest of Douglas fir. We soon encountered desperately steep climbing through timber before reaching the top of the ridge which we planned to follow to a snow covered peak. Following this ridge for about 1½ miles through some of the worst brush I have ever seen, we suddenly emerged into a beautiful open park country covered with heather and large purple asters set among clumps of trees and granite boulders. A flock of half-grown ptarmigan regarded us curiously but without fear, and goat signs were numerous. Reaching the main peak at one o'clock, the aneroid showed 4500 feet, which was much lower than we had estimated it from the lake. A marvelous panorama of superb mountain wilderness stretched in all directions. To the North, South and East were seemingly endless ranges of glacier crowned summits. We spent an hour enjoying this view.

Several days passed quickly at our island camp. The evening fishing was good around the island, three varieties taking the fly. These were cutthroat, rainbow and a third trout which looked something like a Dolly Varden but had a small head and mouth and plump body, took the fly and leaped from the water when hooked, putting up a hard fight. We were unable to catch any specimen of the large fish we saw jumping in the lake either by fly or trolling spoon.

The lake and neighboring hills abounded in wild life. During our week's stay we saw deer, goat, otter, mink and beaver, one very large grizzly and a small black bear. Among the birds we

saw there were loons, ducks, ravens, gulls and many small birds.

As we wished to see other inlets we reluctantly broke camp at Phillips Lake and returned down the river to our former camp at the mouth. Here we found that by waiting two or three days we could get a gas boat ride to the head of Butte Inlet, a distance of over 100 miles. By noon on the second day we were close to the head of Butte Inlet. The upper 20 miles of this inlet is a scenic wonderland.

Having reached the head of the inlet our plan was to work up the Homalko River, a large stream entering the inlet from the East. A settler at the mouth of the river told us it was high and not easy to ascend, but offered to take us up a short distance to a good camping spot in his launch.

As soon as we headed into the swirling current of the Homalko we saw at once that this river was quite a different proposition from the Phillips. The Homalko is a deep muddy torrent about 1000 feet wide, moving swiftly past low timbered shores. Our gas boat with the canoe in tow roared and careened against the rapid current and though taking advantage of every eddy and back current our progress was slow.

Looking across Bear Bay on Butte Inlet from 5000 feet above

It was a dangerous piece of water, and I did not relish the prospect of returning through it. A quarter mile above here the current became so swift that we started drifting backward, so we went to shore and camped, waving good-bye to our pilot.

Next morning rain threatened and a brief inspection upstream convinced us that we were not equipped to tackle the Homalko in its present savage mood. At places there were grey colored sand bars, but these when stepped on began to sink slowly much on the order of quicksand. The water was unbelievably cold and unaccustomed as we were to cold streams our legs grew numb and useless when we tried to wade.

Starting downstream, we landed some distance above the whirlpools. Rain began to fall in big drops; the first in many weeks. Weather indications warned me to get into camp and ready for a big rain. As we drifted downstream with the rapid current, alert for hidden snags and looking for a place to land camp, we saw a small opening under the overhanging trees on the south bank where a creek entered. We headed for this and by some lively paddling worked the canoe out of the Homalko's swift flood and shot suddenly into the clear waters of this tiny protected harbor. We soon had a space cleared and the tent up. The rain was falling steadily.

Never was a rain more welcome to us. For weeks we had vainly watched and hoped for rain. Our only fear was that it would stop before the fires were out and the air cleared of smoke. Rain fell intermittently for three days, while we remained snug and dry at this camp, fishing at the mouth of our little stream and exploring the woods for some distance around.

On the third day it had cleared, so by 10 A. M. we set out up the mountain to reach the glacier at the head of our creek. The climbing was up a rather steep rocky ridge covered by an open forest of scrub pine. The mosquitoes were about as bad as we had ever experienced, doubtless due to the rain. At an elevation of 3700 feet we were blocked by perpendicular rock walls and forced to return without being able to get even near the glacier.

The following morning was bright and clear, every vestige of smoke having been washed out by the heavy rain; the first really clear air we had seen in about three months. This timely rain marked the end of the worst drought in the history of the Pacific northwest. Breaking camp we drifted down the river. At the deserted Homalko village we turned up the Cumsack River, intending to camp up this stream a mile or so to be in a position to explore the range on the north side of the valley. For about two miles we followed this stream, but turned about and dropped down the river into salt water, crossing the head of Butte Inlet, continually looking for a suitable camp site. The only suitable place for a camp we found was occupied by a cabin. This is the usual experience on the northern inlets. At the widely separated places which combine a flat shoreline above high tide level with good water there is usually a white settler or Siwash cabin. It appears that every Indian living in this territory has several different cabins located all over the shore line. They are built of drift wood and may look dilapidated and thoroughly uninhabitable, but you can never tell at what time a gas boat loaded with Indians may arrive to take possession of the entire neighborhood without a moment's notice. This uncertainty, coupled with the fact that the Indians' sanitary standards hover around absolute zero, caused us to carefully avoid these spots.

We kept on until opposite the mouth of the Southgate River, a stream very much like the Homalko, though somewhat smaller. At this point we found a group of Canadian Government surveyors, headed by a Mr. Davidson, camped in the abandoned cabin of a former logging concern. Our camp was located a short distance above them on the river. During the day we had covered about fourteen miles, most of the time on the lookout for a suitable camping spot.

The evening was clear with a marvelous golden sunset painting the peaks and ice fields with the curious rosy Alpenglow. Numerous waterfowl chatted among themselves and we were treated to a grand chorus by a sextette of loons.

Despite an early breakfast the next morning, trouble in finding the beginning of the blazed trail delayed our start up the mountain. Once on it we followed up a moderately steep, even slope through a rather open forest of scrub pine and beautiful white paper birch.

An hour was all we dared spend in this rare spot and still be able to reach salt water by dark. The descent over the rock slides was slow and trying work, but we reached camp at 7:30, thoroughly tired out. The only wild life seen on the climb were grouse, ptarmigan and whistling marmots and a few small birds.

The following morning we broke camp early and started down the inlet, hoping to cover a good distance before a head wind should strike us. Keeping along the shore we discovered a group of three mountain goats, mother, father and half-grown kid, feeding among the rocks of the beach. We even got close enough to get a fair photo of the bunch before they took alarm and disappeared into the forest. Goats on the beach are a common sight in this territory.

By noon we had reached a bay, and, landing on a gravel beach, ate lunch. Continuing down the shore line we passed

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

several more fine streams before finally making camp on a small gravel delta at the mouth of a noisy brook. Our beds were made on the only level spot across a game trail which came down the creek canyon to salt water.

I dragged a trolling spoon past the mouth of the brook and hooked a large fish, which, when finally landed, proved to be a beautiful four-pound cutthroat trout. During the early evening it rained and toward midnight we were awakened by vivid lightning flashes. We hustled out and made everything as snug as possible in preparation for a violent storm of wind and rain. The lightning continued for two hours in blinding flashes, but not a sound of thunder did we hear. Whether this strange and beautiful display was actually silent lightning, or the sound drowned out by the roar of our stream, I cannot say.

As the weather was still threatening we spent another day and night at this camp, starting down the inlet the following morning. We were packed and moving by 10 A. M. and found it quite a relief to get away from the roar of the stream. By noon it had clouded up and rain threatened just as we came in sight of a cabin on shore. Landing we found it the home of an old Norwegian trapper, who lived there alone. Though over eighty years old, he made his modest living by trapping and collecting drift logs. It had started to rain, so we made a hasty camp a little distance down the shore on a rocky bluff. During the previous night a bear had stolen a fine spring salmon that the trapper told us he had left hanging on his porch.

By morning the weather was calm and bright, so we headed down the inlet again toward Orford Bay, reaching there by noon. After waiting here a day and a half we climbed aboard the bi-weekly steamer and headed for Vancouver.

Our trip had lasted just five weeks, and, although we were almost continually on the move, had been able to visit and explore only a part of the territory at the head of two inlets.

The method we used for getting about in the region while neither elegant nor easy, worked reasonably well, and in many ways allowed us greater freedom of movement than with a yacht. The use of a well equipped gas boat is of course to be preferred where available, but our trip proved that the district can be successfully visited by canoe. It is a region rich in wild life, both large and small, as well as scenery of a most impressive type. The few people we encountered were kindly and hospitable, although it is hard to say whether or not this attitude will persist after campers begin to invade the region in any numbers. It is, I believe, the last American wilderness region and will afford for many years to come an area where lovers of the wild may find things almost, if not quite in their primeval condition.

Wild goats feeding along salt water shore on Butte Inlet.

The October Drive

WHEN October 31st rolls around it is confidently expected that at least fifty thousand new members will be added to the Izaak Walton League of America and more than two hundred new chapters will be formed directly and indirectly as a result of the drive in your chapter for new members. Just about everyone is back from vacations and it is the easiest time in the whole year to get good solid attendance at meetings and to map out the winter's activities. There is no doubt but that every member of every chapter knows at least one more person who wants to become a member of the League. The League now has a splendid record of accomplishments to its credit and more members are needed to add to the power and prestige of the League so that the great things in conservation can be done. We are counting on every chapter in the League to do its share toward making October the red-letter month in the League's history.

Newspapers for the most part have been co-operating loyally with chapters, but if for some reason or other the press of your community is not as enthusiastic as you think it should be or as enthusiastic as the cause deserves a committee should be ap pointed to call upon the editor.

Outdoor activities are indulged in by an almost unbelievably large percentage of your citizens and everything pertaining to the Izaak Walton League is of interest to these persons. They all are newspaper readers.

There is not a civic organization in your community that will not supply a good list of new members. There is no such an argument as "I am not interested because I do not fish or hunt." Every man and every woman owes a debt to the out-of-doors and every man and every woman wants to see protected the wild things and wild places that make the out-of-doors.

It is easy to answer such an argument as "I don't want to belong to the League. They are trying to stop hunting and fishing." The League is not a prohibitive organization; does not seek to stop shooting and stop fishing. It seeks to make permanent hunting and fishing, to so adjust things that there always will be hunting and fishing for all, not for a favored few who can afford to travel far into the wilds and enjoy the sport which should be, figuratively speaking, at your back-door.

Your chapter should be the greatest organization in your community, with the largest membership. Being non-commercial, non-political and non-sectarian and All-American, it draws from the entire population and serves the entire population.

Perhaps your hobby is wild flowers; maybe it is dogs, song-birds or photography. Try and ride a hobby in any of these things without being interested in what is happening to OUTDOOR AMERICA.

No man can properly offer the excuse "I am too busy to join, I have too many things to do, my time is all taken up." Maybe he cannot always attend meetings, but he is not too busy to know that the Outdoors claims him at vacation time if not oftener, and that he owes his ability to keep busy to the rest and recreation afforded by the out-of-doors.

There just isn't any excuse for not joining the Izaak Walton League

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

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WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

Waltonians!

IN the first issue of our League's magazine, Emerson Hough asked in his epoch-making editorial, "Time To Call A Halt," the following question: "*Can any human agency work the great miracle of giving the ages a part of the America that was ours?*"

When Emerson Hough asked the above pertinent question, he somewhat doubted the League's ability to work out its plan of a national organization for sportsmen, and well he might, because for nearly fifty years he had actively participated in practically every attempt to awaken the sportsmen of this country.

No man knew better than he that all the plans to save sports in this country had failed. He saw our forests disappear like a prairie fire sweeping over an open plain. He saw our coastal and inland waters polluted worse than those of any country in the world. He saw the mad course of indiscriminate drainage in full swing. He saw fishing going and he saw all forms of shooting vanishing almost as rapidly as does the mist before the morning sun.

Those of you who are among the pioneers of this League, and therefore know our magazine from the start, will perhaps recall an article by Emerson Hough, devoted to the wholesale murder of our out-of-door land, in which he said in the closing lines: "I have spent my own money and my own life to get the truth and I have given it to you here."

Saw Destructive Trend of Times

He saw, as few men have the understanding to see, that unless some power was formed which would awaken the nation that America was headed toward Chinafication, and Chinafication, in a few words, means a treeless, a fishless and a gameless land, in addition to many other disastrous things, including a sad type of citizenship.

Emerson Hough solemnly believed that the Izaak Walton League of America had the right plan, but the disappointments of the past fifty years had made him somewhat pessimistic and in the beginning he doubted, at least a little, that the American sportsmen would rally to any cause in sufficient numbers to meet and defeat the money-mad *but well organized* vandals who were so ruthlessly crucifying outdoor America.

Until the birth of your League there was no co-ordinated national organization of sportsmen in the United States.

Our League was founded with a full understanding that the enemies of outdoor America were *well organized*, and we knew full well that they were *nationally organized*.

We saw, just as we have often written, that we had to fight *organized bodies of despoilers*. We saw, too, that those organizations who fed upon the natural resources of America were well financed and were everlastingly on the job.

We knew those organizations never lost track of the thing they would exploit and that they were not greatly disturbed when the general public flared up into a sudden rage over some particularly raw steal. And this because clever men engineered these big steals and knew they could bank on our national habit of blithely *forgetting*.

No National Unison

No one knew better than did these crucifiers of wild places that the lovers of outdoor America were *unorganized* and therefore *easily misled*—that there was no team work and no sanely directed national movement unceasingly working *from county to state and from state to nation* as the Izaak Walton League has put into working force and given our country *for the first time in its history*.

Our friend, Hal. G. Evarts, in *The Saturday Evening Post* issue of September 6th, has a wonderful article entitled "Conserving the Remnants." Please read the following quotation from Mr. Evarts' article thoughtfully and carefully:

> "There were good reasons for this widespread misapprehension, for the interests that preyed upon the natural resources of the country *were organized*. They exhorted the people to be practical, to stand by their guns as hard-headed American citizens, and urged them to pay no heed to the sobs of sentimental crusaders *who would block the progress of development*. And the people, either through misunderstanding or apathy, failed to grasp the fact that it was exploitation, *not development*, that was being foisted upon them; that much of the work going on about them was destructive, *not constructive;* that they were being practically looted, *not practically led;* that *a few* were feathering their nests at the expense of the many *and slaughtering the birds that supplied the down*."

The above quotation from the trenchant pen of Mr. Evarts fairly and squarely shows up the tactics of the looter of the past generation. Surprising as it may seem, the same old methods work quite as well today, the difference being the big exploiters maneuver with more caution and this principally because of the Izaak Walton League of America—the largest national organization of sportsmen on this planet.

Never doubt, the wise ones already see the handwriting on the wall, and don't doubt for a single minute that the plunderers of our out-of-door land *fear* a Nationally Organized army of Sportsmen.

Grab-Bag Nearly Empty

Now, boys, our nation's grab-bag is nearly empty—the days of gigantic land and timber grabs are about over. We have been stripped of our millions upon millions of acres of forests—the big north woods of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are hardly more than a memory. We know now that a tragedy has been committed under the magic name of "*development.*" Today every man knows the falsity of the old cry—"We are conquering the wilderness," because now we know that it was being *destroyed*.

We know now that posterity was being systematically looted and sold out of its Great Heritage with scarcely a soul daring to sound the alarms.

We know now that those who dared to raise their

Waltonians this Editorial is important—please Read it.

voices in opposition to the rape of America's out-of-doors were not cranks, as they were then called, but patriots and men and women of vision.

The writer well remembers when the light of conservation shone faintly, as does a candle in the dark. Today conservation is a National Word and it means something tangible and practical to all thinking men and women who consider the future of our Ame[illegible].

The Izaak Walton League has caused a sudd[illegible] sternation to sweep ov[illegible] land, and [illegible]ngs declares that the havoc and ruin of the p[illegible]t [illegible]ng stopped—*pronto*—if we are to hope for an [illegible]he doors *worth the name.*

The standards of the Izaak Walton League of A[illegible]ica leads the way and our banners are held aloft by two-fisted American sportsmen who have *earned the right of way* through the sheer *right and might* of their conservation achievements. We have only begun to put up a fight for those places "where the winds are untainted and the skies are clean"—"where God speaks in mountain and tree and spring and flower." We have sworn that all these sacred things belong to the Nation's Children and are their National Heritage.

Everybody's Business Nobody's Business

Three hundred years ago Izaak Walton expressed in a single sentence the whole philosophy of the League which has adopted him as its patron saint. Here follows Father Izaak's words, and think as you read. He said: "*That which is everybody's business is nobody's business.*" Truer words have never been written by any man. Our League has made the saving of the remnants of outdoor America *its one and only business.* The chapters of this League are not quitters or forgetters, and are *on the job all the time.*

Now what is the basic plan of the League?

First, we have the local chapter and its duty is to awaken public opinion and to push forward conservation measures within the borders of its own county. Some of our chapters have performed miracles—they have established county game refuges and fish hatcheries; cleaned up their county lakes and streams, *and in many counties in this country it is positively indecent for any man or woman to talk about a love of wild places and wild things without belonging to their chapter.*

Second, we have the state division, *made up of all the chapters in the state.* Each year the state organization of Izaak Walton chapters holds a state convention, and it is the duty of the local chapter to send a delegate, or delegates, to this annual convention of the state division. The number of delegates is determined by the size of the chapter. Here is discussed state-wide needs and intelligent action is taken. *Resolutions* at these conventions mean just what they say. They are backed up by fighting chapters and to this date no state division has failed to put over any measure for which it has made a determined fight.

We have too little space here to recite the tremendous progress our many state divisions are making. Our Iowa Division has repealed old fish and game laws and re-written and passed new laws. They also have cleaned up most of their lovely rivers and one more year will see every Iowa stream *free from pollution.* Our Oklahoma division has done wonderful work—new laws, big appropriations, one thousand game refuges, new hatcheries, and in Oklahoma, Waltonians are writing their own ticket just as we do in Illinois and in some other states.

Third, it is the duty of every chapter in the League to elect and send delegates to our annual national convention, and here conservation for "*my United States*" is the predominating subject. Here the sportsmen of [illegible]he n[illegible]tion meet in convention for three days and dis[illegible]s[illegible]ational ways and means. It is at these conven[illegible]s that the League's national policy is adopted by [illegible] vote of the majority. Each convention elects national officers and national directors, and Representative Government is in full force *one hundred per cent.*

An editorial without a purpose is a useless editorial. This editorial has a purpose, and here is its purpose.

Its first purpose is to prove to every chapter member that the despoilers of outdoor America are nationally organized—well-financed bodies working harmoniously together wherever and whenever their exploitations are endangered.

Co-ordinated Team Work Vital

Its second purpose is to convince every individual member of a chapter that only *co-ordinated* team work can win such battles as our Upper Mississippi victory. All Waltonians *must understand* that big chapters make big state divisions, and big state divisions make a big Izaak Walton League, and a big Izaak Walton League working intelligently, as its past achievements prove, will win every fight the League vows to win.

Its third purpose is to help our nation-wide October drive for *new members*—and this means that if the drive is to succeed it becomes the duty of every chapter member to recruit for his chapter at least *one new sportsman.*

The writer is doing just what he preaches, and today has increased the membership of the Chicago chapter by five members. Now, my brother, how many sportsmen are you going to recruit and muster into your chapter?

I have shown you in this editorial *why* you should do a little work to make your chapter *grow bigger and more successful* and thus help your state division *grow bigger and more successful* and your League *grow bigger and more successful,* and no one can doubt that every word of this editorial from its beginning to its end is just plain common sense and that it is TRUE.

Chance to Make History

The doors of opportunity are now swung wide for this League to make history, and surely the God of Nature looks down upon us and hopes that we may see the light and grasp our great opportunity. And push forward to a truly awakened nation so that we may at last save for ourselves and for our sons and daughters the shattered remnants, now so dear, of the old America of our ancestors.

Verily, verily, my brothers, it is "Time To Call A Halt," and so, before closing, and "lest you forget," I give you once again almost the dying words of the greatest of outdoor America *prophets.* My editorial started with a question from Emerson Hough—"peace unto his ashes"—and it will end with the answer to that question, *and Emerson Hough will answer the question himself, and here it follows:*

"If you really wish to save a little shooting and fishing for yourself and your boys go out and do what you can to put two million members in the Izaak Walton League.

"When that thing is true you will have won your fight. You will then see, safe forever, a great part of the most wonderful out-of-doors country that ever was put down on any part of the earth's surface."

Announcing the Third Annual Convention

Of the Izaak Walton League of America, to be held in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, Illinois, April 2, 3 and 4, 1925. Now is the time for each chapter to make plans to send at least one delegate to this gathering. Complete information on this convention will be published at an early date.

Waltonians this Editorial is important—please Read it.

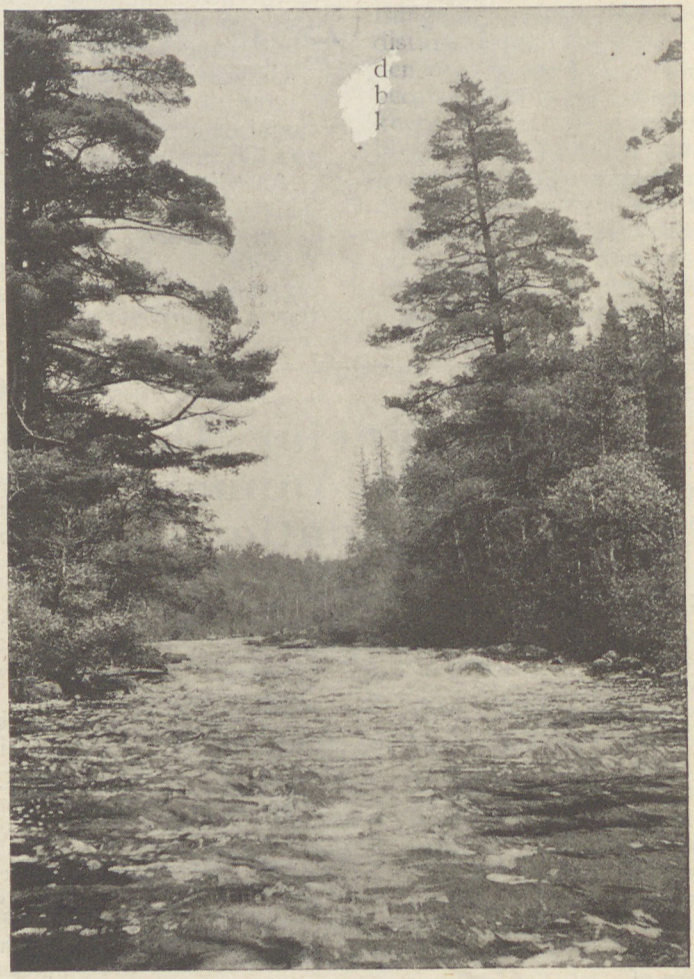
My River

By BYRON E. VEATCH

I OWN a river. It is mine and no man may dispute my title.

It is not a mere brook or streamlet, but a great watercourse which, through two score leagues of wooded wilderness in the Northland, sings its joyous and unfretted way toward the Father of Waters on its way to the Sea. Hemlocks cast their shadows athwart it, so also do the pines and birches and maples. These shadows are mine also.

There are wide placid pools where the waters run deep, where the babbling of the stream is hushed as it slips quietly past its tree-clad banks with soft liquid whisperings which lull one to dreams. On these pools are wondrous cloud pictures, mirrored reflections of the upper world. Mine, too, are these pictures, these castles in the air, these fleeting and elusive marvels which no artist may reproduce, which no man may filch from me. Above and below these pools are long stretches of flats, or shoals, where great boulders lie in mid-stream, thick strewn, as if scattered by some Titan hand in the far off days before man was. Here lie beds of golden sands and shining reefs of many-colored pebbles, which glint and sparkle in the sunlight like the jewels of Golconda. These jewels and the sands of gold are mine.



"When waters sing together in the wilderness the heavens bend low to listen."

Other men claim the lands, and the riches thereof, through which the river flows. I have no quarrel with any man as to ownership of lands, or of values, as rated in pounds, shillings and pence. Another may hold title to the acres and the money value involved in land or tree, but the rich green of the hemlocks, the golden flame of the birches, and the wondrous crimson tones of the sumac or the maples in autumn, these are mine, all mine.

Like all things animate and articulate, My River has its many moods, while its voice, even its very spirit, is swayed by the seasons.

In winter, when Boreas is King, ice laden and clad in ghostly white, it lies a brooding, soundless thing in the silence of a frozen world. In early spring, when the south wind unlocks the fetters, when the snow freshets come and the ice gorges form, the river again finds its voice in thunderous, growling monotone, an angry, threatening and fearsome sound. In summer and autumn it is at its best and it is during this period that I like My River most. 'Neath summer skies its shining surface is one eternal smile and its voice is the voice of gladness. Over the shoals and shallows, most blithely it ripples with soft musical chucklings, its low-keyed melody perfectly attuned with the Choir Invisible.

And the Rapids! The wild abandon of this dance of the waters! Leaping, swirling, disappearing, with sudden, mad upreachings, a vortex of movement, a kaleidoscope of prismatic color, a din of Homeric laughter, yet, withal, a full toned harmony, a phase of Nature's symphony.

I love My River and its rapids, one of which, only a tiny one, I particularly adore, and beside which I have through many summers pitched my tent. Between that rapid and myself there is complete and mutual understanding. It knows my moods, my necessities, and ministers to them. For twice ten thousand years it has chanted its unworded anthem of praise to the Great Architect of the Universe. Likewise it sings to me and sometimes its song seems to say, "Tarry here, oh restless mortal: what avails thy eager pace? Why fret thy soul with the disappointments of yesterday, the unrequited efforts of today, or the unborn happenings of tomorrow? The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle always to the strong. Art thou of those who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, who pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope? I have known many such. Sit ye here beside me and hearken, for I am full of years and wisdom and I sing the song of the ages. Ere Rome was, aye, ere Babylon was born, I was here. Down through the centuries I have watched and listened to the ways and the words of men, red and white, who lived and worked and loved and fought and died within the sound of my song. Even as thou, they, too, were restless, hurried, busy with their small affairs, yet now they sleep, even as thou shalt presently come and make thy couch with them. So, bide a bit, O hurried one, and as ye bide, unlock the secret chambers of thine inner self and hold converse with thy soul. Learn that mere gain is not the pinnacle of high resolve, also that he profits most who serves best."

Such is the philosophy of my rapid and I have come to know that the murmur of its song is but the echo of harps unseen, bringing truth and surcease to mortal perplexities. That song and the echo of it is solely mine.

When summer's sun beats warm upon the Northland and all the woods are clothed in green, it is my joy to fare forth on many little journeys along this shining highway.

Lightly as a fallen leaf, as silently as the shadow of a passing cloud, my canoe floats slowly down the quiet waters, along deep pools, drifts idly to rest in some foam-flecked eddy where spreads the mighty hemlocks' shade, or dances gaily above the shoals where lie the treasured jewels of my storehouse.

The region through which My River flows might well be charted as the land of dreams and musings, for it is here that recollection takes its winged flight to the far horizon of thought, to rescue and bring back the flotsam of distant years.

Ofttimes, when overtaken by the mood to dream, I bring my tiny ship to rest upon a mid-stream boulder, then, lying full length, with face upturned to the azure spaces of a cloudless sky, let loose-reined fancy drift freely out upon the sea of memory.

Far back to the Land of Long Ago my thoughts go journey-

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

ing, bringing to me the wealth of many yesterdays. Back, back to childhood's days, when laughter played its silver lute and care was yet unborn; then onward to youth and manhood's first frontiers when life's new wine filled full the cup of comradeship and gave me friendships which have withstood the storm and stress of four decades, stanch friendships which give no heed to adverse circumstance but have lived on and shall, please God, survive till I reach the parting of the trails where men say Good Night.

Marching with the memories are tender thoughts of missing ones, and, as I lie and dream, I seem to listen to the half-forgotten music of a time remote which sweeps the heart strings as do the cadences of an ancient song, aye, as the haunting measures of an old, old song, and again I am thrilled by the touch of a vanished hand, or the lilt of a voice long stilled.

Thus, in retrospect the reminiscent years come trooping back, each with its toll of joy or pain, each infinitely sweet and beautiful as they return to me there in my canoe on the placid bosom of My River.

It is at such times, alone, apart from human kind, with only the furtive forest people to share with one the muted melody of this sylvan intermezzo, one may almost glimpse the veil which screens the Unseen Portal, may almost view the region which lies beyond the sunset. In manner close akin to dreams, the mind likewise goes forth in earnest speculation as to the things which lie beyond tomorrow's dawning. Two score years hence, when it shall have put off this mortal coil, in what far country will the soul find habitation? Through what strange corridors of the Great Unknown shall wander this questing intellect which may not, in its present phase of being, venture beyond the pale of wondering surmise or vague and undefined conjecture? To queries such as these, and to others of like import, one may make none other than speculative answer.

The fact that man, while yet upon this mundane sphere, may in no wise solve the riddles of the universe, brings to me not one qualm of disappointment or regret. My times are in His hands, so, in full content with the joy of life as I now find it, I will serenely await the unfolding of all things yet to be. It suffices me that life is a radiant, wondrous thing, that God's in His heaven, and that My River, in its ceaseless murmur dispels my doubts and whispers to me, "Peace be still."

Mine, all mine, are the riches of these musings, dreams and memories which, even as a benediction, descend upon me as I breathe deeply of the solitude's unruffled calm.

The woods and the waters are to me an inspiration, a priceless heritage, dearer to me than much fine gold, and I am grateful that the still small [CONTINUED ON PAGE 47]

"Only the forest people share this muted melody." Etching by Earl H. Reed

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson

J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Memories of the Old South

"Land of the South!—imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh, not for these,
I love thy fields to roam,
Thou hast a dearer spell to me—
Thou art my native home!"

THERE are but few living in this year 1924, who have any personal knowledge of the manner of life that prevailed in the South prior to the overthrow of its established order by the Civil War.

Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. Burton Harrison and other Southern writers, have given interesting pictures of various parts of the old South. The present generation of inhabitants of the seceding states knows but little and has very vague ideas of the characteristics of those times.

They were by no means uniform throughout the South. The differences were in many ways just as pronounced between the tidewater sections of Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia, and the western portions of those states, and Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Arkansas, as were the differences between the people of the coastal regions of New England, New York, New Jersey and Delaware and the various peoples, generally, of the western states.

While there were many and notable exceptions, the homes and style of living in the southern states west of the Alleghanies were not generally comparable to the pre-revolutionary ancestral homes and aristocratic manner of life that existed in the tidewater regions. Very many of the scions of the best families from those older states, and many others of racial stocks in no wise inferior, though of less noted ancestry, had settled in Kentucky, Tennessee and the younger southern states, had prospered, had accumulated wealth, established commodious homes with extensive domains, and in many ways were living in a style and abundance that surpassed most of the older and less prosperous sections of the East. This was especially notable about Lexington, Kentucky; Nashville, Tennessee; on Lake Washington, and in Natchez, and Columbus, in the State of Mississippi, and the sugar regions of Mississippi and Louisiana. One has only to see now The Hermitage, the home of President Jackson and Belle Meade, the home of General Harding, both near Nashville, and many fine pre-war residences in Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana to verify this statement.

As comparatively little has been written, the history and even the traditions of those days among the descendants of those people will, in many aspects, soon vanish. I will try, however inadequately, to portray some of my memories, which are typical of a vanished civilization which not only was prostrated but almost obliterated by an irresistible tidal wave of more modern institutions.

Columbus, Mississippi, settled in the early part of the nineteenth century by people mainly of the planting class from the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee, situated on the Tombigbee River, on pine hills, with a sandy soil where there was abundant artesian water, was considered one of the health spots of the world. A short distance beyond the river was a prairie section of black land, so productive as to be called Egypt, and to the west were the Sunflower River and Deer Creek countries, esteemed to be the best cotton land of the world. All of these advantages made Columbus an ideal home for the rich planters. They lived in wealth, established fine schools and churches, built commodious and elegant homes and created a society not surpassed in quality at that time in the United States. Lawyers and professional men from older states, including New England, came to that town of ease, refinement and luxury. The wealthy planter class predominated and this gave prosperity to preachers, lawyers and doctors, who were, almost without exception, college men of high character and ability. It was a common sight on Saturday afternoons to see large covered wagons, drawn by four mules, drive into the back yard of a planter bringing from his plantation a week's supply of meal, vegetables, chickens, turkeys, eggs, butter, sausage, spare-ribs, hams, bacon, honey, nuts, popcorn, fish and game, from which a liberal distribution would go to his pastor and neighbors who were not planters. There was probably no town of its size in the United States where there was more average wealth. General Wm. H. Jackson told me that when, in behalf of the Confederate government, he took over the horses in Columbus, he never saw in one place so many handsome carriage, driving and riding horses, and this was after most of the men had gone into the army, furnishing their own mounts. Life in that town was typical of the most lavish Southern ease and style. Planters visited their places only at long intervals. They had guns, dogs, fishing outfits and horses. They were accomplished sportsmen but were not sports. Reverential religious feeling and practice prevailed. Attending Sunday school, church service twice on Sunday and Wednesday night prayer meeting was the prevailing and unquestioned habit. If a boy or man had fished or hunted on the Sabbath day, social disgrace would have surely followed. There was one man in town who was shunned as an atheist. He had one son named Voltaire and one Rosseau. The younger boys did not know just what an atheist was, and had never heard of any other Voltaire or Rosseau, but after nightfall they ran by his house as if it were inhabited by the devil.

Necessarily in such halcyon days of ease and leisure, literature and music were cultivated. Every man was prepared to luminously discuss and defend his political and religious tenets. The conflicting doctrines of Whigs and Democrats and predestination, sprinkling and immersion, were turned and discussed from every facet. An old lady said, speaking to me of those times, "The gentlemen had nothing to do except make themselves agreeable to the ladies." This was, of course, an exaggeration, but it was the most pleasing and predominating memory of one who had been a reigning belle in that vanished period. Sir Walter Scott was widely read in the South. He appealed to its chivalric sentiment and largely expanded and confirmed it. The nearest possible attainment to the medieval chivalric tournament was achieved. The knights did not tilt at each other, but in resplendent armor and with visor down, Ivanhoe, Brian Bois de Guilbert, the Black Knight, and those of less renown, tilted with lances at suspended rings, and the champion, as the cavalcade rode by, selected and crowned the Queen of Love and Beauty, who gave him a glove or some token to wear in his helmet, and all concluded with a festal party and ball. It did not compare with the Field of the Cloth of Gold, but it was sufficient to stir the martial pride of a people and animate them to deeds of high emprise, which doubtless was responsible for much that from our point of view was quixotic.

An illustration comes back out of the casket of old memories. Just before the Civil War, when contention was high spirited,

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

and intemperate, an elderly gentleman had a warm colloquy with a much younger man, whose manner and speech became offensive, and it must be borne in mind that in those days it did not take much to constitute an offense. The older man indignantly left. The other party went home, reflected on the incident, determined to apologize, wrote such a note, sealed it and addressed it. At that moment the front door bell rang, and two gentlemen were ushered in and presented a challenge from the son of his adversary. He put the note he had written in his pocket, and accepted. The next day the duel was fought just over the Alabama line. At that period men wore long hair that came to the coat collar. The combatants used Mississippi rifles, a gun made famous by the First Mississippi at Buena Vista under the command of Jefferson Davis.

At the word the challenger fired and cut off a lock of hair. The other fired in the air, advanced and presented a note saying, "Here is an apology, which please hand to your father. But for your challenge I would have sent it yesterday." Ridiculous as it may now seem, it was characteristic of the spirit of the times and of the valor of those Mississippians who charged under Barksdale up those dread battlements of destiny at Gettysburg. Both of these men went at the first call, and the one who withheld an apology pending a challenge, with the same high courage made the supreme sacrifice.

After Lee and Johnston had surrendered, but Kirby Smith was yet holding out in the Trans Mississippi Department, a crowd of youngsters who had just come home were discussing the war. Among them was Robert Banks, who had greatly distinguished himself in the field for gallantry, and, though not twenty, was a captain. The other, James T. Harrison, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the state, had served with Forest, was at the fatal battle of Selma and was then about sixteen. Words ran high, especially on the part of Harrison. Banks said, "Harrison, be careful. I would dislike to have to take notice of what you say, for there is a difference in our ages and sizes." Harrison strode forward with blazing eyes and said, "Captain Banks, it is true that God Almighty has made a difference in us, but I want you to know that Colonel Samuel Colt has made all men equal. Pistols and coffee for two. Captain, I hope you understand." The captain, with great

W. W. Humphrey's home, Columbus, Miss., built in 1844.

composure, said, "We have both done enough fighting and had better do something else for our country." At that time the people were stunned, but not all of them hopeless.

There was a public gathering at the Baptish church. General Chalmers spoke. He favored carrying on the war and expressed confidence in our ultimate success. Although fifty-eight years have passed I remember that word "ultimate." I had never heard it and was not sure that I knew exactly what it meant. It seemed to me great, and I used it that day every time I encountered any one who had not heard Chalmers. I was like the negro who asked if there was such a word as "prestidigitator." He was told that there was, and was asked if he wanted to know its meaning. He replied, "No, sir, I don't care what it means, but I will find some place to use it." Chalmers could not see the "coming events cast their shadows before."

The Federal army never got to Columbus during the war. When they came many things followed which seemed drastic.

Stonewall Jackson was superintendent at Lexington, Virginia, of a large Sunday school of slaves, and held that position at the time he was killed.

The spirit of the day was illustrated by this incident. Our cook reported to my father that a young negro man came home regularly to eat, but would do no work, not even cut the stove

Residence of Col. J. O. Banks, Columbus, Miss.

wood. My father found him one day in the kitchen, and told him to follow him. He had been expanding in his new-found liberty, under the tutelage of negro soldiers. Though reluctant and in ill humor, he followed to the office of the provost marshal. The room was crowded with soldiers, black and white, and other people on various missions. My father said to the officer, "This man will not work, eats at my house, is intractable, and I want to turn him over to you." The officer said, "My man, what have you to say for yourself?" He turned to my father, pointed his finger, and began, "That man there." He got no further. This was more than an old-time Southerner could then stand. He struck him with his cane and then bedlam broke loose. The negro soldiers advanced with pistols and bayonets and the incident was about to close with a tragedy. A Federal colonel came rapidly forward, seized my father and said, "You are my prisoner, come with me." He took him in a back room, closed the door and said, "I know who you are, Judge Dickinson, and I sympathize with your indignation, but times have changed and you will have to control your temper. Wait a while until these soldiers go off on duty and then you can go home." That was on Saturday. I had gone fishing, got home late, went to bed, was late for breakfast and hurried off to Sunday school without knowing anything about the incident. When I walked to our pew, to my astonishment I saw a Federal officer sitting with my father, manifestly on friendly terms. My face flushed with indignation and I strode haughtily out of the church.

I felt that my father had sacrificed his principles to curry favor and that the family was disgraced. When he came home he was in high good humor, told me of this officer saving his life and his inviting him to church. I was immediately relieved and unswelled gradually. Then he said to me that the war was over and that we now had but one country and one destiny, and that it was our patriotic duty to re-establish peace and good will. From this declaration he never departed, but he was not always peaceable. There was a drastic law in Mississippi, as there was in other states, making slave owners indictable for not adequately feeding their slaves. In that country was a rich man who became notorious for injuriously stinting his negroes. My father went before the grand jury, had him indicted, and he was convicted and fined. Naturally he kept the incident deep in mind.

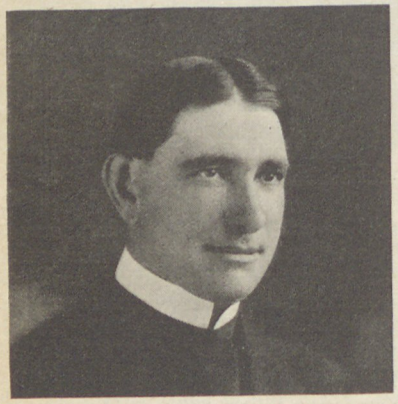
When the Federals came he became prominent and influential as a Union man. Now was the time for revenge. Knowing that my father was a Secessionist, and that he had done all he could for the South, he drew a petition to President Lincoln, asking that the property of all Secessionists and those who had served the South be confiscated. He sought the occasion and presented this petition to my father on the street, and in the presence of several citizens asked him to sign it. He read it, crumpled it up, threw it in his face and boxed his jaws. As there was no friendly bayonets in evidence he was happy to get off from such a rage so cheaply.

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

Michigan

Dean T. G. C. McCalla of Oklahoma is under the direction of the Michigan Division of the Izaak Walton League, working day and night in the interest of the League, speaking before old and new chapters and rendering a tremendous service in the cause of the out-of-doors.



Dean T. G. C. McCalla

Michigan chapters desiring Dean McCalla's presence should communicate with Henry Schuil, 249 Pearl Street, Grand Rapids, president of the Michigan Division. Dean McCalla is a speaker of tremendous force and is one of the real crusaders in the cause. In the Oklahoma Division McCalla spoke before more than one hundred chapters and helped organize many new chapters. Michigan expects within the next sixty days to add 25,000 members to its present roster, and will have before the next national convention at least 150 chapters. The state of Michigan incidentally has grown in League membership to a most remarkable extent during the last few months.

Kansas

A state convention of particular importance will be held November 17th at Parsons, Kansas, at which time delegates from Kansas chapters will assemble and work out a definite set of fish and game laws, which will be presented to the next session of the Kansas legislature. The Parsons meeting is an adjourned gathering of the first state convention of the Kansas Division, which was held last June in Pittsburg. Coffeyville was selected as the 1925 meeting place. Mr. J. B. Doze, state fish and game warden of Kansas, will be present at the convention. One of the principal legislative acts which will be taken care of will be the enabling bill, which will permit the Fish and Game Department to use in conservation work certain funds which are being held by the state of Kansas.

Chapter Brevities

Another November state convention will be held in Mena, Arkansas. Chapters are being formed at a terrific pace in the state of Arkansas and a concerted move will be made to focus the eyes of the nation on the proposed Mena National Park. At least fifty chapters will have delegates at the Mena meeting.

Among the accomplishments which new chapters have under way is one which concerns one of the finest little streams in the state of Illinois, Mazon Creek, in Grundy County. The Grundy County Chapter recently formed at Morris has asked for and secured the co-operation of W. J. Stratton, chief fish and game warden of the state of Illinois, in the seining of gar fish from this creek. The state will have a man supervise the seining and the members of the chapter will put on their boots and man the heavy seines. Once control is secured of Mazon Creek the black bass will have a chance.

Reports from Will County Chapter at Joliet are to the effect that the chapter's black bass hatchery will be in a position to place thousands of baby black bass in streams of the county next spring.

A state division will be perfected in Florida early this winter, according to present prospects. The League is gaining thousands of members from among the very finest sportsmen in the state. The first chapter was organized at Inglis and the most recent was formed at Jacksonville.

Richmond recently became chapter one of the Division of Virginia, with a second following shortly after at Norfolk. Plans now under way contemplate the addition of a score of new chapters shortly so that a division may be formed this coming winter.

One of the most important developments in the Illinois Division of the League is the recent addition of Decatur, where upwards of four hundred sportsmen identify themselves with the new chapter. Decatur has a wonderful lake which provides incentive for most earnest consideration of the League's efforts along conservation lines. Cecil M. Baskett, field representative in Illinois, spent many weeks in Decatur, and his splendid activities bore abundant fruit.

The comparatively new Indiana chapter at Culver, named The Maxinkuckee Chapter, aspires to be the host at the next meeting of the Indiana Division, and its application has been sent to the directors of the division. The most recently formed chapters in Indiana are Ebansville, Vincennes and Mt. Vernon.

Missouri continues to head the list of state divisions with 140 chapters. Oklahoma is next with 121, and Illinois with 115 is third. It is expected that the race will tighten up during the coming months and Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan bid fair to present arguments to the three leaders.

Louisiana

SHREVEPORT CHAPTER of the Izaak Walton League was successful in obtaining passage of a bill in the recent session of the Louisiana Legislature, creating a game and fish preserve in the Caddo Lake section.

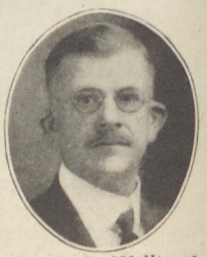
This lake is situated in the northwest corner of Caddo parish and extends into Texas. It is about ten miles in length and varies in width from one-half to two miles and is regarded by sportsmen as one of the best fish resorts in north Louisiana.

The movement to create a fish and game preserve here began early this year when it was found that many lawless fishermen were catching fish in great numbers with nets.

Sheriff T. R. Hughes, an enthusiastic member of the League, assisted by members of the local chapter and federal and state game wardens, instituted a vigorous campaign against the illicit fish industry, with the result that more than two hundred small-mesh hooped nets were confiscated and several of the violators convicted in the local courts.

The bill creating the fish and game preserve provides for the appointment of a preserve commission to prepare regulations for its operation and the employment of a special officer to patrol the lake.

In Memoriam



Dr. G. B. Williams

A STAUNCH supporter of the ideals and principles of the Izaak Walton League was lost recently to this organization in the death of Dr. George Benjamin Williams, president of St. Francois County Organization, I. W. L. A., and a charter member of Flat River (Mo.) Chapter.

Dr. Williams was a real sportsman, an expert with the rod and gun, yet always believed in giving the fish and game a fighting chance. He was noted for his oft repeated statement: "If he gets away—fair enough, I may get another chance to tussle with him."

He was chief surgeon for the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company's hospital at St. Francois, and was rated high in the medical profession.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 31)

speaking: "If I'd cornered you like that I'd have killed you! And you! You cornered me, and let me live!"

He rode toward camp, and as he went he knew that this day had given the final touch to the big change that had been working in him. He had met the King of the Mountains; he had stood face to face with death, and in the last moment the four-footed thing he had hunted and maimed had been merciful. He believed that Bruce would not understand; that Bruce could not understand; but unto himself the day and the hour had brought its meaning in a way that he would not forget so long as he lived, and he knew that hereafter and for all time he would not again hunt the life of Thor, or the lives of any of his kind.

Langdon reached the camp and prepared himself dinner. He would send Bruce back to overtake Metoosin the next day, and they would no longer hunt the big grizzly. They would go on to the Skeena and possibly even up to the edge of the Yukon, and then swing eastward into the caribou country some time early in September, hitting back toward civilization on the prairie side of the Rockies. He would take Muskwa with them. It did not occur to him just then what this would mean for Muskwa.

It was two o'clock, and he was still dreaming of new and unknown trails into the North when a sound came to rouse and disturb him. For a few minutes he paid no attention to it. But slowly and steadily it rose above this, and at last he got up from where he was lying with his back to a tree and walked out from the timber, where he could hear more plainly.

Muskwa followed him, and when Langdon stopped the tan-faced cub also stopped. His little ears shot out inquisitively. He turned his head to the north. From that direction the sound was coming.

In another moment Langdon had recognized it, and yet even then he told himself that his ears must be playing him false. It could not be the barking of dogs! By this time Bruce and Metoosin were far to the south with the pack; at least Metoosin should be, and Bruce was on his return to the camp! Quickly the sound grew more distinct, and at last he knew that he could not be mistaken. The dogs were coming up the valley. Something had turned Bruce and Metoosin northward instead of into the south. And the pack was giving tongue—that fierce, heated baying which told him they were again on the fresh spoor of game. A sudden thrill shot through him. There could be but one living thing in the length and breadth of the valley that Bruce would set the dogs after, and that was the big grizzly!

For a few moments longer Langdon stood and listened. Then he hurried back to camp, tied Muskwa to his tree, armed himself with another rifle, and resaddled his horse. Five minutes later he was riding swiftly in the direction of the range where a short time before Thor had given him his life.

(Continued on page 53)

(Continued from page 43)

voice of the wilderness awakens broader, higher, finer thought.

The day had been cloudless, somnolent; the air was filled with the drowsy hum of flower-seeking bees, the twitter of mother-birds in final injunction to their young, now setting forth alone upon their first long flight, or the subdued bickerings of red squirrels over some new-found food treasure in the balsam thickets, while above it all sounded the crooning sigh of the west wind through the tree tops. With the sunset and the purpling shadows of the evening, came a sudden shifting of the breeze, a chill breath from the north, making of our camp fire an utility as well as a thing of beauty. As the night lengthened and the air grew yet more crisp, a faint white mist appeared upon the surface of the river, slowly thickening and slowly spreading upward till the waters and the banks lay wholly hidden beneath an impenetrable curtain of dense white fog. Up, up it mounted, till it had reached a score of feet above the rapid, and there it hung, silent, ghostly, filled with the mystery of the night. And most strange it was that this great bank of snow-white mist seemed content to rest only above the river, as the forest on either side of the stream was utterly free of vapor. As the moon came swinging up from behind the trees on the further shore, it was given to our little group to view one of Nature's weirdest cinemas, a scene probably staged for the first and last time. Perhaps never before since the panorama of the heavens was first spread out, perhaps never again till the last dawn of destiny, has or will, temperature and earth and moon and sky conspire together to paint such a picture.

Opposite our camp, on the eastern shore, stood a group of stately balsam trees, their graceful, cone-shaped, skyward-pointing crests a study in arboreal symmetry, while their lower half was hidden, wholly obliterated by the opaque bank of mist which intervened. Ghostly, as unsubstantial as a mirage of the desert, these green-robed sentinels of the forest, standing on nothingness.

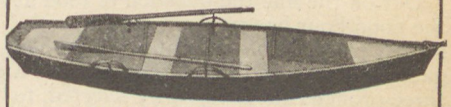
To the silent, awe-inspired group about our burned-out campfire was thus vouchsafed a brief glimpse into the studio of Him who "Attunes the inaudible, chisels the impalpable, paints the unseen."

These are a few of the wondrous things I find in, upon or beside My River. Ceaselessly its voice is calling, calling to me from afar, the faint, elusive yet compelling call of waters in the wilderness. When the evening of my life is come, when my sun sinks low to the far horizon, when the light wanes and the shadows creep upward, I wish that I might come to the end of the trail and make my camp in the woods, where, in the still watches, will come to me faintly, sweetly, the night song of the rapids on My River.

Here's Proof!

Outdoor America Brings Results to Advertisers. Read the following letter:

THE LIGHT RUNNING
Pioneer Steel Row Boats



A BOAT FOR EVERY NEED
Pleasure—Fishing—Hunting—Trapping
Safety, Beauty, and *Service* are combined in the Pioneer. A safe boat for the family—a popular boat at the summer resort.
Your catalogue is waiting for you—write today.
PIONEER MFG. CO., Dept. E, Middlebury, Ind.

PIONEER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
MANUFACTURERS OF
GALVANIZED STEEL METAL PRODUCTS
MIDDLEBURY, INDIANA

6/21/24

Izaak Walton League of America,
Chicago, Illinois.
Gentlemen:—

Replying to your letter of June 16th, we wish to say that you may make reservation for us for ads in your December and February issues at the old rate of 50¢ per line. Not just sure what space we will take.

We have been very well pleased with the results obtained from your magazine this year. No small part of the big increase in Pioneer sales this year has been due to work of Outdoor America.

Very truly yours,
PIONEER MANUFACTURING CO.
VDS:G Vernon D. Shoup, Sec'y-Treas.

Turkey Track Toast

By
WILL THORNTON

A MAN is never so human as when he has a good meal of grub under his belt. Many mothers and wives know that their secret of the successful management of various sons and husbands lies in carrying out the motto, "Feed the brute." Food, to some people, needs the accompaniment of soft linen, fine silver, and delicate china. Also flowers on the table, shaded lights and dreamy music. Well—that's all right, especially if there be a lovely face across the table from you, and a friendly mind to ask kindly, intimate questions, and laugh with you at your poor sallies of wit, and sympathize with your efforts at wisdom. Sure, that's dining, I've done it, and enjoyed it tremendously.

The out-door man, however, eats to live, and the bill-of-fare, even if it is only bread and butter sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, is a matter of consummate interest along about high noon. Food is something you can depend on. Indigestion and dyspepsia, those two evils that take so much joy out of life, are only the protesting cry of nature against abuse. They certainly can upset all our preconceived theories of facts, from love to religion, and even make us doubt the hereafter. But if you eat a dish that has upset you, a second time, don't blame your "innards" for calling you a darn fool.

Out on the line the question of food at the noon hour has resolved itself into the simple problem of elemental grub. We gather about our little fire, each with a three-pronged stick, expressly selected, to suit the individual choice, from the hundreds at hand in the woods. No ordinary crotch or prong will do, and the idea is to get one that when properly trimmed will make as nearly a turkey track as possible. The coolness of the day determines the length. A short stick for a cold sour day, when we wish to hug close to the blaze, and a long one for a warm day, when all our need of the fire is to make our turkey track toast, and please our eyes with the sparkle of the flames. How hungry we are, yet how deliberate. Each man preempts the spot that pleases him, with due regard for the smoke, the sun and the wind. Each man methodically takes a look between his slices of bread, and decides which to toast first. Generally the fire has not burned enough as yet to make many coals, so we forego turkey tracks on the first slice, and simply spear it on the prongs and let it toast by reflected heat. We nibble an egg while the first slice is under way, the man on the opposite side of the fire advising from time to time when he thinks the other man's toast is suitably brown. We all seem to have different notions of what is right in toast. The "Colonel" wants his a warm even brown all over, and is much put out if there is a suspicion of its being burnt. "Smiles" prefers a quick toast, and seems unperturbed even if the edges are burned to a crisp. "Sour Ball Smithy," who is a recent acquisition to the force, and a comparative novice at the gentle art of toast making, uses a slow heat, but wants his well done. He seems, however, to be getting more particular every day. For myself, I want a two-toned toast, just a delicate brown, shading off on one side to a heavier deeper hue. How good it is! Do you know of any better adjective than "good" to describe food? Hot, crisp, crackly and sweet. Every morsel seems to go to the right spot, and no crumb is allowed to waste.

When we begin on the second sandwich the coals are ready, and we simply lay the slices on the prongs and use the direct heat above the coals. This is a deal quicker, and requires more skill to avoid burning, and it has become a matter of pride to be able to judge from the smoke the identical moment when the toast is done. We draw back our sticks and compare our turkey tracks. An intensive scrutiny that is critical in a friendly way, but woe betide the man, who through too much anxiety, or nervousness, spills his bread upon the fire or ground. The inviolate rule is, he must eat it all, whether it is toast, ashes or dirt, or a mixture of all three. One can not tell just why toast made in this way has such a fine appetizing odor and flavor, but once tried you will find the toast served in the finest eating places in the land to be, in comparison, flat, insipid and unprofitable stuff. I do not know of any I have eaten that tasted so good, except those occasional midnight lunches served by the little wife, after a long winter evening spent studying the various alluring seed and fruit catalogues, and tasting, in imagination of course, the extraordinary wonders of the new vege-

(Continued on page 52)

A magnificent specimen of wild turkey.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Advertisement

Advertisement

Bass Lake, Au Sable Lodges—heavily stocked with bass.

A New Kind of Club *for the* Sportsman *and* His Family

Waltonians and their families are offered unusual opportunity.

HERE is a new kind of sportsmen's club that is distinctly unique and different, and stands out as one of the real achievements of

Fur Farms, a Michigan corporation, and is leased by the owner to the Au Sable Lodges under a ninety-nine-year lease, for recreational purposes and club mem-

Advertisement *Advertisement*

A shady automobile road at Au Sable Lodges.

sixty feet in width by two hundred feet deep on the larger lakes within the property and embracing about five miles of splendid lake frontage; the consideration for such leases is purely nominal in order to legalize the lease and to protect the lessee to the equivalent of ownership. This provision is for members who wish to build cottages of their own for the use of their families, and such cottages, when vacant, are protected from all invasion and cared for to any extent desired by the lessor.

The club also controls about one-half mile of frontage on Otsego Lake on the east shore where the ranch property extends to the water's edge. Otsego Lake is about seven miles long and two miles wide and is a famous summer resort. On this lake will be erected a modern and complete club house capable of serving at least one-fifth of the membership at one time.

Provisions are also made for building a sportsmen's lodge in addition to the main club house, but this will be located on Opal Lake, four miles east of the first club house and railway station, in the quiet solitude of nature.

For immediate use, the large and comfortable ranch house headquarters, equipped with all modern and sanitary conveniences, has a new addition built especially to accommodate members. This building has ample living accommodations for all members while the other houses are in course of construction.

The Au Sable River, which runs through the ranch for five miles, is known as the most famous trout stream in the north country, and the five miles of head waters contained in this tract present wonderful facilities for heavy production of trout with natural food already provided, and, since the owner holds

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

the title to the head waters, it can be legally screened at its exit from the property.

There are twenty lakes on the property, ranging from nearly a mile in length and almost two hundred acres in extent. Some of these lakes are one hundred feet deep. They are all spring-fed, as is also the Au Sable River, with pure cold spring water uncontaminated, carrying an abundance of natural fish food and food for the wild water fowl. These lakes will be stocked from year to year with an ample supply of young fish from the hatchery, consisting of the leading varieties of the best game fish for that region. The lakes at present are well stocked with bass, pike, pickerel, bluegills, etc., and muskallonge are found in the larger lakes. A fish superintendent who is a well-known expert in this field, and also a naturalist of considerable reputation, is employed to conduct the hatchery now in operation. Club members who want to shoot ducks and other water fowl in season, and partridges, pheasants, etc., will have that privilege after the second year, and to a limited extent in 1924 and 1925.

Au Sable River—one of the best trout streams in the north.

Shooting has been prohibited on club grounds for the past three years and as a result wild game is increasing rapidly. Wild ducks come to the lakes in great numbers. Deer are frequently seen feeding with the cattle, and several black bear have been found on the property. Red fox are abundant. In addition there are raccoon, badgers, squirrels, rabbits, etc. Hungarian partridges will be raised in order that club members may shoot them in the fall.

Construction of a nine-hole golf course is now being carried on, and it will be increased to an eighteen-hole course when the club secures five hundred members. Tennis courts are also under construction, and both golf course and tennis courts will be made suitable for championship matches.

The First National Fur Farms, owners of the property, are engaged in raising fur-bearing animals such as silver black fox, Chinchilla rabbits, Asiatic karakul fur sheep and muskrats, and these activities occupy but a small portion of the property. In addition to this, a herd of pure-bred registered dairy cattle, hogs, etc., are maintained, together with fowl in variety and volume. Ample fresh milk, eggs and products such as butter, cheese, buttermilk, etc., are provided for club members. Fresh vegetables are produced in abundance; fresh meats, pickled meats and smoked meats are slaughtered and cured on the ranch by the old-fashioned methods with modern and sanitary improvements. These products are furnished to club members at a low cost, as are also supplies of ice, laundry facilities, etc.

The present value of the entire property, officially appraised under oath for state purposes, is approximately $500,000, and is already earning a profit on the investment.

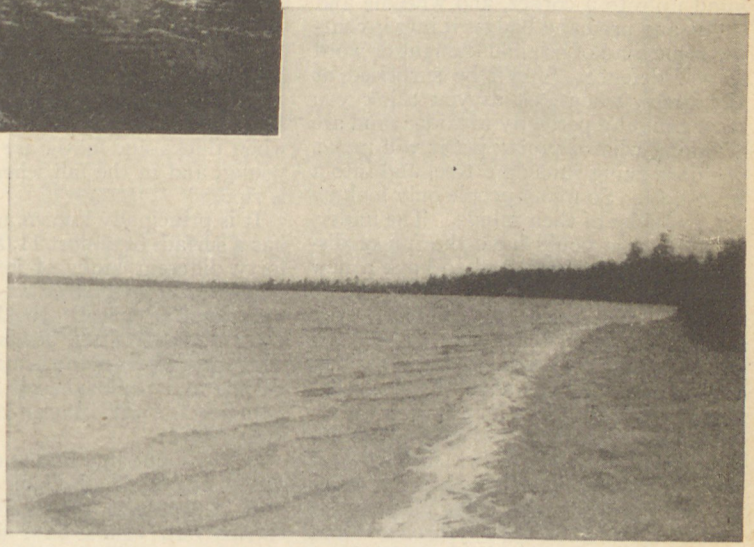
The founder and owner of this property is Dion Geraldine of Chicago, now past sixty years of age but confidently figuring on twenty-five years more of activity. His ancestry and appearance justify the expectation. He was born in Chicago just before the Civil War, in which his father, Colonel Darrell Dion Geraldine, gave his life on the battlefield for the Union. He is a direct descendant of the Norman Geraldines who went to Ireland after the Norman Conquest of England.

As a youth, Dion Geraldine's love of adventure made him familiar with frontier life. He knew intimately Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Wild Bill, Charlie Reynolds and many other celebrities of those adventurous days. In the last real Indian war of the seventies, he was on the staff of General Crook (a close friend of his father) as a lieutenant, and served as a scout under Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill).

A few years later he qualified as a civil engineer and distinguished himself in many parts of the world. He was general superintendent of construction of the Chicago World's Fair held in 1893.

In 1894-96 he built the largest contract section of the Chicago Drainage Canal. In 1897-98 he built the Omaha Exposition, having entire charge as manager and chief engineer. After the Omaha Exposition he withdrew from public service, although offered the construction of expositions at Buffalo, San Francisco and St. Louis.

About fifteen years ago he began planning a new kind of enterprise—a great summer resort for city people where all outdoor sports, camping and cottage life in the woods could be enjoyed without the usual difficulties and annoyances, unsanitary conditions and bad food. He sought for a combination of industries on the same tract that would take the greater burden of expense from the club members, without interfering with recreation. He selected dairying, pure-bred stock raising and fur farming, because these lines are highly profitable and helpful to the club. Three years ago he found and purchased the present ranch, which combines more of the essential elements than any other location examined.



Opal Lake Bathing Beach; lake is one mile long and one-half mile wide.

Mr. Geraldine is an ardent Waltonian and is most desirous of filling the entire membership in the Au Sable Lodges with Waltonians. To gratify this desire he is offering them most liberal inducements to join. To all others the cost of a charter membership in the Au Sable Lodges is $350.00 for initiation and $50.00 a year dues, but to Waltonians a special Waltonian membership is offered for only $50.00, which will include, for two years, the full privileges of the club without further payment. At the end of the two years the plan includes liberal terms for Waltonians to continue their membership.

This offer is extended to Waltonians only, and for full particulars you should write at once to

Au Sable Lodges, Inc.

1247 Marquette Building

140 S. Dearborn Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Every loyal Waltonian will recruit one new member during October.

Turkey Track Toast

(Continued from page 48)

tables and rare fruits. Toast and hot milk to induce sleep, and allay the pangs of an awakened appetite for meals four months in the future. If you are "slave to a spring-time passion for the earth" you will find the seedman's catalogues about as interesting reading as you can imagine. Their category of superlative adjectives exhausts the dictionary. Truth is mixed with fiction, and the "splendifferesness," to quote the little wife, of the flower pictures and descriptions is weird and uncanny.

But, there, I've left the bunch eating their second sandwich, and comparing the turkey tracks on their toast. That, however, is the way the noon hour goes. Well toasted bread, eaten leisurely, with time for digressions, about anything and everything, good natured badinage, a joke or two, and then a cigarette, and rest time, when we lie back, and as an old man said, "Chew the cud of our minds." What a blessing a little rest time is. To be able to lean back, and listen to the song of the birds, hear the wind in the trees, and watch the clouds scurrying across the arch of the sky, and above all to play around in your own mind, and have fun with your own thoughts. It's the most exciting game in the world, to crowd your mind up into a corner, and wheedle and bully, and prod and badger it into inventing some kind of original thought or word in self defence. You'll be surprised at the times, when just as you think you have caught a perfectly new idea, and are planning what a pretty pet it will make, the darn thing runs up a tree, and into a knot-hole. So many people only look on the top-sides of their minds. The underside is where you'll have the fun of discovering new things, and to have a new thought in the back of your head, to play with in odd moments will help you through many a dreary hour.

Got to thinking today, while watching my bread toasting above the fire, that there was a bully comparison between what we were doing, and life in general. How we let ourselves be held, or hold ourselves up before life's living blaze of experience, and are made from plain bread into delectable toast nicely browned and flavored, or else we let the fire of life burn us to a crisp, or possibly we dread the heat of experience so much that we become neither toast nor bread, but a miserable travesty of each.

Experience is surely a mighty fine teacher, if you know when you've got enough. I've done a lot of queer things in my life just to see what the sensation would be, and have so to speak, burned my toast pretty badly on several occasions, but don't know that I regret it any. You know the doctors say charcoal is good for indigestion, so I tried to eat my burned toast philosophically. Got terribly walloped one day by a big stevedore on the docks along the water-front of New York because I deliberately made him mad. I wanted to see what he would do, and I really did not think such a big man could move so quickly, so I "burned my toast" to a fare-ye-well, and carried a fine black eye for ten days, and all I could tell mother was that I'd been getting experience. I had!

When a mere kid, I remember reading about the heavy loads of powder and shot used by big game hunters for elephants, and boylike I wanted to see the results of an elephant load. So I charged up the old army musket with what I called the proper load for such big game, lay down behind a stump, trained the gun on an old five-gallon paint keg, and turned her loose. I never did find out if it was the proper load for elephants. I don't even remember hearing the gun go off. I do know that when I came to, considerably later in the afternoon, I was ten feet from where I pulled the trigger, that my nose was bleeding, my cheek black and blue, while my shoulder felt as if it had been pushed around to the middle of my back, and the paint tin was unscathed.

Oh, yes—I put a lovely dark brown on my toast that time, but I learned to ask the fellow who knew. I suppose that that experience is what makes me such an inveterate questioner. Considering everything, experience isn't such a dear teacher after all. You get your money's worth every time. The question is an economic one, and resolves itself into the problem whether you care to pay for it or not. But remember this, experience is a dead loss if you can't sell it for more than it cost.

Well, the last of the turkey tracks have vanished, the way of all food, and there remains but a feeling of satisfaction, and the memory of a good meal, and the charred ashes of our little friendship fire that we leave behind regretfully, because they mark for us a period of time not to be measured by minutes, but by happiness.

Swan Lake

By JOHN W. SCHMITT

SWAN LAKE, one of God's most wonderful natural sanitariums, saved from destruction.

It is definitely conserved. Humans suffering from tense nerves, business shock, troubles untold, who are out of tune, are sure of a complete cure if they will only abandon themselves from time to time to this witching panacea—this gem of the outdoors in the springtime when the ducks are migrating and the birds are singing; in the summertime when ducks and birds are rearing their young; and in the fall when the hunting is ripe.

It is principally known as a duck lake; has a surface of almost 11,000 acres; over forty different kinds of important duck foods thrive in it, including immense beds of valisneria spiralis (wild celery), the favorite food of red-heads and canvasbacks. With its many beautiful timbered islands and peninsulas, it is a veritable paradise for wild ducks and all of our native birds.

In 1917, one hundred and six petitioners owning lands adjoining the lake initiated a drainage proceeding, which, if carried out, would have destroyed forever this remarkable refuge and home of the friends of man.

For this reason the conservationists of our community, including nearly all of the sportsmen of Mankato and its vicinity, advanced to the trenches and dug in with steadfast determination to defend and save from destruction this priceless gift of nature, so little understood or appreciated by those who are blinded with the greed for land, more land, regardless of its quality or of the consequences, and who have not learned and do not understand that the destruction of Swan Lake would be a calamity directly and injuriously affecting them as well as other riparian owners, and last, but more than all others, the rights and interests of the much neglected public in matters of this kind.

The battle waged over a period of seven years.

Lawyers, engineers, biologists, ornithologists and botanists were retained, and made an irresistible bullet-proof case in behalf of conservation.

The county board decided against the petitioners after a full hearing. The petitioners then appealed to the district court, where they lost their appeal. Nothing daunted, they carried the proceeding to the supreme court of Minnesota, where in a final decision rendered on April 17th of this year, the decision of the district court dismissing the petition and proceeding was affirmed, resulting in a decisive defeat of the proceeding.

An irreparable damage to mankind, a crime against nature was thus averted.

One of the many interesting points advanced by the attorneys resisting the drainage was a constitutional question. It was argued that the states, upon admission to the Union, took the title to the bed of public waters, such as all of our meandered lakes, in trust for *all of the people* and that it also so holds the title to the waters in these lakes *in trust* for all of the people; that the state, therefore, does not have a proprietary title; that it must necessarily follow that the state could not pass any valid law resulting in the drainage of such a lake and the parceling of its bed among the riparian owners, because such a law would be violative of the 14th amendment of the federal constitution guaranteeing to all persons within the jurisdiction of the state the equal protection of the laws, and prohibiting the abridging of privileges of its citizens and the depriving of any person of property without due process of law.

These two important principles evolved for the protection of the people of this country relating to one of their most valuable fundamental rights largely has been overlooked in the framing, passage and application of drainage laws. They will be heeded if properly demonstrated and urged, because nothing is more distasteful than the betrayal of a trust.

In conclusion it may be said that if the conservationists of our country will only use the weapons the courts have so justly given them, the slaughter of our lakes by drainage may be prevented.

Use your weapons!

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 47)

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

THOR heard the dogs when they were a mile away. There were two reasons why he was even less in a mood to run from them now than a few days before. Of the dogs alone he had no more fear than if they had been so many badgers, or so many whistlers piping at him from the rocks. He had found them all mouth and little fang, and easy to kill. It was what followed close after them that disturbed him. But to-day he had stood face to face with the thing that had brought the strange scent into his valleys, and it had not offered to hurt him, and he had refused to kill it. Besides, he was again seeking Iskwao, the she-bear, and man is not the only animal that will risk his life for love.

After killing his last dog at dusk of that fatal day when they had pursued him over the mountain Thor had done just what Bruce thought that he would do, and instead of continuing southward had made a wider detour toward the north, and the third night after the fight and the loss of Muskwa he found Iskwao again. In the twilight of that same evening Pipoonaskoos had died, and Thor had heard the sharp cracking of Bruce's automatic. All that night and the next day and the night that followed he spent with Iskwao, and then he left her once more. A third time he was seeking her when he found Langdon in the trap on the ledge, and he had not yet got wind of her when he first heard the baying of the dogs on his trail.

He was travelling southward, which brought him nearer the hunters' camp. He was keeping to the high slopes where there were little dips and meadows, broken by patches of shale, deep coulees, and occasionally wild upheavals of rock. He was keeping the wind straight ahead so that he would not fail to catch the smell of Iskwao when he came near her, and with the baying of the dogs he caught no scent of the pursuing beasts, or of the two men who were riding behind them.

At another time he would have played his favorite trick of detouring so that the danger would be ahead of him, with the wind in his favor. Caution had now become secondary to his desire to find his mate. The dogs were less than half a mile away when he stopped suddenly, sniffed the air for a moment, and then went on swiftly until he was halted by a narrow ravine.

Up that ravine Iskwao was coming from a dip lower down the mountain, and she was running. The yelping of the pack was fierce and close when Thor scrambled down in time to meet her as she rushed upward. Iskwao paused for a single moment, smelled noses with Thor, and then went on, her ears laid back flat and sullen and her throat filled with growling menace.

Thor followed her, and he also growled. He knew that his mate was fleeing from the dogs, and again that deadly and slowly increasing wrath swept through him as he climbed after her higher up the mountain.

(Continued on page 65)

OCTOBER is an Ideal Month *in the* GREAT NORTH WOODS of Wisconsin-Michigan

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE

Those who have not spent a vacation during the late summer and autumn in the Great North Woods do not know what they have missed.

There is a crispness in the air and a freshness in the atmosphere that quickens your step and sets the blood a-tingling through your veins.

FISHING is better and more enjoyable than during the warmer season. Game has seldom been more plentiful than it is this year.

OPEN SEASON

	Wisconsin	Michigan
Deer	Nov. 13 to Nov. 22	Nov. 10 to Nov. 30
Wild Duck	Sept. 16 to Dec. 20	Sept. 16 to Dec. 31
Prairie Chicken	Sept. 20 to Sept. 24	No open season
Grouse	Oct. 4 to Oct. 8	Oct. 15 to Nov. 20
Partridge	Oct. 4 to Oct. 8	Oct. 15 to Nov. 20

Choicest cottage and hotel accommodations are now available.

Write for folder, "Summer Outings," with large detailed lake region map, list of resorts and hotels with rates.

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The Passenger Pigeon—

By RENA BAUER

FOR educated, civilized man to exterminate a valuable wild species of living things is a crime. It is a crime against his own children and posterity. "The Earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof!" The wild things of this earth are *not ours*, to do with as we please. They have been given to us *in trust*, and we must account for them to the generations which will come after us, and audit our accounts. But man, the shameless destroyer of nature's gift, blithely and persistently exterminates one species after another. Consider the passenger pigeon, the last one living died in 1915. The prize of $5,000.00 offered for years for a living pair is yet to be awarded. One hundred thousand could as easily be offered but will not bring them back.

In my Wisconsin home-town paper this item occurred forty-one years ago: "Pigeons commenced flying over the town Wednesday morning and everybody that had a gun was out blazing away at them." I have been told by people who remember that when a flock flew over our town there would be a rushing roar like a tornado, then followed by complete darkness for more than fifteen minutes until the great flock passed by. Large trees were so loaded they would break big branches by their weight. Alex. Wilson estimated a flock to contain over two billion pigeons. This flock stretched from horizon to horizon and took four hours to pass a given point. As many as ninety nests were found in a single tree and men netted as many as 500 dozen per day. Men sewed their eyes shut, then tied strings to them and let them fly as decoys. This called large flocks for the cruel hunters, and originated the phrase "stool-pigeon." What has become of them, you ask? They went down and out by systematic slaughter for the market and the pot! Wherever they nested they were slaughtered and shipped to city market by the carload. From Hartford, Mich., for forty days, millions of birds were shipped from this one city. In 1878 near Petosky, Mich., the last known great nesting place, four miles broad and twenty-eight miles long was cleaned out when a billion birds were slaughtered for market. Every living squab was shaken out of its nest and when the bird murder was complete and all the carcasses shipped that the market could absorb, droves of hogs were turned into the woods to feed on the dead and dying doves that remained on the ground!

No large flock has been seen since 1888.

In 1848 Massachusetts gravely passed a law protecting the netters of wild pigeons from foreign interference! The fine was $10.00 for damaging nets, or frightening the pigeons away from them. This was on the theory that pigeons were so abundant they would never become scarce. A select committee of the Ohio Senate in 1857, when a bill to protect the passenger pigeon was proposed, came to this decision: "The passenger pigeon needs no protection, wonderfully prolific, having the vast forest of the North as its breeding grounds, traveling hundreds of miles in search of food, it is here today and elsewhere tomorrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them or be missed from the myriads that are yearly produced."

The birds did not greatly bother the crops, but lived more on wild fruit, small thin-shelled nuts like acorns and beechnuts, and berries. When they did go into the farmer's fields, it was seldom to get the ripening grain, but to pick about in the stubble after the grain had been cut, after waste grain and weed seed. Farmers and boys had come to look on the wild pigeon as a pest, and whenever they saw some of the birds in their neighborhood, they would hurry out to kill them. A century ago the timid, gentle thing was among the most numerous of all our wild species and its fate should be a lasting lesson to the world at large.

God's natural beauty.

To the Sportsmen of Ohio

THE Izaak Walton League of America in Ohio or in any other place is not in politics notwithstanding any reports which have arisen to the contrary. The Izaak Walton League of America is interested solely in conservation and state political alliances are not within the province of the League. The League is neither democratic, republican nor is it allied in any way with any group or faction. We believe this was demonstrated very thoroughly in the Upper Mississippi Bill's passage. This bill was introduced in the senate by a republican and in the house by a democrat and all groups supported it as a great American conservation measure. Passage unanimously in the house and senate demonstrated its lack of partisanship control.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

Ingenuity and Tackle

By FRANK P. STOVER

IT was in the fall of 1874, I landed in Fort Collins, Colorado.

Shortly after my arrival, a hunting party was outfitting for a Deer hunt at Barnes' Camp. some forty miles in the mountains west.

I was the invited guest (they wanted to show the "Tenderfoot" what Colorado hospitality was), "just come as you are, we have everything."

It was now November, and the nights were freezing cold, but no snow as yet.

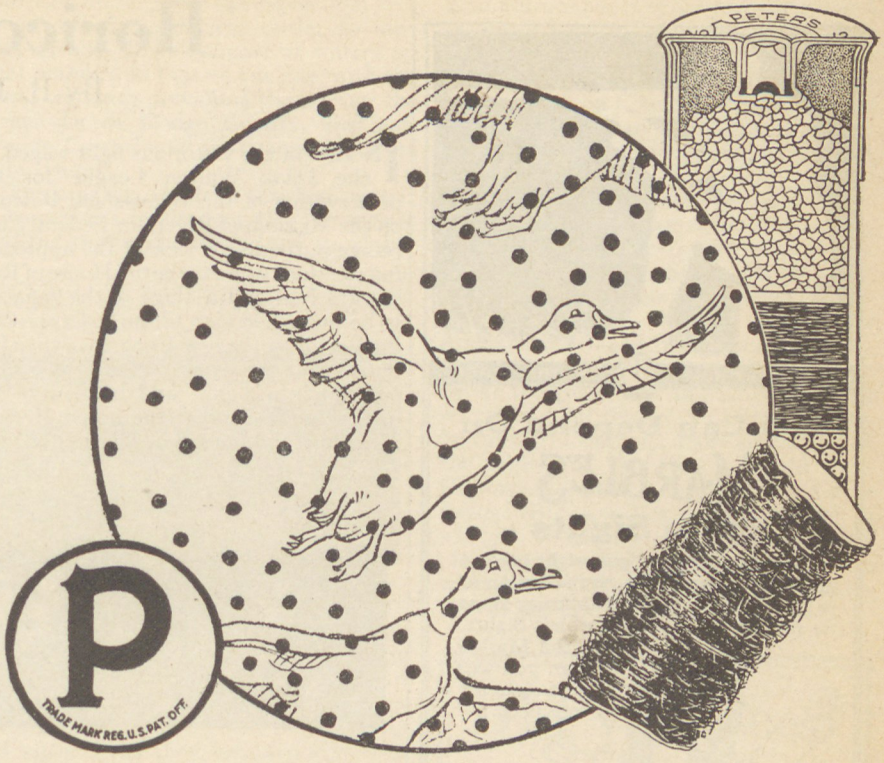
It took two days to put us in Camp; the first morning in Camp, it was agreed that all should kill his deer, but as I was more fisherman than hunter, Joe rigged up rod and line with two flies.

All the pools were covered with ice, but the ripples were open. I fished faithfully—my line gathering ice, and not a trout looking for "Flies" in November, I made up my mind that on the morrow I would get that deer, and so reported when I returned to camp.

The morning found me with a gun on my shoulder, tramping down the same trail as the day before. It was now past noon, the sun very hot, and, tired, I lay down beside a large fallen tree, with my gun resting against the roots of it. There I dropped off to sleep. Waking later, I retraced my steps. Stop, a deer track right in my foot prints—he had passed on the opposite side of the tree not five feet from where I lay; I took the trail and up the gulch I went; when almost on the summit, there stood my meat, scarcely fifty yards away, but I was frozen stiff—"Buck Fever." When my breath came he was gone. I followed his lead thinking he might give me another chance, and came to a beautiful park. Joe had said that at midday the deer often rested in clumps of willows. I saw just such a spot, but when I got there I found a creek instead, a large pool frozen over. I heaved a heavy rock through the ice to see its thickness. Behold, there appeared a fish, as if to say "What's doing?" I said to myself, "I bet that is one of those trout, and here I am without rod, hook or line!" I pondered, then spied the woolen socks my mother had knit for me. No sooner thought than done; one was unraveled and braided, a pin for a hook, a willow for a pole, now for the bait—no grasshoppers in November, no worms in the mountains, no rotten stumps for grubs, was I up against it? No, Joe had coached me that in the absence of all these the tin foil on the tobacco would catch them!

I had it, a liberal piece was hung on. It hardly struck the water till it was gone. I could see them biting it as it went down. Another piece, but not so liberal, met the same fate. The third trial, I says, "You fellows are pretty swift, but watch me." I jerked as it hit the water. I did not see the "bite" but the fish was out on the bank, a nice ½-pound black speckled mountain trout. I repeated till all my foil was gone and I had ten trout.

I hustled for camp to swell up and show Joe that I was an apt scholar. Joe gobbled my "Tackle" for a souvenir. This was the start of the "Stover Fly," later on the market as the "Silver Doctor."



Superior wads explain superior patterns

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Combine such wads with the "steel-where-steel-belongs" head, the riveted battery cup, and the watertite bevel-crimp, and you can understand the popularity of Peters Shells. You can also understand why these shells, in the "high velocity" loads are just as outstanding. You can obtain your favorite load, plainly marked so you get what you want. Peters "high velocity" shells will get the game at the extreme shot gun range.

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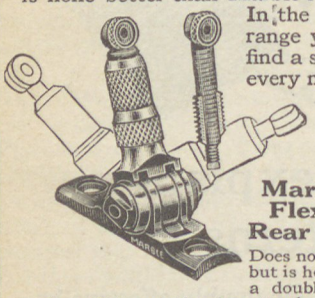

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Does not lock up but is held up by a double-acting spring. Sight yields when struck and automatically flies back into position. Can't be injured by shocks or blows. Always ready for accurate shooting. Suits all American rifles. Furnished with two discs with different apertures. Be careful to state make, model and caliber, and whether or not rifle has pistol grip stock. $4.00.

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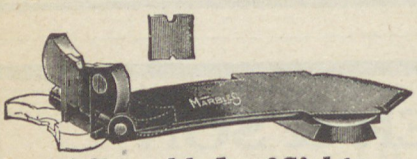
Guaranteed to show up well in the darkest timber, under any circumstances and will not "blur". Will show same color on different colored objects. Made for nearly all sporting and military rifles, carbines, target pistols and revolvers. When ordering, send old front sight as sample. With medium bead, each, $1.50.

Marble's Standard Sights

The lustrous convex surface of the Pope's Island Gold Bead instantly reflects the faintest ray of light. Adds precious moments in the early dawn or evening twilight—the most favorable time for getting shots at big game. Made for all American rifles. Ivory or gold bead, 1-16, 3-32 and 1/8 in. $1.00 each.



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FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

Horicon Marsh

By B. J. HUSTING

IN view of the victorious fight waged by the Izaak Walton League for the preservation of the Winneshiek Bottoms on the Mississippi River, for Federal game refuge purposes, in view of the approaching elections when the entire House of Representatives and a third of the Senate is to be elected, in view of the fast approaching session of the new Congress, when it is hoped that the Game Refuge Bill will be enacted into a law, and in view of the present conditions at the noted Horicon Marsh, it becomes appropriate at this time to speak about some of the conditions now existing on that former "huntsmen's paradise" and to show, by recent photographs, the situation as it exists on Horicon Marsh today.

On August 26th last, the Izaak Walton League of Wisconsin held its first annual picnic at Pardeeville, Wisconsin, and the chief subject of all of the speakers that day, as well as of the thousands of sportsmen attending the event, was centered on the restoration of old Horicon Marsh to its former state of wildness and to have it follow the fortunes of the Winneshiek Bottoms.

Throughout the larger portion of central and eastern Wisconsin the fate of Horicon Marsh is on everyone's tongue, and never before has such great interest been manifested concerning that body of marsh-lands.

Why is it that this intense revival of interest comes now? Why is it that tourists from all parts of Wisconsin and from other states are making pilgrimages now to see Horicon Marsh? I shall endeavor to explain the reason.

Less than a month ago, on August 2nd, 1924, to be exact, the fields of old Dodge County never gave greater promise of a more bountiful harvest than that which met the traveler's gaze on every hand. Those farmers whose lands abutted on Horicon Marsh had visions of barns filled with hay, granaries choking with streams of golden grain and corn bins insufficient to harbor the season's bounty. To them there was no question but that Nature herself had provided the most telling argument in favor of drainage and that any thought of again restoring "Old Horicon" to its former state and providing for its reserve as a game refuge must never be considered again.

But Nature was not through with the task, and commencing with the evening of August 3rd she emptied her clouds and in less than twenty-four hours the unfortunate farmers awoke from their dreams of golden harvests, the drainage advocates threw up their hands in despair, and the argument in favor of restoring Horicon Marsh to its former state as a haven for wild fowl and wild life was irrefutably given by Nature herself.

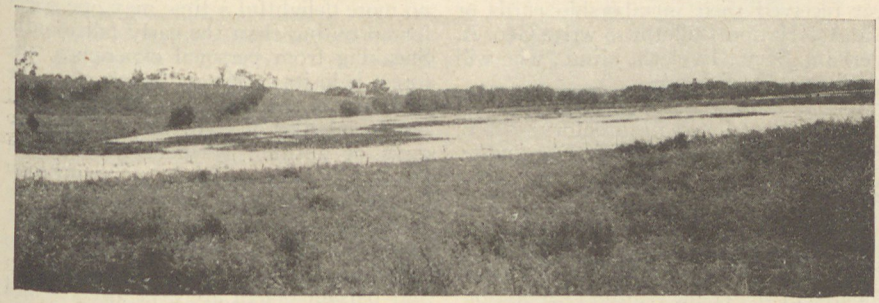
On August 4th, the alleged agricultural lands so loudly proclaimed by the drainage promoters as being second to none in value (as late as 1916 they sold ten acres in the center of this marsh for $150.00 per acre, representing in their book called "Onions and Independence" that 750 to 1,000 bushels of onions could be raised on such ten acres and calculating (?) that on a conservative basis there would be an annual net profit of $720 per acre from the ten acres, or at least an annual average return of three to five times the whole cost of the farm—see case of Clark vs. Horicon State Bank, Vol. 171 Wisconsin Supreme Court reports, on pages 134-5-6) were resting at the bottom of what is today, August 30th, 1924, Horicon Lake. The depth of the water varies from five to six feet, and not a foot of the 45,000 acres is free from water. Those living on or near the shores have lost all of their crops which grew on what may be properly termed a part of the former Horicon Lake bed.

The second photograph in this article shows Ray Clark's cornfield on August 8th. This was taken from his dwelling yard (looking south), and shows corn submerged which had grown to a height of

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

from five to six feet. The partly submerged trees to the left indicate the depth of the water. Mr. Clark owns 120 acres of land, and it is all of the land he owns. At present he says there are at least 2,500 wild ducks feeding on his fields.

The second photograph shows the view looking towards the west from the Wm. Muche yard, and the third shows a southwest view from the Wm. Muche yard, with his grain fields "gone to the bowwows."



With the east branch of Rock River (flowing through Mayville) and the west branch of that same river (flowing through Chester) emptying their vast accumulations of waters on to Horicon Marsh, what was the result? The result was the same, as it always is when heavy rains come, the same as those opposing the drainage of this land worthless for agricultural purposes have always claimed, and that is that the narrow outlet neck provided and established by Nature at the city of Horicon, where the Rock River emerges from Horicon Marsh and continues down toward Hustisford, Jefferson, Janesville, Beloit, Rockford and into the Mississippi, can never and will never afford a sufficient outlet to take care of any slight increase of waters on that marsh, and that no one can, with the usual certainty prevailing throughout the remainder of Dodge County, sow any crop in the spring of the year and harvest it in the fall.

The amazing result of this high water, however, lies in the fact that no sooner had the storms abated and the marsh become covered with water, when flock after flock of mallard, teal, pintail and numerous other kinds of waterfowl descended on the former home of their ancestors, and are now, to all intents and purposes, holding complete sway there. Old-time hunters, old settlers, say they can favorably compare the number of wild fowl there with that of the early '90s and the days before the drainage promoters bled the sloughs, bayous, ponds and little lakes white, and substituted therefor dry peat, Canada thistles and a waste of miserable marsh weeds and grasses.

The ducks seemed to come from nowhere, and are there in such abundance as to warrant the best hunting central and eastern Wisconsin has had in years. Too bad that the proposed Game Refuge Bill is not now a law! Too bad that a small dam at Horicon City cannot store up the immense amount of water now so slowly, but nevertheless so certainly, oozing out of the marsh!

But the lesson has been pounded home, and instead of remaining an open question for argument whether Horicon Marsh should be drained or not, the answer was given in unmistakable terms when Nature aided the Izaak Walton League on August 3rd, 4th and 5th last, and restored, almost overnight, Horicon Lake as it was before the greatest of all destroyers, mere man, went on the job to improve upon Nature. If Congress, if any committee of the House or the Senate, could view Horicon Marsh as it is today, the Game Refuge Bill would go through with a whoop! Perhaps the accompanying photographs will supply some of the facts which will otherwise be denied presentation to our lawmakers.

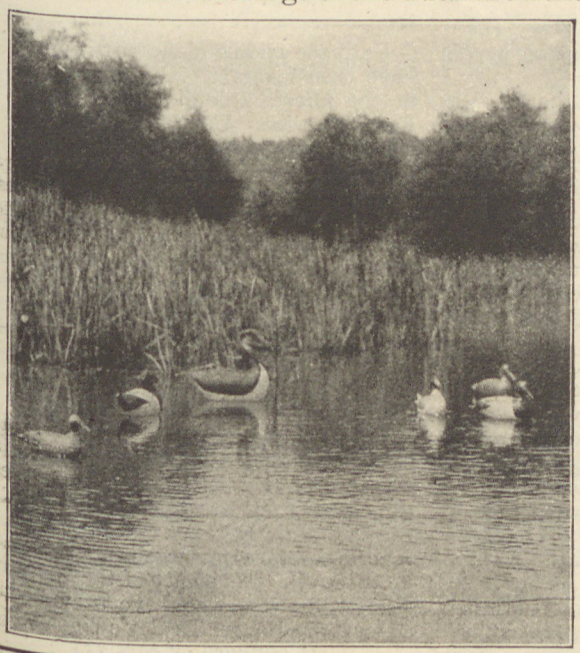
Did you read the editorial on pages 40 and 41?

You Carry These Life-like Decoys Folded

When Needed, You Blow Them Up

On Going Home, Simply Let Out the Air and Fold

The AIR-TITE Decoy is the most artistic imitation of a duck ever produced. The life-like colorings of the duck are lithographed in waterproof colors on finest quality canvas.



The Danville AIR-TITE Decoy

U. S. Pat. 1,469,188 Sept. 25, 1923

Inside the canvas is an "inner tube" of tough, durable rubber of the very finest quality. You blow the decoy up with your breath. The air-tite and rust-proof valve prevents leakage of air. When through hunting, deflate the decoys and fold them up. You can carry a dozen easily in your pocket. None of the bother of carrying heavy, bulky decoys. Should you puncture one with a shot, put on a cold patch (we send a supply), and the tube is as good as new.

500 Seasoned Hunters say: "Finest thing we ever saw"

500 experienced hunters have passed judgment on Air-Tite Decoys. They pronounce them the most life-like decoys they have ever seen. They fool the wisest duck. Mallard, Canvas Back, Pin Tail and Teal (both male and female) ready for delivery.

Order Today—Satisfaction Guaranteed

Now is the time to order Air-Tite Decoys for your fall hunting. Place your order early. We can make prompt delivery now. The price is $24.00 per dozen; $12.00 per half dozen; $2.00 for a single decoy. With proper care, they will last for years.

We pay the postage and guarantee satisfaction or your money back. We quote a letter from our banker as our reference:

To whom it may concern: We know personally all the officers of the Air-Tite Decoy Co. of Danville. They are well-known Danville men of character and standing. (Signed) J. E. McMillen, A. Cashier, Palmer Nat. Bank of Danville, Ill.

Canadian Black Goose

$4.00 EACH. $40 PER DOZ. $20 per half doz.

The only practical decoy of a wild goose ever produced.

Canadian prices on each Air-Tite Decoy Duck or Goose, 10c above U. S. price.

The Air-Tite Decoy Co., Dept. E, Danville, Ill.

Patrick DULUTH
SHIRTS AND SWEATERS

Milton Sills in Richard Walton Tully's "Flowing Gold"

UNUSUAL SHIRTS

Choice fabrics, skilled tailoring, good looks and excellent fit make Patrick shirts, unusual.

Made of rich Flannels and genuine Broadcloths — different weights in checks, plaids and solid colors. Cut coat style, have "set in" sleeves and sateen-faced collars.

Look and fit like custom built. A shirt your friends will envy.

QUALITY SWEATERS

Patrick Quality begins with quality yarns noted for their life and springiness. It shows in their style and make and fit, in ample size, in hand-looped seams and hand-worked button holes.

The Patrick green and black label insures it.

At high class dealers everywhere. Send for interesting Shirt and Sweater Booklets. (Address Desk 57).

F. A. PATRICK & CO. DULUTH
Makers of both Cloth and Garment
"PURE NORTHERN WOOL
from sheep that thrive in the snow"

Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS

Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

APPEAL has been made through this column that those who have not as yet received their membership cards or the Association Bulletin to write Geo. A. Perham, Secy., Eveleth, Minn., who will gladly supply either.

The following cards were returned last month as not listed in directory: L. E. Stadley, Springfield, Ill.; A. F. Schantz, Oak Park, Ill.; Herbert Shock, Harriet Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.; E. H. Pryor, Postville, Ohio; W. M. Canover, South Bend, Ind.

These names appear to be of the list secured at the Izaak Walton League Convention in Chicago, and the stress of the moment no doubt played a leading part in inaccuracy of address.

The Forest Service reports that it might safely be said there were more canoe parties in the Forest than at any time previously, even under the adverse weather conditions of the season just passed. We hope that the numbers of one Tom Ridell and his ilk who seem to delight in scarring moss grown cliffs with their ignominious names and initials have grown less. The United States Forest Service has kept a diligent eye open for this Ridell person as in his inglorious endeavors he inadvertently violated certain laws that might place his name on record where fewer will have the opportunity to observe it, but which will place him in the much desired limelight. Horse River, Crooked Lake and up into the chaste La Croix do we note and curse the work of these scenery vandals. A skunk never befouls the landscape except in self defense. Hast less self respect, brother?

The cool weather in August has made fishing very good and excellent catches have been reported from everywhere. The fly and mosquito season is over and no more delightful a time may one select for an outing than the early fall month. Speaking from personal experience, the forest is in its sublimest moods after the early frosts, when the birches are decked out in mantles of gold, when the balmy days of autumn rekindle the fires of youth, when the call of the migrating loon intensifies the solitude of the trackless wilderness. Whisps of campfire smoke, smell of sizzling bacon on the crisp morning air, the redolence of sweetfern and balsam bough are ever sweeter and more enticing.

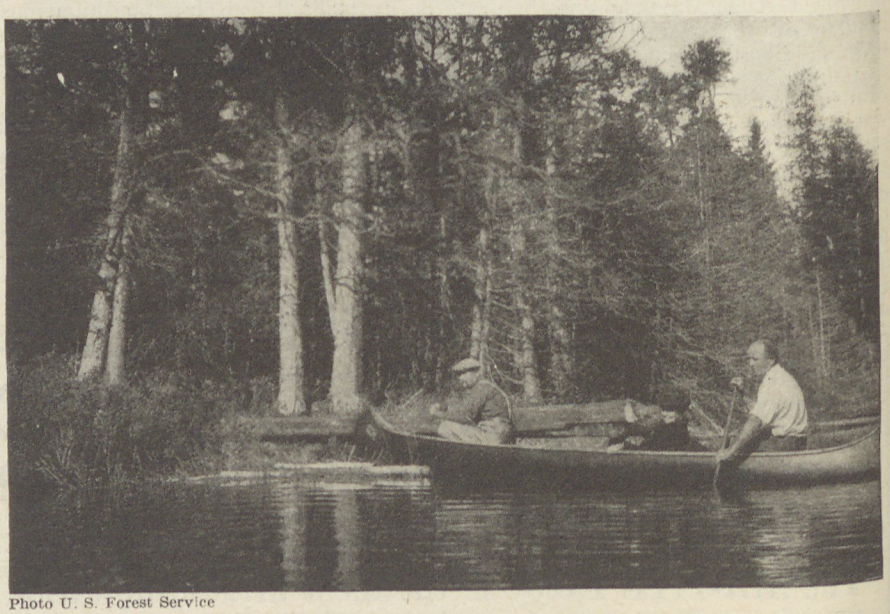


Photo U. S. Forest Service

Duncan Lake Portage to Rose Lake.

Until the middle of August conditions have been favorable in controlling fires in the forest, according to the U. S. Forest Service. Up to that time there were but eighteen and of these but one, the Loon River fire, which burned over a large area, amounting to about 400 acres. A few hot days will change all this and bring the fire hazard up to a very dangerous point. The Forest Service requests your full cooperation to extinguish fires and exercise all due care with lighted cigars, pipe ashes and cigarette stubs. Their slogan for this season is: Don't start anything you can't finish—fires in the Forest, for instance.

There are many reports of bear. In some cases these animals are making a nuisance of themselves, especially when they persist in attaching themselves to ranger station or camp. Ranger Denley reports several very large bear that have been seen in the vicinity of the Halfway Ranger Station, who have been trying to locate in Ranger Denley's pigpen.

(Continued on page 75)

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Iowa Chapters

(Continued from page 16)

served to delegates and friends by the McGregor Chapter. Addresses at this banquet were delivered by Dr. H. C. Oberholser of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, Congressman G. N. Haugen who battled manfully for the Upper Mississippi Bill, M. X. Geske of McGregor, Rev. George Bennett of Iowa City, founder of the Wild Life School and a number of others.

It had been intended to introduce to the convention Bill Cook, commercial fisherman of Ferryville, who fired the first gun in the Winnishiek fight. It was Bill Cook who objected to the drainage and who raised the first money to secure an injunction preventing it. Bill was bashful, however, and disappeared when he learned that it was planned to exhibit him.

In brief form the report of the Committee on Resolutions was as follows:

1st. Bag limit on migratory birds—10 ducks and 4 geese per day, which resolution conforms with that passed by National Convention in Chicago.

2nd. The size of game fish should be lengthened, and that bass should not be taken under 12 inches in length.

3rd. An article favoring cooperation with the Fish & Game Department in an effort to remove carp from inland waters.

4th. The preservation of ponds, lakes and back-waters in the state which provide food, shelter, resting places and breeding grounds for fish and game. Opposition to unwarranted drainage and favoring the restoration of places that have been drained where restoration is feasible and practical.

5th. Advise the creation of an Advisory Board, consisting of five members to be appointed by the President of the Iowa Division who shall act in conjunction with the Fish and Game Department.

6th. Favor cooperation of the League with the State Board of Health and encourage appropriations by the State of Iowa for a suitable amount necessary to carry out the purpose of the purification of inland streams.

7th. We favor the creation of $1.00 license law which license will permit one to fish, hunt or trap.

8th. We extend our appreciation for the cooperation of the Wild Life School and its faculty.

9th. We endorse the activities of the Federation of Women's Clubs in the U. S. of America, and commend them for their worthy efforts in relation to conservation.

10th. We recognize the necessity of an immediate program whereby the purpose of the Izaac Walton League of America will be better understood.

11th. We endorse the activity of the Park Board of the State of Iowa and pledge our earnest support.

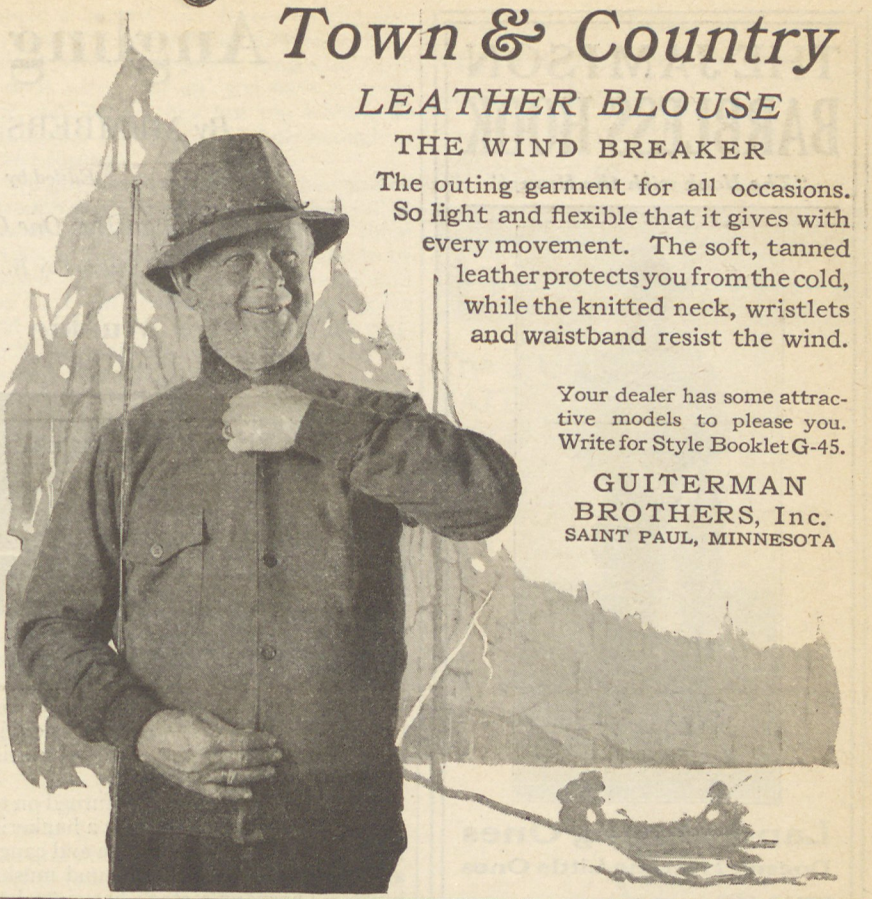
Remember—
One Member

Town & Country

LEATHER BLOUSE

THE WIND BREAKER

The outing garment for all occasions. So light and flexible that it gives with every movement. The soft, tanned leather protects you from the cold, while the knitted neck, wristlets and waistband resist the wind.



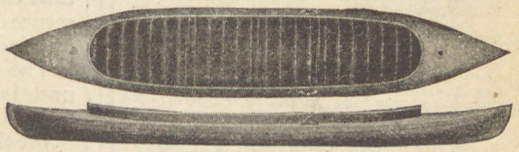
Your dealer has some attractive models to please you. Write for Style Booklet G-45.

GUITERMAN BROTHERS, Inc.
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

OLD TIMERS PREFER A KIDNEY HUNTING BOAT

KIDNEY Hunting Boats have been giving honest, reliable service for 45 years. Most hunting clubs and old timers—men who know—prefer the Kidney. Over 6000 in use.

Don't select *your* boat until you've seen the new, illustrated Kidney Catalog. 6c in stamps brings it by return mail.
Send for it today.



The Famous Green Bay Hunting Boat

DAN KIDNEY & SON - - - West De Pere, Wis.

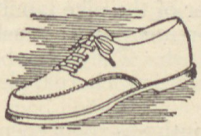
NATURAL FOODS FOR ATTRACTING WILD DUCKS

You can have a thousand wild ducks on your waters to every hundred that come there now by providing plenty of their favorite foods.

WILD RICE—WILD CELERY—SAGO PONDWEED SEEDS

which are guaranteed to grow and produce satisfactory results can be planted NOW. Large healthy seeds of a high germination at a lower price. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing Waters and Conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, OSHKOSH, WIS.



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Nature's footwear—no breaking in—and for every need and use

AMERICA'S BEST and OLDEST LINE

Complete illustrated catalog with instructions and blanks for ordering sent (free) upon request

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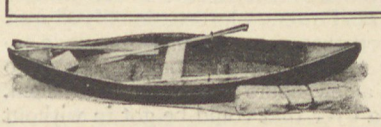

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Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

FREE SPORTING CATALOG

Write *today* for FREE copy of New 1925 Catalog. It will *save* you real money on Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Outdoor and Athletic Supplies. *All Brand New—Fully Guaranteed.*

SPORTSMEN'S EQUIPMENT CO.
Dept. 8 1418 Vine Street, CINCINNATI

FREE with this BIG 3 FT. TELESCOPE

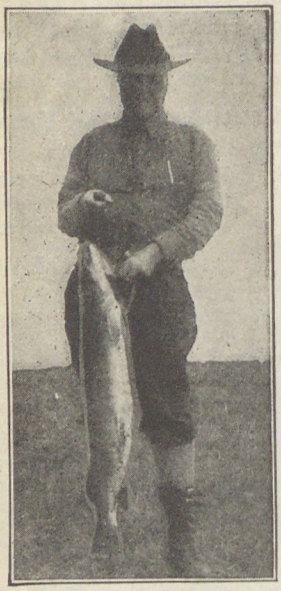
See people and objects miles away just like they were close; see Moon and Stars as never before. Brass bound, in five sections. Useful and entertaining. Thousands pleased. "Tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. Yarbough. "See Light House 28 miles away."—Clyde Scribner.

Send No Money

FREE Leatherette Carrying Case. Don't send a penny; on arrival of 3 ft. Telescope and Case pay Postman only $1.85 plus a few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Ferry & Co., Dept. 3917 Chicago, Ill.

THE JAMISON BARBLESS HOOK

"The Hook with the Hump"



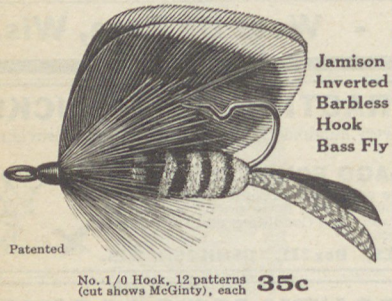
Lands the Big Ones

Doesn't Hurt the Little Ones

HELLO, IKE!

Here is the last one of the series of fresh water fighters taken on our Barbless Hooks. We have shown you both Large and Small Mouth Bass, Great Northern Pike, Giant Brook Trout from the rapids of the Nipigon, leaping Salmon from the cold streams of New Brunswick and beautiful Rainbows from the famous Brule River of Wisconsin. All were large fish of their class, all were fighters, and a credit to any hook. Now we come to that "Wolf of the Waters" the fierce and powerful Muskellunge. This fish is difficult to land on any hook. Heavy treble hooks are almost universally used, but our little 1/0 Barbless Hook Bass Fly attached to a spoon subdued the one shown in the picture, which weighed 15 pounds and was taken in the St. Croix River, Wis. Nuff said. BILL JAMISON

P. S. Besides these our circular will show you Brown Trout, Loch Leven Trout, Cut Throat Trout and Montana Grayling. They all look alike to our barbless.



Jamison Inverted Barbless Hook Bass Fly

Patented

No. 1/0 Hook, 12 patterns (cut shows McGinty), each **35c**

Barbless Hook Prize Winners

Franklin A. Johns, Detroit, Mich.; Kenneth Kier, Wichita, Kansas; Joe Dale, Krebs, Okla.; Bert Gregg, Belding, Mich.; Dr. W. H. Terrell, Pittsboro, Ind.; J. L. Stucky, Muncie, Ind.; E. E. Newton, Neosho, Mo.; Martin Assorson, St. Ansgar, Iowa; Mrs. Chas. Koelmel, Reeds, Minn.; Adrian McDonnel, Erie, Pa.; Ralph Splain, Indianapolis, Ind.

Catalog of Barbless Flies and Hooks, Shannon Twin Spinners, Coaxer Baits, Silk Casting Lines, etc.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.

Dept. W 736 South California Ave.

Chicago, Ill. U. S. A.

Enlist in This Army

THE BARBLESS HOOK ARMY ★ FIGHTS FOR BETTER FISHING ★

And Wear This Button

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

Sketches by R. Feyerweather Babcock

A Monster Muskie

By ROBT. J. BOLSTER

THORNAPPLE LAKE, in Barry County, Michigan, is a much fished and much famed inland lake, but, unless luck is with you, it is sometimes said with much heat that it has more reputation than fish.

In 1922 one of the natives turned on the limelight. He went out, with a hankering for fish, upon its placid bosom and caught and came back with a 46-pound muskellunge. Thornapple stock has since been so far above par that two seasons have failed to bear the market or dim in the least the memory of that historical catch. It is a muskellunge lake, and everybody that can get there feels that he ought to secure a few to show that confidence is not misplaced.

The fame of that big fish has increased postal revenue, sold gasoline, and boosted railroad travel to Hastings, from which point the piscatorial sportsmen of all surrounding states sooner or later gravitate to Thornapple by auto or by train, or else write to find out what the chances would be for duplicating the feat if they did come. Last year, from the opening of the season until snow flew, it was a dull day when every boat on the lake wasn't busy.

Along in August a couple of enthusiasts from Ohio went into camp at the lake and fished. They had heard, and before sunup, through the forenoon, and all the afternoon, including the shades of night, they were on the job with every kind of tackle that was tempting to the most sophisticated member of the pike family. But it was a vacation month with muskies, and they got no fish. They even began to doubt and question Thornapple's best tale.

Then, when the month was about spent, a couple of Battle Creekers, Bob Bolster and Dan Powers, who occasionally slipped out together on a fishing trip, made up their minds that Thornapple ought to have a few hours' attention from them. Just a flyer that could be got in without interfering too much with the day's work. So late on the morning of the 30th they threw the tackle boxes into Bolster's car and started out, more for the outing than with any set idea of getting fish. Arriving at the lake they decided to troll. Hardly had the first turn been made with spoon and Dowagiac before they had a strike. It was some strike, too, for with it they hooked the wildest half-hour that the year had produced, for, when the catch was safely stowed in their boat after a thirty minute battle, they found that they had a muskie that pulled the spring to the limit upon a 25-pound scale. Powers caught the fish, but Powers alone would have nothing to tell but the sad story of the big one that got away, had not Bolster in a lucid interval gaffed, lifted and wrapped himself around the struggling monster when he came over the side of the scow. After making sure that the fish couldn't beat the bottom out of the boat, or throw both of them into the lake, the Battle Creekers calmed down to try it again. A ten-pound partner of the first catch took the bait within the hour and again wore the fishermen to a frazzle while they got him in. Then they landed themselves, with the decision that they had had enough, and began to refuse offers of great wealth for their two fish.

Solemn and disappointed sports, including the two Ohioans, assembled and demanded to hear the ghastly details of the fight and how the battle was won, when the reinforcements came up. Then the cameras clicked. With their appearance came the seductive thought that everybody could now put up a good front. So the fish were loaned and photographed with the Ohio camp for a background, while Ananias made the customary and proper entries in the log books of the fishermen who held the fish in the sun.

This was deception, but both the fish were real. Many a friend of the Battle Creek fishermen can, and will, testify to this. The pair was displayed on ice in the window of the hardware store, while the captors of the fish gave lectures at intervals as to the skill that it took to get them there. Then the fish were cut up into steaks that looked like Alaska salmon for the fortunates that happened to be in on the division when the cutting was done.

Thornapple is already getting its full quota of inquiries for the season of 1924. It is a fine little lake, and Powers and Bolster have no reason to disbelieve the stories that there are muskies there.

A Fighting Blue Gill

ANONYMOUS

WE'VE been gettin' lots of fun readin' the anglin' memories of the other fellows but last month our friend Will Dilg up an' says if we don't get busy and send in our own, why pretty soon there won't be anything for the other fellow to read, so I'm going to tell about something that happened a few years ago.

Now this ain't one of those yarns about

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the big one, where the fellow stretches his arms just as far as he can reach an' says it was *so long*, an' broke away by pushing against the side of the boat with its hind legs. No, this is an awful true story about one that was landed all safe and sound. I'm not saying as to his size just yet for

you'd call me a low down liar, so just put another chunk on the fire or have another one of those ice-cold drinks, dependin' where you are when you read this, an' we'll go on with the story.

The whole thing sort o' centers around one of those contrapshuns what has a big red collar around its neck an' a big treble hook where its tail ought to be an' another one where its legs would be, if it had a regular set of legs and tails. The thing is white in the daytime but after 8 or 9 P. M. (after supper) it begins to take on a color that makes it look somethin' like the ghost of a feller you've done a mean trick an' he has cashed in before you have got over your cussedness enough to tell him you was kinda sorry about it.

Well, as I was sayin', one of these things was hangin' in a hardware window, not the ghost but one of those things with the hooks on it, an' havin' heard what big fish they was gettin' on 'em, which must have been so for the ads in the papers said so, an' havin' a little spare money I went in an' came out as happy as a boy who gets up Xmas mornin' an' finds a sled an' a pair of red boots in his stockin'. The wife says those things couldn't go in a stockin' but we won't let a technikal point like that spoil the story.

The thing was in a pretty yellow box and when I got home that box laid where I could look in once in a while which was quite often, an' at night it hung in the bedroom so as I could enjoy lookin' at it in case I should wake up.

I kep' this up for quite awhile an' finally got a chance to visit some relations in the country. If you have any relations in the country you know there's lots of work an' they always seem to be short a hand when you happen along. In the afternoon I pitched enough wheat to feed the whole U. S. a couple a years an' then we had supper an' after supper the wife (not mine but the relations), says would I fill the woodbox, as she was tired, and the hot watertank in the stove was empty too, an' would I carry the pail of swill out to the hog. Well, by the time I'd done that an' a few more things she happened to think of, the man had the cows milked, an' says he guessed maybe we could go down an' fish a little now.

We loaded up with the boat key on a board that couldn't go into any forgetful man's pocket, an' the rod, and that plug with the six hooks grabbin' everything in sight, an' a fourteen quart pail to carry the fish home in and a pair of oars, which all of you know ain't a pair at all as each one goes a different way an' neither one is the way you want to go. There was a couple a barked wire fences on the way an' one of these gates like they have in the country that ain't got no hinges an' both ends is wired fast an' you have to undo one end 'cause they are too wobbly to climb over an' there ain't hole enough to crawl through.

We got the gate fixed an' then waded through some marsh grass that was full of dew an' got wet up to our belts, an' those six hooks got fast on a bush an' had to be coaxed off. By this time we had found the boat but the moon was goin' down and we had to feel for the hole in the paddock, an' the mosquitos was settin' around pretty thick right behind our ears an' in the edge of our hair an' you could just hear the rest buzzin' and whettin' their beaks an' lookin' for a place to work. Finally we got the lock open an' threw about thirty feet a chain into the boat which sounded like a loose jointed Ford ramblin' down a brick pavement. When we had pushed out where the water was deeper I began throwin' that plug around an' it sure looked pretty an' made the water look like a speed boat was goin' through.

The first thing we got was some lily pads cause it was gettin' dark an' they didn't show up very plain. Then the hooks got set in a pole that was sunk in the bottom for some contemplative fishermen to tie their boat to. After a while I got so as I could see a little better in the dark and didn't hit all the snags an' then all of a sudden there was a splash an' a noise like a dog snappin' at a fly that comes along an' tickles his nose when he's having a good sleep.

But he had missed the plug and didn't bother it any more. We was mad because we guessed he must weigh twenty pounds anyway, just a rough guess, you know. Everybody but the mosquitos was clean disgusted, an' they was havin' the time of their lives an' wasn't kickin' a bit. Every little while one would clamp onto my hand an' then there would be a backlash to straighten out.

As I was sayin', we was about ready to quit when all of a sudden we got a terrific thrill. Somethin' had that plug and sure was mad at it. He didn't rush the boat an' didn't take it to his heels. He just sawed back an' forth and we couldn't get any line in only when he stopped to reverse. He sure had a wicked pull an' we guessed he must weigh about ten pounds more than the one we didn't get. Of course, you know this was just a rough guess as we hadn't seen him. But we was plannin' on havin' all the folks over for a big fish dinner anyway. Finally he got tired an' came in an' when he was pretty close to the boat I slid down the line to where I could see the plug shinin' an' got a good hold and gave an awful heave and pulled him into the boat. Honest, he was the biggest one I ever saw—the biggest blue gill, I mean.

He must have hit the plug pretty hard some way cause the hooks was fast in his side. That's the only time I ever got a blue gill on a big plug.

I joined the Izaak Walton League since then an' cut off five of those hooks, leaving just one on it, which is all there is on any of my plugs an' they get fish just the same. Let's all use single hooks an' go after some of them single hook prizes they want to give us an' if we don't even get a

There is still an opportunity before the season closes to satisfy yourself of the efficiency of

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The artificial
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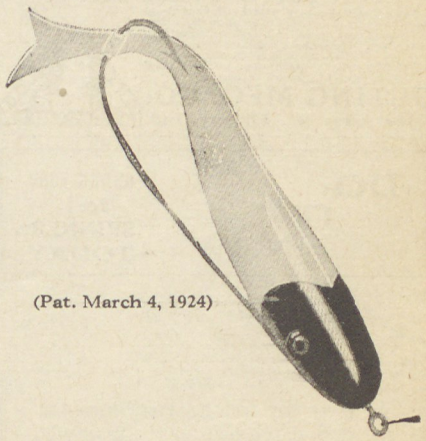
LIVE
MINNOW (body and tail)
ACTION.



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

The thrills
of a catch
of one outing
will more than
re-imburse you
for the investment.

Retail Price
$1.25 Each

Made in 3 styles:

"A"—Red head and white body
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Your dealer can supply you, or your order accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each will receive prompt attention.

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Life-size, accurately colored, fold flat; give full bodied view from any angle when open.

CROW KILLER Combination
Includes one spring-leg Owl Decoy, two spring-leg crow decoys, one three-tone crow call, complete in case **$7.50**

Dewey's 3 Tone Crow Call
Aluminum; perfect imitation, fools the wisest.
Each . . . 85c

Crows, $1.00 each.
$10.00 per doz.

Folding Duck

$1.75 ea. $18.00 per doz.

Accurately colored; durable; convenient to carry. Carrying case for one dozen decoys with anchors, 8 x 13 x 17 in.

FOLDING GOOSE DECOY
Spring Leg or Floating; most life-like.
Each, $3.75; per dozen, $42.00.

OWL, $5.00
Full-size, great horned Owl, Spring leg.

FOLDING SNIPE DECOY
Spring Leg which gives life-like action in the wind. Carry a dozen in your pocket easily.
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Dewey's Folding metal decoys are the most durable and life-like made.

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Special Introductory Offer! If your dealer cannot supply you, we ship on approval. Send no money, just name and address. Postman will collect. Money back if dissatisfied.
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DEALERS write for proposition. AGENTS and DISTRIBUTORS wanted in open territory.

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smell of any of the prizes we will know we got the fish the way we oughto an' he had some chance. Tell all your friends about the League an' try to get three dollars outa their pocket for a card an' a button. You've listened to me quite awhile an' nobody butted in, so now let's see what the next fellow has to tell us.

Camping on the Early Winters

By F. J. CLIFFORD

IT was August time, and hot? I'll say it was hot. The thermometer was staggering somewhere around a hundred and eight. A friend came along and proposed a camping trip. A little stay in the high cool mountains. Did I accept? Well—if one were to judge by the appearance of three cars early the next morning that were to be seen scooting along smooth, winding roads, each vehicle loaded to the guards with pots, pans and kettles, bulging grub-boxes, fly-rods and fish-baskets stuck here and there, and intermingling in, around and all over them, human individuals, old and young, big and little, bubbling over with joy and enthusiasm at the prospects of a few days camping in the beloved mountains, all this I say would lead one to suspect that we had accepted the invitation and were going camping and fishing.

We followed the Columbia's winding length for a few miles, then turned, and started the gradual though hardly perceptible sixty mile climb up along the tumbling Methow River; around beetling cliffs where the roadway is blasted from the living rock, by green meadows and fields of waving grain we boomed along.

It was well along in the afternoon when we rolled across the corduroy bridge that spans the Early Winters, a good sized stream which tumbles down from the Cascade Mountains and empties its crystal flood into that of the Methow.

Here we turned from the river and by dint of much turning and twisting, we managed to drive our cars up along the mountain stream for nearly a mile. A ragged line of rock across the narrowing little valley barred further progress. We cared not, for our objective had been reached. It consisted of a group of pine, low spreading and shady, standing on the very bank of the creek. A gem of a place in which to camp and forget business worries for a few fleeting days.

It always came to me in a kind of wonderment, that a single day's drive could take us to such an entirely different country. So different that the bed-covers felt most comfortable in the cool breeze that always starts flowing down the canyons with the setting of the sun. Overhead the stars blinked and winked at us thru openings among the pine needles. Over in a dark ravine to the north of us, a timber owl hooted boastingly to the night shadows around him. The waters of the stream close by, pounded forth a wild lullaby as the Sand Man took charge of our newly made camp.

What a breakfast it was next morning there under the pines beside the clamorous brook.

Then the fly-rods were assembled in willowy slenderness, baskets swung to the shoulders and we were off.

Hitting the trail Indian fashion, we traversed its crooked length for nearly a mile. There, from gaping fissures between rocks and out of gloomy caverns, Cedar Creek pitches steeply down into the Early Winters. Catching a toe-hold wherever we could, grabbing onto bushes or projecting ledges, we scrambled our way up along the white water. Thankfully dragging ourselves over the last rocky shelf, we stood at the portals of a green-carpeted valley, studded with massive pine and fir, that were hung with festoons of waving Spanish moss, like "Druids of Eld, with beards that rest on their bosoms." A primeval forest, untouched by the vandal hands of human kind. Basking in the clear sunlight, it presents a cool, refreshing picture. One could not but enter it with uncovered head and a feeling of reverence for the Great Maker who builded such playgrounds for His children. Down over its sleeping floor cascaded the creek, from pool to pool; and in those pools were lusty trout, ready to do us battle.

Needless to say, we were soon properly armed and the fray started, with Royal Coachman, Brown Hackle and Cow Dung.

"Got a strike!" yelps Will. I turned to see him standing with legs braced wide apart, his fly-rod describing a varying arc as the line cut erratic courses in the black pool beneath him. Suddenly from a fountain of spray at his feet, he swings out a flashing beauty. With deft hand, he catches and holds it up for our inspection, as an appreciative grin spreads over his features.

Some fisherman is my friend Will. Local gossip has it that all he needs is some damp ground and it's fish for supper!

We return to the fray. Slipping and sliding among the wet rocks, we lay out a line with its feathered fly, across the pools, or skitter it enticingly over the little eddies below the partly submerged boulders.

Suddenly, thru the gurgly roar of the water, there came to my ear an excited, high trebled cry. Forgetting my own line, I looked down stream to see my young daughter standing atop a flat rock. Her right hand on the butt of the fly-rod, the other a little farther up, she stood braced, pulling with all her young strength. I stood there, expecting to see the light rod snap in two at any moment. Being too far away I could not see the line, but the wavering tip pointed straight to the far edge of a pool some thirty feet distant, where something with dynamic energy, broke the water every moment or two, into miniature spurting geysers. Each one was followed by a squeaky yelp at the opposite end of the tackle.

"Pull!" someone near her shouted, laughingly. Suiting action to the word,

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

she gave a desperate heave on the rod. I groaned despairingly, expecting to see the child pitch backwards when the rod broke. Besides, the rod was a favorite of mine, over which I had spent hours of loving toil, in reshaping. But Saints above, the thing held. Bursting from a splash of water, a trout seemed to leap into the air—describing a high arc—his silvery sides flashing plainly in the sunlight, he landed back of the young fishergirl, with a dull resounding "whack" that could be heard above the noisy stream.

Reeling in my line I hopped from rock to rock toward her. Half peeved I recalled the number of times I had told her—yes, demonstrated how a trout should be handled with reel and rod, and then, when the crucial test came, she had pulled and yanked like a rank amateur.

With glowing face she held forth the trout, a twelve inch rainbow. The sight of her pretty triumph drove all thought of correction from my mind, but there must have been a little left in my eyes or somewhere, for the first word she said—half tearfully:

"Daddy—I was going to play the fish just like you told me—but the reel wouldn't turn either way—and those little buttons on it didn't do anything when I pushed on them—and then I got so excited—I didn't have time to do anything—and the fish acted up so awful—I just pulled and pulled—"

Woman-like, all her pent up feelings found quick relief in a flood of tears, as murmuring a few words of sympathy I examined the reel of her fly-rod. She must have had a little slack line, when the fish struck, for it was securely lodged around the handle. Little wonder that the child could not play the fish.

It was a wonderful day. We fished for an hour or two, 'til we had enough for supper and breakfast. On our way back we discovered where a bear had busied himself, tearing up rotten logs and turning rocks in his quest for grubs and ants. The lengthening evening shadows found us in camp—a tired and hungry lot.

The next morning, Will and Milton hiked to Cedar Creek for their day's fishing, while the rest of us elected to catch ours in the Early Winters above. The fishing was not as good there as in Beaver Creek, but amongst the bunch, we managed to gather up enough of the wary rascals for supper. Delbert and Olive, my two young hopefuls, were somewhat handicapped, as they had to take turn about, with one fishing rod. They got their reward, however, in a picture I obtained of them.

A welcome surprise awaited us at camp. Will, who, you remember, had gone the opposite way from the rest of us, smilingly displayed his creel partly filled with luscious huckleberries. It is quite needless to say that morning found us all lined out for the berry patch. Each one had pot, pan or cup. It was some climb to the place, especially for the women folks, but everyone of them was game. Stopping in the shade of a huge rock, we refreshed ourselves with a breathing-spell and drink of cool water from the creek. In a few minutes we were all distributed over the mountain side, gathering enough berries for our own use while in camp.

A Tenderfoot's Tale

By M. M. Claudman

"EVERY fisherman has one story in his system," you say. I wonder if he has! When—

"On a winter's night, my pipe I light,
And the backward trail I'll find,
Of the hills and plains of the Golden West,
The West I have left behind."

the fact of it is with me, that every time I have been out for the finny tribe, there's a tale to tell. I call to mind the time I dropped overboard the only Foss bait I had (early June it was, in a Minnesota Lake), and I stripped and dove a dozen times in the icy water for it; of the time on a Canadian Lake, Bill Higley and I chased the bull moose swimming across a bay, and we got near enough to touch him with our paddles, and we had to sheer off because he was getting peeved; when Mac went overboard in Smith Lake trying to land a big bass; when my little eleven-year-old brother landed a 39-pound muskellunge on light bass tackle after his line had broken; when I fought a 3½-pound steel-head in Glacier Park; when I landed two 2½-pound brook-trout on one cast on the Jeanotte in Quebec; when I played a ouananiche 30 minutes in Dobsis Lake, Maine; when Fred Hubbard and I were lost for a day in a North Dakota swamp; when Caribou Dave and I cruised in a birch bark canoe. They all pile in on my vision thick and fast, and it is indeed many pleasant memories that show themselves on my mental screen.

This is the tale of trout fishing—last summer it was. Hub and I, with our better halves, decided to try the Maine Lakes and woods, so in June we met in Princeton, Me., and went at once to Grand Lake Stream. The next day saw us on our way up Grand Lake with two good guides, Harley and Ralph, two canoes and tents, supplies, and equipment for a month.

The days were glorious and so were the nights, and our camp, pitched on the beach of Dobsis Lake was ideal. For a few days we went after the ouananiche with fly rods, and we had fine sport. Eight to ten a day we caught, big gamey fighters and beautiful fish. Two a day were all we kept, the rest were let go to furnish more sport another day.

One day Ralph asked me how I would like some brook trout fishing. "Fine," I said, "lead me to it." "Well, it's a hard trip. We will have to take two days to it, and make camp one night in the woods." I could see that he was in some doubt about taking this tenderfoot away from the comfortable camp. But I insisted, and one morning we started. Our outfit was light, two blankets, a pup tent, a coffee pot, frying pan, and a bit of bacon and coffee, in a pack sack, with an axe.

get fishermen-this book!!

Every follower of Ike Walton should have this book. If your hobby is fishing—whether it be bass, trout or muskellunge, bluegill or crappie, tarpon or sword-fish—this book will prove of unusual interest.

It is full of fishing lore. Relates fishing facts and hints compiled from the experiences of expert anglers. Tells the kinds and colors of baits to use—when and how to use them, under varying conditions of weather or water. Contains advice on the care of your tackle equipment.

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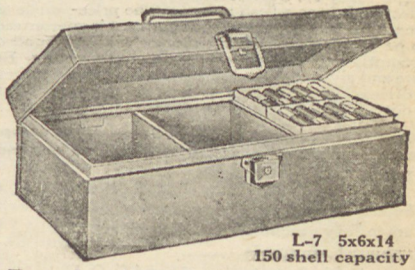

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Trap-shooting Department

Continuing last month's article on Trap organization—nothing helps more than a secretary who is friendly and a good mixer. A crabby, discourteous secretary is an awful handicap for any club; but don't leave it all to him, remember the more shooters you have, the less will be the proportionate cost to all. So when a stranger comes out to the traps, go out of your way to make him feel that he is wanted there, and get him interested.

We were much interested in hearing Frank Troeh and Rush Razee, two of the world's greatest trap shots, discuss the advisability of cleaning guns during a tournament. Both claim that a dirty gun will throw a closer pattern, than a clean one.

One day a prominent trap shot left his gun in my car; that night when we cleaned out guns, we of course cleaned his, and what do you think—"that gink got sore"—now can you beat that?

Notwithstanding all this, warm soapy water is just as good for a shot gun, as for a boy, and a moderate use of some of the solvents will help—the gun, not the boy—but no matter what is used, wipe the gun thoroughly with a soft clean cloth and you will have no trouble with rust. Gun care is largely a question of temperament, most people enjoy cleaning and caring for a gun. To those I would say, be sparing of oil, except just before you shoot, and liberal with the clean cloth immediately afterward.

Nothing will make so much of a hit with the members of your club as careful consideration on the firing line. Be at your place promptly when your squad is called, even if you have to break a stirring discussion on the virtues of bobbed hair, or the advisability of a German loan—these matters can wait, and be sure that your gun is *always empty*, until just before your turn to shoot. Don't exclaim, "Oh hell!" if you drop the target, nor try to explain to the rest of the squad why you missed. They all fully understand that it was the fault of the trap boy, in not throwing the target where you shot, and they are trying to get their thoughts out on that next target, and they don't care and, are not in the least interested in why you dropped the target.

All this rambling means simply this: That you can not break targets without concentration, as well as accuracy, and silence on the firing line is only courtesy.

Please, all of you that are organizing trap clubs, as part of the Izaak Walton League, send us the report of your shoots and pictures of your club houses and members. Get your best shots to pose for their pictures; anything that will help to awaken interest in our page.

Did you read the Editorial?

A Tenderfoot's Tale

(Continued from page 63)

Three miles or more along the shore and across one end, and it was here that we saw several deer. One of them we got close enough to so that we could almost spat him with the paddle. Next we struck a small stream up which we started. A mile up the winding stream and we struck our first rapids. Nothing to do but get out and carry, which we did, and it left us with wet feet. Farther along another carry, and now we ran into a log jam. This meant a half-mile carry over logs, wet and slippery, loaded with packs and canoe, but we came through at last, wet and hot.

Up the stream again, winding, twisting, carrying and wading, covered at times overhead from bank to bank with alders, until at last we reached an ancient logging dam.

Above the dam I made my first cast, then another, and another. No results, and I looked reproachfully at Ralph. "We'll try it upstream a bit," he said. So once more, paddling, carrying, wading, we went for a mile. "There's a cold spring flows in here," said Ralph, "try it once." I tossed my fly across the stream, close to the opposite bank under the alders. Bang! came the answer, and the fight was on. Upstream, across, down, and for a few moments it was anybody's game. He came in, however, and was scooped into the canoe, a beauty, about a pound in size.

For an hour I cast, and thirty-five brook trout were brought in, of which half a dozen of the smaller ones were kept for our supper, and the rest were carefully turned back for another day.

It was getting dusk, so back to the dam we went, where we decided to pitch camp. When Ralph dove into the pack sack for the pup tent, it was not there. By mistake he had picked up a bag of mosquito netting in place of the pup tent. We got our supper of trout, bacon and coffee, rolled up in our blankets, and turned in. No, not even a poncho did we have, and that night it rained. Have you ever tried to keep dry in a rain under a bar of mosquito netting wrapped in a blanket? Well, it can't be did. We took it all, and I for one slept, and minded not the wetting. At dawn it poured, and we rolled out to get breakfast. It rained so hard that the hot coffee spattered from our cups into our faces, and made us flinch, but we got through, and went after the trout again.

Never in all my experience have I seen such hungry trout. I used wet flies, and the Dilg trout bug, and every cast meant a strike. They were full of fight, and Ralph counted 85 that were landed, out of which were saved two dozen to take back to our camp on Dobsis. And all the time it rained, it poured, it deluged, and we were soaked, but happy.

A couple of hours of it, and we started back to our main camp. It was a wet trip and a hard one but the alternate paddling and carrying kept us moving, and that night we landed in camp, with a mess of fine trout, and an experience that will always be remembered.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

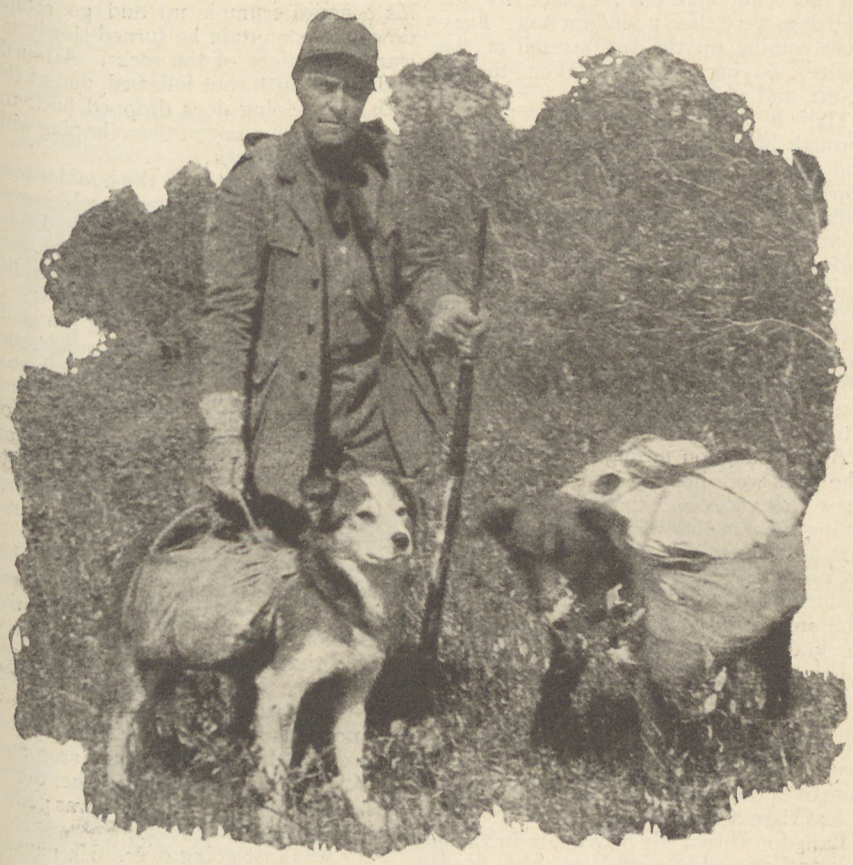
Alaska and Dogs

By
ADAM BREEDE

YOU can get a good idea of the size of Alaska when you realize that it is as large as all of the states combined east of the Mississippi River, excepting the state of Mississippi. It is larger than the original thirteen states.

Alaska has more coast line than the United States, it being twenty-six thousand miles, or a greater distance than around the world.

Alaskans say that if the millions of dollars that have been invested in the railroad up there had been used for the building of good roads and public highways in their territory, Alaska would soon grow by leaps and bounds, because the automobile has already pushed the horses and mules off the streets of Ketchikan, Wrangell, Juneau, and other cities or towns of any size.



Alaska is still a dog country—that is, canines are an important factor in the transportation problem, and especially so in such places as are difficult of access.

For this purpose huskies and malamutes, two varieties of dogs bred from the wolf, have figured most conspicuously in the upbuilding of that country. Long before the Hudson Bay Company touched Alaskan soil the Indians up there were counting their dogs as their greatest assets, and they are still doing it, and there is every good reason to believe they will continue to do it for years to come.

The husky is the stronger from the two varieties as it is bred from the timber wolf, the malamute being from the wild dogs that have roamed the hills and plains of snow-capped Alaska long before that country was discovered by white man.

The husky and the malamute have played the most important part with the explorer, prospector, the miner, and their services are still in great demand.

The Eskimo dog responds as quickly to the word "mush" as a horse does to "giddap." The word mush was brought into Alaska by French-Canadian dog-drivers, who, while working for the Hudson Bay Company, repeatedly telling their dogs to "marche on." This finally contracted to "mush," which means "move on," "go ahead," "make progress," "depart," or "hike."

The Alaskan dog does not bark, but it sits on its haunches with its head thrown back, its nose pointed straight up, and with its mouth only partly open sends forth a blood-curdling howl that makes even the big timber wolf sit up and take notice.

These dogs are husky beasts and can eat almost anything excepting tin cans. Many are the acts of heroism that have been performed by the dogs of the Northland along the Yukon and Dawson trails, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a man doff his hat to a dog.

(Continued on page 69)

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The Ike Walton is a boot with a double vamp—made of the finest waterproofed imported French veal leathers, tanned and oiled to a pliability that gives no hint of ruggedness. Genuine moccasin construction.

The "never rip" seam, continuous on the vamp and toe piece, is sufficient assurance against the hazards of the worst of bad going. Flexible soles of wear-beating Maple Pac leather give four layers of leather between the foot and the ground. The lightest weight and strongest boot ever trod on; as waterproofed as a leather boot can be. Heights 6 to 18 inches, all sizes, army last.

R. B. Slatter, Brea, California, wore this boot from Vancouver, B. C. to Atlin, a distance of 1800 miles, in 153 consecutive days.

Ask any dealer who sells (or ought to sell) sportsmen's boots and shoes to show you Russell Moccasin Footwear. If he can not, write for our catalog, select the style and size you want and insist that he order them for you.

The W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
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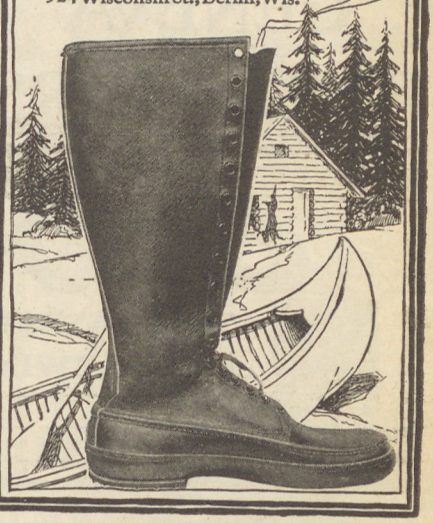

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J. G. BURST **Ridgewood, N. J.**

The Grizzly King

(Continued from page 55)

In such an hour as this Thor was at his worst. He was a fighter when pursued as the dogs had pursued him a week before—but he was a demon, terrible and without mercy, when danger threatened his mate.

He fell farther and farther behind Iskwao, and twice he turned, his fangs gleaming under drawn lips, and his defiance rolling back upon his enemies in low thunder.

When he came up out of the coulee he was in the shadow of the peak, and Iskwao had already disappeared in her skyward scramble. Where she had gone was a wild chaos of rock-slide and the piled-up débris of fallen and shattered masses of sandstone crag. The sky-line was not more than three hundred yards above him. He looked up, Iskwao was among the rocks, and here was the place to fight. The dogs were close upon him now. They were coming up the last stretch of the coulee, baying loudly. Thor turned about, and waited for them.

Half a mile to the south, looking through his glasses, Langdon saw Thor, and at almost the same instant the dogs appeared over the edge of the coulee. He had ridden halfway up the mountain; from that point he had climbed higher, and was following a well-beaten sheep trail at about the same altitude as Thor. From where he stood the valley lay under his glasses for miles. He did not have far to look to discover Bruce and the Indian. They were dismounting at the foot of the coulee, and as he gazed they ran quickly into it and disappeared.

Again Langdon swung back to Thor. The dogs were holding him now, and he knew there was no chance of the grizzly killing them in that open space. Then he saw movement among the rocks higher up, and a low cry of understanding broke from his lips as he made out Iskwao climbing steadily toward the ragged peak. He knew that this second bear was a female. The big grizzly—her mate—had stopped to fight. And there was no hope for him if the dogs succeeded in holding him for a matter of ten or fifteen minutes. Bruce and Metoosin would appear in that time over the rim of the coulee at a range of less than a hundred yards!

Langdon thrust his binoculars in their case and started at a run along the sheep trail. For two hundred yards his progress was easy, and then the patch broke into a thousand individual tracks on a slope of soft and slippery shale, and it took him five minutes to make the next fifty yards.

The trail hardened again. He ran on pantingly, and for another five minutes the shoulder of a ridge hid Thor and the dogs from him. When he came over that ridge and ran fifty yards, down the farther side of it, he stopped short. Further progress was barred by a steep ravine. He was five hundred yards from where Thor stood with his back to the rocks and his huge head to the pack.

Even as he looked, struggling to get breath enough to shout, Langdon expected to see Bruce and Metoosin appear out of the coulee. It flashed upon him then that even if he could make them hear it would be impossible for them to understand him. Bruce would not guess that he wanted to spare the beast they had been hunting for almost two weeks.

Thor had rushed the dogs a full twenty yards toward the coulee when Langdon dropped quickly behind a rock. There was only one way of saving him now, if he was not too late. The pack had retreated a few yards down the slope, and he aimed at the pack. One thought only filled his brain—he must sacrifice his dogs or let Thor die. And that day Thor had given him his life!

There was no hesitation as he pressed the trigger. It was a long shot, and the first bullet threw up a cloud of dust fifty feet short of the Airedales. He fired again, and missed. The third time his rifle cracked there answered it a sharp yelp of pain which Langdon himself did not hear. One of the dogs rolled over and over down the slope.

The reports of the shots alone had not stirred Thor, but now when he saw one of his enemies crumple up and go rolling down the mountain he turned slowly toward the safety of the rocks. A fourth and then a fifth shot followed, and at the fifth the yelping dogs dropped back toward the coulee, one of them limping with a shattered forefoot.

Langdon sprang upon the boulder over which he had rested his gun, and his eyes caught the sky-line. Iskwao had just reached the top. She paused for a moment and looked down. Then she disappeared.

Thor was now hidden among the boulders and broken masses of sandstone, following her trail. Within two minutes after the grizzly disappeared Bruce and Metoosin scrambled up over the edge of the coulee. From where they stood even the sky-line was within fairly good shooting distance, and Langdon suddenly began shouting excitedly, waving his arms, and pointing *downward*.

Bruce and Metoosin were caught by his ruse, in spite of the fact that the dogs were again giving fierce tongue close to the rocks among which Thor had gone. They believed that from where he stood Langdon could see the progress of the bear, and that it was running toward the valley. Not until they were another hundred yards down the slope did they stop and look back at Langdon to get further directions. From his rock Langdon was pointing to the sky-line.

Thor was just going over. He paused for a moment, as Iskwao had stopped, and took one last look at man.

And Langdon, as he saw the last of him, waved his hat and shouted, "Good luck to you, old man—good luck!"

(To be concluded)

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Read pages 40 and 41

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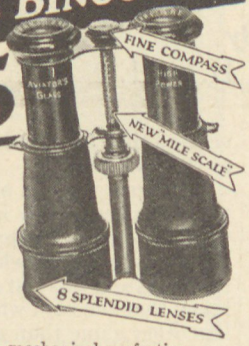

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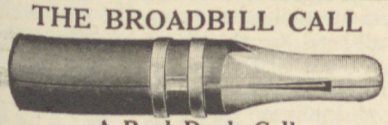

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Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 25)

He decided to become their friend. He purchased half a dozen wing-tipped Canada geese and gave them the run of his ten-acre farm, which included a good sized pond near the house. In time wild geese joined their winged-tipped brethren, and finding they were not molested lost their fear of man and remained until nesting or migrating time, and returned year after year until hundreds of geese came to make their home with him.

Wild ducks also came, and grew to be even tamer than the geese. Then Jack took to tagging both geese and ducks with an aluminum band bearing upon one side his P. O. address and upon the other a verse of scripture. Many of these tags have been returned to him from Hudson's Bay to the Carolinas by hunters who had killed the messengers, thus establishing their lines of flight.

In addition, Jack built houses for martins, bluebirds and other feathered songsters, winter-fed the quail, raised English pheasants, and waged increasing war upon their natural enemies—owls, hawks, crows and weasels. "Let the birds know that you want them and they will come to you across half a continent." "The robins fairly swarmed around our home with neither shrubbery or fruit to attract them, and the purple martins folded their wings and came down out of the heavens the very first day we had their homes ready for them."

But Jack's highest admiration was for his first love, the Canada goose, of which he says: "This bird is one of the most intelligent, self-sacrificing creatures on earth, and as for purity of character he has the human race backed right off the boulevard into the slums, and no person on earth can study him without profiting by it." Then he gives us the life histories of many of his wards that certainly back up this sweeping assertion.

If but one man in each community would undertake to do a tithe of what Jack Miner has done, the problem of wild life conservation will have found easy solution.

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This remarkable book is profusely illustrated from photographs, handsomely printed on heavy paper, and bound in dark green figured cloth. Copies may be ordered from Manly F. Miner, Kingsville, Ontario, price $3.00.

The Lure of the Mississippi, by D. Lange, Illustrated by W. L. Howes; 268 pages. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

This is not a book of the feather minnow as the title might lead one to suppose, but a story of two boys, a trapper and an Indian who ventured upon the Father of Waters from Minnesota to Vicksburg in 1861-63.

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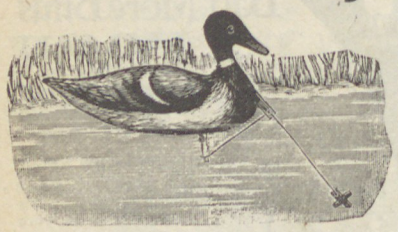

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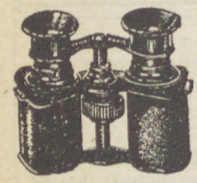

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The One Buck Law

By
WALTER H. REED

MY only hope in writing this article is that you are as interested in the few deer that are left in our state of Wisconsin as I am. If you are, you will read this story. While we may not agree on all points, the one that we will agree upon is that we want deer-hunting to continue in Wisconsin, and if this is to be, something most drastic must be done.

I am for the One Buck Law, and my only reason for favoring this law is because in the states where this law has *been kept* it has worked wonders in bringing back the deer in large quantities.

Our problem is, how is this law to be kept? The majority who hunt these woods pay no attention to our laws whatever. Game wardens? Why, it would take an army to make any impression at all.

Let us picture this outlawry as I have seen it here in Northern Wisconsin where I have now spent two winters. The gang, say six to a dozen, go into the woods and pitch camp. At once they must have venison to eat. All hands go out and get busy. Do you suppose they wait to see what they shoot? Meat is what they are after, and the first deer each man sees falls. Most campers have doe and fawn meat to live on during their stay. What can't be used, either is left to spoil or is carried away at night in the automobile. Here is the greatest instrument of outlawry today that we must contend with—the automobile. Before the days of hunting with the auto most hunters sent their deer home by train so some check could be made. Now it is an entirely different story. The season comes so early that usually there is little snow to interfere, so almost every gang comes and goes in an auto. Did you ever see a hunter carrying a buck in the back seat? No, he is tied to the fender or, if the top is down, he is laid up in full sight on the back of the car. The does and fawns go into the back, the side curtains on and in most cases are carried off and on their way at night. One guide I talked with this season says that he knew of a party twelve miles in the woods, over a road almost impassable during the day, but at 10:30 to 11 o'clock every night he could hear the rattle of the car going out with this unlawful plunder. Don't think that this is the work of natives or neighbors, it is the work of the law-breaking individual who comes up each year for his annual rampage and deer slaughter.

Much is said about the native who has his venison at any time. Let me say, brother, that this is a poor reason for the ever-decreasing hunting that is only too surely at our very doors now. For in many instances this is only a case of "pound for pound." I know of an old man and his wife who each year suffer the loss of many dollars worth of valuable vegetables—their only source of income—from damage done by deer, and the only venison they have had this year was given to them by friends.

I disagree with an old hunter who says that the deer hunter is the best shot and the most careful hunter that goes into the woods. Just from what I have seen and heard myself, this last season, I absolutely know that the man who hunts deer hunts less other game than any other man who goes into the woods, and from the many accidents and deaths that have come to my knowledge this year he is more careless with a rifle than he would be with a fox trap.

I read the argument that one man puts forth in favor of the law as it stands, that if a hunter makes sure that the deer he is about to shoot has a head with antlers of one or more prongs he most certainly is not going to kill an unsuspecting fellow hunter in mistake for game. This alone would justify the law as it stands, but only a small percentage of those who go after deer waits to make sure just what it is that he thinks is a deer. One accident this season in our own community. A fellow fired at one of his own party, thinking that the white part of his rubber boot, as he lifted his foot over a wind-fall, was a flag. I never stopped a deer by shooting at his flag, did you?

If we are to have any deer left we certainly must close the season until such laws can be discussed and passed that will give the deer a chance and impose a heavy penalty for the crowd who go into camp to stay until every one in the party gets his buck. I know of one party where two fellows furnished each of the twelve "hunters" with a buck to take home. Maybe this is right, but I know of no other outdoor sport where such a generous spirit is displayed.

Of course we cannot see the way to stop the "stay-at-home" from getting his tag and license and awaiting a wire from his favorite guide to come up and bring his wife and her brother, for he has three fine bucks for them to take home. "Bring the big car, for we have three passengers," the telegram reads. Snow comes and they are obliged to return by rail, which is all legal, for they have in their possession the licenses, tags and return tickets, but have never seen a deer in the woods, dead or alive.

These are some of the phases of this situation that only a large organization like the Izaak Walton League can help the legislature solve.

I wonder if we had the deer season later in the month, with a greater possibility of snow, if it would help? Yes, I am sure that it would, both in lessening the number of automobiles which figure so disastrously in carrying away unlawful game and in decreasing the numbers of hunters who come into the woods during the deer season. Those who have not driven our highways or trails and logging roads would be amazed at the number of so-

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

called hunters who stick to the open, well-traveled routes and take no chances by going into the swamps and hardwood and brush to "start them up." One day during this last hunting season, while driving twenty miles on one of these main highways, I passed thirty-four men and boys with rifles, waiting for the experienced hunter to drive the deer out.

I heard an old timer say that he thought it should be made compulsory, after getting the licence, to register in through the county clerk of the county where the hunter expects to hunt and to register out again when he has his buck or when he has decided to leave without one.

Our Conservation Commission, I know, is deeply interested in the future of the last big game left, but is powerless with its present appropriation to do more than is being done. But in the meantime the One Buck OUT-Law goes on killing everything that looms up and doesn't "give a whoop" for anybody. I honestly believe that not one in ten of the deer shot are reported to our Conservation Commission, leaving all efforts fruitless in keeping any sort of an accurate record as to how the law really works out.

The fact that there are any deer at all shows that the One Buck Law is working out but let's have a closed season until we can make laws whereby it will be more difficult to get a license, and if the laws are broken the penalty will be severe enough to keep him out of the woods for some time.

Alaska and Dogs

(Continued from page 65)

The greatest sporting event in the Northland every year is the annual All-Alaskan-Sweepstake-dog race, from Nome to Candle Creek and return, a distance of four hundred twelve miles. It is not only a contest of endurance, but is one filled with dangers and thrills, and one that holds intense interest for every native, regardless of size, sex or age. Consequently, nearly everybody is betting on the outcome.

Months before the big event the dogs that are to be entered are carefully trained and well fed, and the greatest care is given to their physical condition, for if a dog gives out or dies on the course it must be placed on a sled and brought in at the finish of the race.

The purses are all worth working for as the principal prize is usually good for ten thousand dollars in gold, and a beautifully engraved cup. It is said that frequently a quarter of a million dollars is waged upon the result of the race.

While the Eskimos and Indians punish their dogs severely at times, yet, take it as a whole, they are kind and do not over-burden them. A good husky will pack sixty pounds on his back all day and not make any fuss about it.

The Alaskan dog makes a splendid pack animal, especially where there is no trail. The dog will dart here, there, everywhere—dodging trees, fallen timber, and wisely makes its way through entangled brush and forest of devilclubs. And he will also climb ragged and jagged peaks where horse or mule can not go.

Yes, Alaska is still a dog country.

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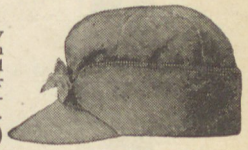

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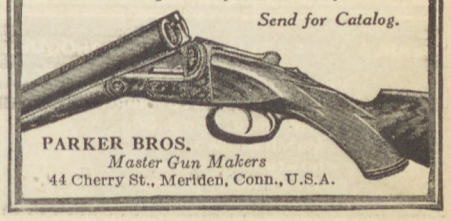

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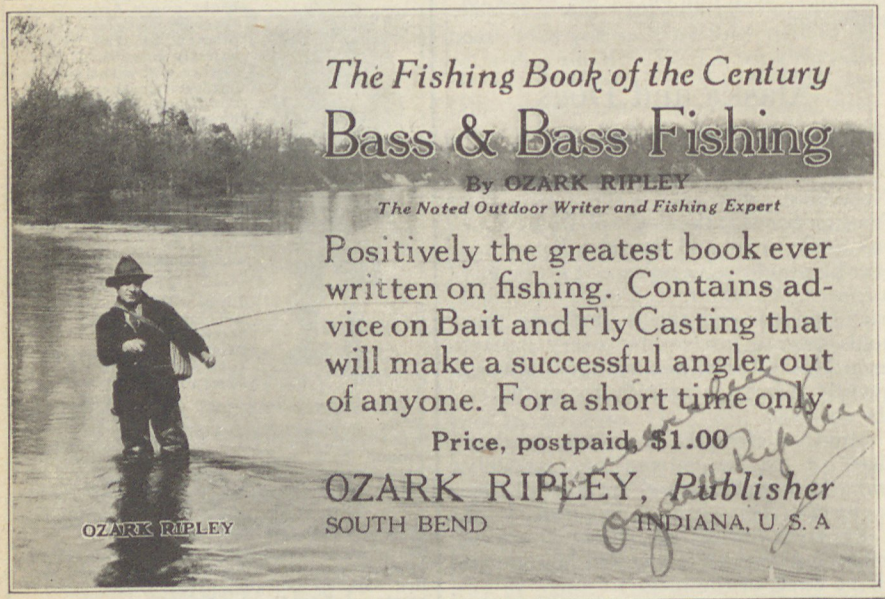

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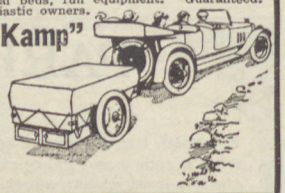

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McCorrison—

(Continued from page 7)

moments, more or less automatically, he baited his line and cast into the pool beside him. The line moved upstream; he waited, set the hook, and lifted. The fish was so heavy that he could not lift it into the air, so that he fairly dragged it up the bank through the tall grass. The other man looked his way and asked:

"What's that?"

"Trout," said Bert.

"Let's see him."

Bert held up the fish; the other looked at it, grunted, and turned his attention back to the pool before him, pulling his hat brim further down. Bert called:

"Come and try here. Probably another one here."

The other shook his head, so presently Bert again offered a worm to the pool, and took another great fish. The other man was thus persuaded to come and try the pool, and did so, his face red with impatience. He got no bite; and after five minutes, he said to Bert:

"Throw in your line, too."

Bert did so, and instantly took a third trout. Each of these three fish were over thirteen inches long. When he had put the trout in his basket the other man began to wrench his rod apart with some vehemence; and Bert asked mildly:

"Going to give up?"

The other man spoke through clenched teeth. "I'll be damned if I'll ever fish for trout again as long as I live," he replied.

Some people suppose Bert has an unguent with which he anoints his bait; he is accused of many magics. It is hard not to believe that there is some sympathy between him and the trout. I have repeatedly seen him approach a pool and say quietly:

"We'll get a good one here."

Such predictions seldom fail; their success is so constant that they are definitely more than coincidences. Bert says, by way of explanation:

"I can kind of feel it, when they're going to bite."

He stocks these brooks every year with thousands of fry, planted lovingly and carefully. Perhaps they learn to know him, remember him kindly in later life, and yield themselves to his lures with a particular zeal. It is hard otherwise to account for his successes.

It is easy for a fly purist to scorn such a man; but if to love trout, to propagate them, to protect them, to capture them mercifully and sparingly and with a skill unequalled by any I ever encountered is to be a sportsman, then Bert is as fine a sportsman as any man I know. When I think of the ideal fisherman, the figure that comes to my mind is not that of a man in chest-high waders, hung with fly dope, net, basket, and all the paraphernalia of his avocation; it is that of a little man about five feet four, with a deep and kindly eye beneath his bushy brow, poised and alert beside some meadow pool, his feet clad in knee-length boots into which his overalls are tucked, his old cap pulled low over his eyes, his attention fixed upon the thin black thread of his line where it descends into the water. The picture, in short, of Bert McCorrison.

How You Can Help

(1) Educate your neighbor to the crying need for conservation.
(2) Kill and take only a reasonable limit.
(3) Fight the destructive forest fires.
(4) Respect the property rights of others.
(5) Assist constituted authorities in the enforcement of the law.
(6) Abide by the laws of state and nation and see that your thoughtless neighbor does the same.
(7) Preach a conservation sermon. The converts will surprise you.
(8) Organize an Izaak Walton Chapter of those who believe in the conservation of game and fish.
(9) Ask your state senator and representative to foster and support conservative measures.
(10) Ask for information in organizing an Izaak Walton Chapter.

Saving our wild life is a very small job if EVERYBODY helps.

If a few must carry on the work, the results will be disastrous.

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A Challenge

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Gentlemen, I am offering on my new fall sales list some wonderfully broken, select shooting dogs of high, select blood lines, with the great type coupled with the great bird sense and brains combined. Bred and raised in the Pike County hills, in the land of game. Ten cents will bring to your door the great list I have to offer.

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DR. KNOX Box 50, DANBURY, CONN.

The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS
Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

The Value of Kindness

CONTRARY to lots of opinions, acts and theories put into practice by numbers of amateur and professional trainers of bird dogs, kindness is remunerative every time it is used during a dog's early education after he has been given continuous work in the field. The whip is but a poor educator and a force collar always is a lot more remunerative. The whip is an article that always is abused because very few men know how or when

Ryman's Golden Grouse.

to use it with good effect, and another thing crops out which adds to its crimes and that it it is usually applied when a man is angry and he has no right then to have one in his hands.

Men who have used the whip persistently without success can not see why dogs that they have given up as hopeless under their regime suddenly decide to work properly in another's hand. They tried every way which in their own mind was proper to handle a dog, except the vital one, most overlooked, the way of kindness.

The queerest thing about the high class bird dog of modern times is that the boldest "hard heads," as they are often called, are never successfully developed with the whip. Their owners can not see this and persist in using it more and more as the animal becomes harder and harder to control, evidently reasoning that the reason that more applications of severity are necessary is that the animal becomes inured to repeated hard thrashings; never was a greater mistake made and kindness wins out more times than all the whips ever made.

Not many years ago the writer had turned over to him a very refractory orange and white colored descendant of the late famous dog Marils Sport. His hunting and going instinct dominated all his acts, and of necessity through a surfeitage of enthusiasm he was found in his youth to commit many faults. His old handler encouraged a state of obstinacy, as such a trait is often called erroneously in a dog. The dog had been whipped so often that he had little fear of punishment and rather anticipated it more than anything else, no matter the character of his behavior. Sport came into our hands, not to be trained, but to be groomed and dolled up for bench show purposes. When taking him for exercise we suddenly became aware of his remarkable natural ability as a high class bird dog. His range was great—not senseless—his speed tremendous, and his aptness at finding birds almost uncanny; certainly this was a surprise, because we had been given to understand that he did not have one redeeming quality.

The information we gained was promptly passed over to the owner. He retorted with the report of a former handler, at the same time declaring that if Sport was any prospect he had not shown it yet, but gladly would he accede to giving him the opportunity of making good. Our eagerness to give Sport a chance was overwhelming. Right away we observed his most glaring fault. It did not seem difficult to eradicate. Sport went out wide, found a covey, and deliberately flushed it under the existing influence of the moment. When we came up to him he dropped on all fours, apparently apprehensive of punishment and waiting bravely for it. Repeated trials, with the same performance on the part of the dog, forced upon us the conclusion that the dog had been punished continuously and in such an unwise manner that actually he was either in doubt of just what was right or believed that he was behaving properly.

Ryman's Grouse May.

We decided on simple tactics. Instead of following Sport after a flush, so soon as he put up game we turned away from him, and when we arrived close petted him a few times and then led him back to where he had committed his fault, held him there fully three minutes, caressing him and uttering the word "steady" in a very low voice. The rapidity with which Sport came to pointing staunchly was amazing, and he became with very little trouble a wonderful bird dog.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

One time we picked up a tall, lanky liver and white colored pointer bitch that strikingly had everything a bird dog should have. We bought her at a very cheap price because she was reported to be incurably gun-shy. She would hunt well until a gun was fired, then cringe badly and, finding the opportunity, run for home. The man from whom we had purchased the animal declared he had tried every way to cure her, and finally gave us an insight into the last methods he had pursued. The bitch when young had displayed evidences of gunshyness. In belief that he had a sure way of curing her, he put on her an old fashioned spiked choke collar, took her to the weekly trap shoots held in his town, attached a lead to the choke collar and as soon as she started to bolt, drew her quickly towards him. His theory—a partly good one—was that not allowing the dog to escape she would soon become reconciled to the gun fire, as she was bound ultimately to realize there was nothing to be apprehended from the noise.

On learning this the boss of our kennel right away determined to adopt the same tactics as the former handler, with one exception, and that was to use only a plain collar instead of one with spikes. This worked fine right away. After two trials the dog paid no attention to the discharge of the shotguns and assumed even very soon a playful mood at the traps. The boss had judged correctly—the spiked collar, in the way it had been used, had encouraged apprehensiveness and the consequent nervous condition.

The manner in which a simple, sane method of curing a fault, wherein kindness goes further than force or any method of bringing about suffering on the part of the dog, was observable to me the first time when as a boy I saw an old handler cure a confirmed rabbit chaser. The dog had come into his possession from a client who confessed that he had whipped him and whipped him for two

Ryman's Blue Grouse.

years every time he chased a rabbit, and the dog still did it. On several occasions he had shot him at a distance with number eight shot, and even this did not help any. He had no need, however, of admitting the last act. It was palpable, for on touching any part of the animal's hindquarters one could feel easily the lead pellets under the skin.

Within a week the old trainer had that apparently incorrigible thoroughly cured, and the method used was very simple and humane. The first rabbit the dog jumped, he killed it and fastened the carcass to the dog's collar. He followed this proceeding until the dog was carrying five rabbits through the quail fields unwillingly. For four days in succession he did the same thing without touching the dog once with a whip. That dog in a short time acquired such a disgust for the cottontail family that afterward he never looked at one without the greatest repulsion.

An incident through which one arrives at success is always worth following, but in all enigmas of deportments among sporting dogs inevitably there is a line of demarcation in the proceedings which brought about results—brutality or kindness. There is after all only one safe course to choose, kindness and common sense every time will win over brute force and an ungovernable temper.

Ryman's Grouse Adam.

We are now trying to make the kennel department of Outdoor America one of the greatest features of this magazine. This will mean co-operation on the part of all dog lovers and owners of real gun dogs. It will also mean that we need attractive photographs of dogs—help! help! Address photographs to Kennel Department, Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

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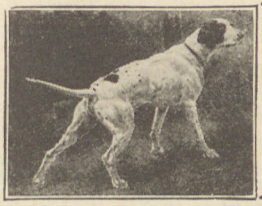

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H. Areaux R 4 Scottville, Mich.

Attention Kennel Advertisers!

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Scottville, Mich.
Sept. 3, 1924.

Outdoor America,
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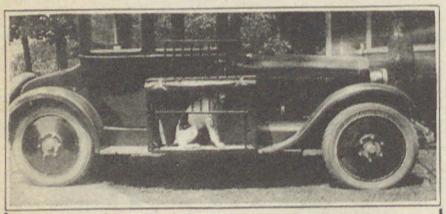
The magazines you have sent me I send to others that I know haven't seen them, to interest them, if possible, and I have made it a gift to others for a year.

I thank you for your wonderful work and shall boost your magazine wherever I go.

I remain
Yours truly,
Harriette Areaux
Scottville, Mich.



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HOW often have you wished you had some place for the dog to ride? Be prepared for the coming season and place your order now for the Bird Dog's Palace, a comfortable ideal carrier for the hunting dog. Clamps on the running-board of any car and can be removed in one minute. Light weight, strong construction with tapered back to fit body of car; has storm curtain and is something extra nice for the sportsman who wishes his dog to go in comfort as well as himself.

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Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.
Free Kennel Manual
How to care for your dog.
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42 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Coonhounds and Combination Hunters
for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel. Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Catalog ten cents.
SAM STEPHENSON Covington, Tennessee

POINTERS For Sale
Female whelped January 1st last. All white except liver head and ears. Registered, six generations, very fast, nominated in American Field Futurity and Tulsa's. None better bred, $50.
Two males: One, two years old last July, pointing nicely, fast and good range for hunting, well broken, weighs 65, and a beauty, $125. One, 11 months old, sire a winner, dam a producer; heavy liver and white; nice disposition; just right age to train this fall, $60.
Royal Kennels, New Paris, Indiana

50--Setter Puppies--50 ENGLISH and LLEWELLIN
World's best breeding. For Playmates, Pals or Bird work--we have the best that can be bred.
Enclose stamps and send for prices and descriptions.
Thoroughbred Setter Kennels, Hesner Blk., Edgewood, Ia.

BURWYN REMEDIES SAVE the DOG
Worm-Ex., 55c; Distemper-Ex., $1; Dog Tone Tonic, 50c; Dog Tone Jr. Conditioner, 45c; Cankerine, $1.35; Running Fits Treatment, $1.35; Mangine Ointment, $1; Internal Skin Tonic, $1; Chorea Relief, $1.10; Laxative tablets, 68c; Liver Stimulators, $1; Special Treatments, $1.25; Carbon Tetrachloride Wormer Capsules, $1. Order direct. Burwyn Kennel Journal free, describing complete line of Burwyn famous Kennel Remedies. Address
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From best imported Field Trial and Show Bench strains. Puppies and young stock, usually, for sale. Eligible to registration. Prices reasonable. **DR. W. B. STEWART, Monessen, Penna.**

Gordon Setter puppies $50.00, from field-broken Imported and American Champions. Inglehurst Kennels—home of imported CHAMPION JOKER. CHARLES INGLEE, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Off Fishing for Life

(Continued from page 10)

tell me that most of the big fish *are* netted. But I didn't know that then and I thought he was trying to alibi himself. Besides, I didn't like the way he put it.

"Still, I oughtn't to have kidded him on fishing. It's almost holy to him, and you know you can start a fight on religion quicker than on most anything else. But, like a fool, I told him I'd bet his great grandfather had lived in a tree and been a bully shot with a cocoanut, I had him on the ropes with his mouth open.

"All of a sudden, while I was going good and enjoying myself, I smelled smoke, and it wasn't woodsmoke, either. I looked over at the fire and there was a black cloud, big enough to choke all the mosquitoes on the pond, coming out of Blake's frying pan.

"He saw it the same time I did and we both made a jump over there. The pan was all afire and I guess he burned his fingers when he grabbed it; anyway, he dropped it and tried to put his hand in his mouth. But I kept my head. I picked up his big hat and batted away at the pan till I'd put it out.

"If there's anything makes me mad clear through it's to see good food spoiled, and I told Blake that he didn't know anything more about cooking than he did about fishing, that as a cook he was an incendiary and as a fisherman he was a nit-wit. I said more than that. In fact, you could make a good thick book out of what I told him, if you could find anyone who dared print it.

"When things get as hot as that something has to be done, and we did it. I was so bent on twisting his head off with my bare hands that I never even thought to punch and he's told me since that he felt the same way. I was heavier, but he was in better training and it was about an even thing for a while. Then we rolled down a ravine and I got beaned on a rock.

"When I woke up Blake was standing over me, pouring water on my face out of his hat. I could see three or four of him even then, but I got up and started toward him for another round. He held up his hand and said that perhaps we'd better wait till I was a little stronger, and I took a look at him and saw that he meant it. He wasn't afraid—he just wanted me to come back from that beaning. Well, that was so square and game I didn't want to kill him any more. I felt in my hip pocket and found I hadn't broken anything, so Blake got two cups and we took the water out of the lake.

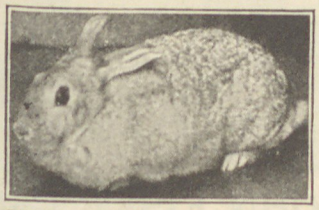
"You know how 'tis, when you've had a bit of a turn-up with a chap and found him square as a die and as game as a pebble. You've got to like him for it—you can't help it. And it was that way with us; before we left that island we were like brothers.

"Have I seen him since? Certainly I've seen him; we have a smoke and a chat together almost every night. Of course, we don't talk about fishing, but we do almost everything else, and he's a mighty well-informed man. When the season's over here he's coming down to the big town to visit me; we've got a lot planned out for that trip. But there'll be no fishing in it. I'm off fishing for life."

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Asiatic Karakul Fur Sheep

Most profitable farm stock known. Require least care. Best possible cross with proper native breeds. Bucks for sale or service.



Chinchilla Rabbits

Most profitable fur and meat animal in the world. Most in demand. Thick, strong skin, flexible leather, beautiful heavy fur, has put CHINCHILLA at once among most durable furs. Best meat rabbit extant. Hardy, prolific, easily raised. Young, from imported stock, for sale. Will buy pelts.

Silver Black Foxes

Mated pairs for sale for breeding purposes.

First National Fur Farms
Gaylord **Michigan**
Business Office (mail):
1247-8 Marquette Bldg., 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Au Sable Lodges Sportsmen's Club, Family Summer Residence and Recreation Playground, occupies 10,000 acres in connection with our farms.

For Sale Registered Silver Foxes, Canadian Government inspected stock. Also **Asiatic Karakul Fur Sheep**, that produce Persian Lamb Fur. Also **Crossbred English Bloodhound** and **Foxhound pups.** Best Fox and Coon dogs. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Write

Charles A. Reasbeck, Vankleek Hill, Ontario

SILVER FOXES

BEFORE YOU BUY
WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
WESTERN RESERVE SILVER FOX RANCH
Ashtabula **Ohio**

BLACK SILVER FOXES, MINK & RACCOON
FOR SALE. WRITE FOR PRICES.
Coats Black Silver Fox Co., Inc. ESTHERVILLE IOWA

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

By WILL BELSHAW

APRIL first seems to be especially appropriate for the opening of the trout season, because so many men make fools of themselves by trying to catch trout on that date, not having had previous experience. The writer is in this class.

Themayor-bard of Wanamassa, who is also an artist and does considerable "drawing" as well, had incited us thru his fish stories, to try our hand at the sport. After reading one of the stories referred to—(fish), and enjoying some jazzy stuff which we were able to pick up from K-E-G the night previous, we decided to meet the sun on the campus of the School of Fish—stream, the next morning.

Because of the scarcity of poles at our place, due to the fact that the modern breeds of Lima beans do not require a trellis, we were obliged to borrow an outfit. We secured a reel, from a gentleman in the vicinity, a rod from a lady acquaintance, and combined the two.

We were told that one should go unattended to get best results, and after our experience we are convinced that best results are obtained when one goes alone. Especially is this true as regards the lunch. We should add further that in the final analysis the most important item in the outfit is the lunch. This assertion might not meet the approval of past masters in the craft, but we are speaking from an experience gained from a ten-hour acquaintance with the famous stream of Pine Brook, Monmouth County N. J., R. F. D.

Superior National Forest News

(Continued from page 58)

Portage signs are being placed on all portages east and south of Lake Alice by Forest Guards Skantze and John Pluth, who will return via the Isabella River, Gabro, and Bald Eagle Lakes.

The Quetico Park fire rangers of the Canadian forest are engaged in the construction of a telephone line from a point on Agnes Lake to Prairie Portage, where the line will tie in with the Minnesota State Forest service line, which runs from Prairie portage to the United States Forest Service lookout at Fernberg. From Fernberg to Ely the U. S. F. S. telephone line furnishes a communication for administrative and protection purposes along the eastern boundary waters and the Kawishiwi portion of the Superior National Forest. The Canadian Forest Service also maintains a daily airplane patrol over the entire Quetico Park.

WILD RICE FOR WILD DUCKS. Seed of strong germination that will grow and make permanent feeding grounds. Also Sago Pond Plants and Tubers; Musk Grass and other Wild Duck Attractions. Reeds, Rushes, Canes and Pond Plants that will provide food and shelter for game birds and fishes. Correspondence solicited. Geo. D. Hamilton, Detroit, Minnesota

WATERWEEDS REMOVED EASILY AND EFfectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pheasants—Golden and Amherst
also Japanese Silkie Bantams. Quality stock.
S. M. Snyder Metamora, Illinois

What have you done to save our Wild Life?

Each year as the wild ducks wing southward they find fewer places where their favorite foods grow. Each year thousands of ducks and fur bearing animals starve because their natural feeding grounds have been destroyed. The establishing of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life & Fish Refuge was a triumph, but that in itself is not enough.

Anyone can easily create a feeding ground for wild life—and at small expense. Ducks will come miles to feed on TERRELL'S WILD RICE, Wild Celery, and other natural foods. Husky fighting fish, the kind which give you a real thrill when they strike, live in Sago Pond Plant beds. You can bring ducks and fish where you wish, and in addition do your part toward saving America's wild life.

Twenty-eight years experience in creating places attractive to wild life have given us unusual knowledge. Large selected seed, several for every condition, are ready for fall planting. Your copy of a free illustrated booklet telling where and what to plant is ready. Write for it. Together, let us save America's wild life.

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
9-L Blk. **Oshkosh, Wisconsin**

MASCOT THE SUPER FOX SILVER FOXES TRADE MARK

Big Money in Fox Raising But you must know—must plan and start right. We teach you, tell you how to select breeding stock, how to feed, house and care for them—reducing mortality and insuring profitable results.
Write for particulars, free literature and prices.
Ranch and fox-raisers' school at Prince Edward Island and Hackensack, Minn.
MAESER SILVER FOX & FUR CO.
3756 Colfax Ave., N., Dept. X, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Sheffield Silver Black Foxes
Won every Prize Cup but one at 1921 National Fox Show. The Sweepstake Prize Winner, "Sheffield Scout," 98 points, is the highest scoring fox in the world. Raising silver foxes is a clean, safe, permanent and profitable business, capable of rapid development. Your success will depend largely upon the strain of foxes you select to start. Investigate carefully before you buy. Pups and Proved Breeders from registered Prize Winning Stock for Sale.
Send for FREE Booklet.
Sheffield Silver Black Fox Co.
Box 3 **Northampton, Mass.**

Bob White Quail Eggs
May and June Delivery
Booklet on Quail Hatching and Rearing Under Bantams, **25c.** Free with Orders
QUAIL FOR FALL DELIVERY
Book Your Orders Now for November
M. E. Bogle, HUNTSVILLE TEXAS

RINGNECK PHEASANTS
Large, vigorous birds of highest quality for breeding, stocking and shooting purposes.
WE ALSO OFFER
all varieties of fancy pheasants (wild and ornamental ducks and geese), peafowl, swan, etc.
Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed.
TWIN BROOK GAME FARM, Box 614, Middletown, N. J.

Sportsman! Is Bob White whistling in your meadow? Are ruffed Grouse drumming in your woods? Do you have any pheasants or wild ducks to hunt? Do you *want any?* You can easily produce an abundance of birds for your own sport and pleasure—or for profit if you wish. We invite correspondence on stocking problems—or with those wishing to raise pheasants and other game for profit. Game and ornamental pheasants, quails, partridges, grouse, wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild geese, peafowl. Finest birds for breeding or stocking.
THE POSSUM HOLLOW GAME FARM
R. 9-46 **Springfield, Ohio**

Squab Book FREE
Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 23 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
216H St., Melrose Highlands, Mass.

RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

FOR SALE

In virgin hardwood, on a beautiful lake, alive with small mouth bass, located in Luce County, Upper Peninsula of Michigan, in the heart of the Deer Country, with plenty birds.

This beautiful camp, fourteen by thirty-four feet, accommodating twelve hunters, built of logs, well chinked, new roof, equipped with stoves, well within three rods of camp. Camp within fifty feet of lake shore also within six miles of Tahquamenon River. Within mile of camp are two larger lakes. Price reasonable. If interested write

W. W. WALTON, Walton Flour Mills, LANSING, MICH.

JOHN FISKE CAMP

Primitive—Homelike place—Excellent home cooking. Open throughout the year—Winter fishing through the ice—Skiing—Hunting. Fine fishing in Fall.

C. B. FISKE, Central Lake, Mich.

Duck Shooters and Bass Fishermen

We are located on the Illinois River near Browning in the best duck shooting and bass fishing territory in the state.

WRITE

W. T. BOYD, Sheldons Grove, Ill.

In the Land of Lakes

Black Oak Lake Resort

On Wisconsin and Michigan Chain of Lakes

Salmon Trout, Brook Trout, Bass, Muskee and Pike Fishing

A Private Cabin for Your Family

G. J. ST. CLAIR

Auto Route 26 Land O'Lakes, Wis.

Formerly Stateline, Wis.

MAY 15 to SEPT. 30. Special rates over C. N. W. R. R.

Crocker Lake Camps, JACKMAN, MAINE

The ideal spot for the sportsman. Beautifully located among the Pines and Birches of northern Maine. Five miles north of Jackman and twelve miles south of the Canadian Border, with an elevation of 1631 feet above sea level. Fine cabins, electric lights, hot and cold water, with and without baths. Fine salmon and rainbow trout fishing, wonderful deer, bear and partridge shooting in season. Excellent food. American plan. For further particulars write

J. B. McKenney, Prop., Jackman, Maine

In the Heart of Currituck Sound

To Wild Fowl Shooters: If you want a comfortable bed, good, plain, substantial food and the opportunity to kill your limit on ducks and geese every day of the season make your reservations now. Our years of experience and wonderful stool of decoys enable us to hold our patrons year after year. Write us now for references. We prefer our satisfied guests to speak for us.

SANDY POINT PRESERVE, KNOTT'S ISLAND, N. C.

F. L. Williams, Proprietor

White's Game Preserve

Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N.C. (Waterlily P.O.)

Our duck, goose, quail and snipe shooting equals any in North America. Season November, December and January. Best to make reservations early. We think our Canvasback shooting is better than any.

If interested in growing duck food, write us.

Wild Lands for Hunting and Fishing Clubs

or individuals, for sale. In heart of Wisconsin's unsettled district. Plenty of deer and small game; bass, muskellonge and pike fishing. Tracts of from 40 to 1000 acres. This kind of land is increasing in price every year.

H. A. SCOTFORD, GLIDDEN, WIS.

GOOD SPORT IN THE SOUTH

Near Georgetown, South Carolina

Wild turkey, ducks, quail, and other game in the Sautee River section. A remarkable location for visiting sportsmen. Accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. Also an attractive winter home and plantation for sale. For full particulars and reservations address

F. E. Johnston, P.O. Box 533, Georgetown, South Carolina

FOR SALE

One of the Best Private Game Preserves in famous Currituck Sound, N. C. Duck, Goose, Snipe and Quail. Large acreage, convenient location. New, modern building and fully equipped.

To parties interested, full particulars mailed on request.

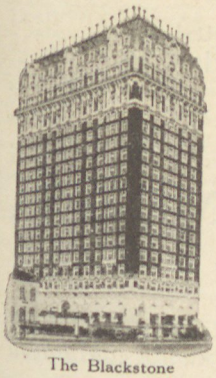
J. E. WHITE, CURRITUCK, N. C.

RESORTS & CAMPS

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park
or at
THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan



The Blackstone

These two magnificent world famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City's Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers Chicago

FOR SALE— Most beautiful antebellum home on the Mississippi Coast. All modern improvements. Artesian water. Spacious grounds, almost 700 feet frontage. Superb forest trees: oak, pine, magnolia and others. Satsuma, orange, grapefruit and pecan trees. Site suitable for hotel or country club. Terms moderate.

For price and further information, address

GRAYSON & COMPANY
Pass Christian MISSISSIPPI

CURRITUCK DUCK-SHOOTERS LODGE
CURRITUCK, N. C.

Now Booking Reservations for Coming Season. Duck, Goose, Snipe and Quail. Modern and Best Equipped in N. C. Ref. in all parts of U. S. Bass and Rock Fishing Oct. Correspondence Invited.

ABERDEEN VILLA
On the Siskiyous

The hunting season is now open. Make your reservations as early as possible. Equipment and guides furnished. Our rates of $45.00 per week include everything.

E. W. MENGEL, Kerby, Oregon

TAWAS INN ON BEAUTIFUL TAWAS BAY

Adjacent to a wonderful hunting territory near the Au Sable River. Excellent wild fowl shooting on marsh, lake or bay. Bear, Raccoon, Deer and Red Fox. Some very good Ruffed Grouse shooting. Rates $5.00 per day, $30.00 per week. Guides, dogs and other equipment furnished at reasonable prices.

For reservations write

JAS. L. ALDRICH, Managing Owner, Tawas Inn, East Tawas Michigan

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Help the
Izaak Walton League
and subscribe to its magazine
Outdoor America

RESULTS!

Read what one of our Resort Advertisers has to say about results obtained from OUTDOOR AMERICA.

CAMP SENIA

A. H. CROONQUIST, MANAGER — CAMP SENIA VIA RED LODGE, MONTANA

Aug. 20th, 1924.

Izaak Walton League,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find my check for $57.50 for ad in June issue of your magazine.

In regard to this I wish to say that we had wonderful returns from this ad. In fact more real live inquiries than we have ever had from any outdoor magazine. And next year we hope to run other ads with you.

Thanking you, I am
Very truly yours,
(Signed) A. H. Croonquist.
RHC:L (encl)

I Invite You to Come Up to
Camp Senia

In the Beartooth Region and Grasshopper Glacier Country. 700,000 acres of startling beauty and mountain wonders.

Come—ride or hike our miles of fine saddle trails—climb our mountains—slide on our glaciers—explore our canyons and ***fish for trout in our lakes and miles of streams.***

CAMP SENIA in the Beartooth Mountains

is in strict keeping with its environment—rough—rugged—friendly—scrupulously clean—wholesome—and of a nature that will pull you back again. Cabins—tents—accommodations in general are comfortable and just what an active mountain visitor would desire. Then, too, there are no conventionalities at Camp Senia—wear your old clothes or outing togs—you are on a vacation—enjoy it.

A. H. Croonquist
Camp Senia, Via Red Lodge, Montana

A. H. CROONQUIST,
Camp Senia, via Red Lodge, Montana

Just write your name and address below and send this advertisement to me, and I will send you a beautifully illustrated booklet—and tell you about our rates and the low round-trip railroad fares, etc.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State .....

Free! Free! Free!

Write today for information telling how to get a free membership in the DeSoto Hunting, Fishing and Recreation Club on Lake Chicot, Arkansas, out of which you can get an income that will pay all dues and expenses.

A. L. THOMPSON
634 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Hunting Preserve and Lodge on coast near Charleston, S. C., all under fence. 1300 acres. Artesian well. Game, migratory ducks, deer, wild turkey, quail, squirrels, opossums. Good fishing and motor-boating. *Write for particulars.*

R. C. HUDSON, *Owner*, GREENVILLE, S. C.

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ADVERTISEMENTS from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 10c a word per insertion, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words.

Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted.

No ad will be run for less than $1.

All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 1st of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"If it appeals to Sportsmen, advertise it in Outdoor America" *90,000 copies per month guaranteed*

Camps and Cottages

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (3-12)

Coins and Curios

GENUINE Indian curios prepaid at following low prices—Terms cash with order. Buckskin Moccasins, $5.00. Beaded watch fobs, $1.50. Beaded belts, $5.00. Beaded hatbands or headbands, $3.00. Ladies' necklaces loom beaded, $2.50. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Chief Flying Cloud, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (9X)

100,000,000,000 GERMAN Mark free with 100,000 Polish Mark for 60c. 10,000 Austrian Kronen 35c, and 10,000 Hungarian Kronen 50c. Don't send us any Money, but write for Dealer's Terms. Arrow Sales, 1748 North Park Ave., Chicago.

40 OLD coins, all different, $1.00. 200 different German City Bills, $1.00. Price-list free. Merten Denney, Box 315, Dallas, Texas.

RARE Coins—Silver, gold, copper and paper money of the world; Mexican bill and new catalogue 10c. Alexis Mengelle, Box 387, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (3-12)

HUNTING Bows, Relics, Minerals, Geology, stamps, butterflies; 1,000 Indian articles; catalogue 10c. Indiancraft O. A. Co., 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y.

ANTIQUES—Flint lock guns, rifles, pistols, swords, daggers; catalog free. Nagy, 32 South 18th St., Philadelphia, Penn. (3-11)

Dogs

POINTER Puppies, vaccinated, wormed; papers to register, $30, at two months old. Litter whelped July 28th. Sire, King (Mt. Riga Rap 2 wins sire of 22 winners ex Tom's Flash); dam, Commanche Gypsy Girl (Commanche Joe ex Chandlers Bess, her sire Champion Lewis C. Morris); three white and lemon; four white and liver. Litter whelped Aug. 11, sire, Woodall Pat (John Proctor 23 wins sire of 47 winners ex Lady Pat dam of winners), dam Commanche Spot (Commanche Jack ex Commanche Blanche, both producers of winners), eight dogs, three bitches, liver and white. C. G. Robinson, Lincoln, Ill.

SACOL Canine Remedies are the best that can be had when real scientific and successful dog treatment is desired. In a class above the ordinary dog remedies. Endorsed by the most prominent dog breeders and veterinarians, including the famous dog trainer, Capt. Engerer. Send stamp for our booklet and supply of pedigree blanks. Sacol Laboratory, Box 24, Ridgewood Sta., B'klyn, N. Y. (6-3)

Dogs

FOR Sale: High class coon and opossum hounds. They are well broke, healthy, straight and sound. 3 to 6 years old. 10 days' trial. $65.00 each. Send in your order and tell me what you want and I will try hard to please you. I have pleased hundreds of others. D. J. Wright, Pattonville, Mo.

FOODS and Feeding—Part One of Kennel Kraft—now ready. The most instructive work on the feeding of dogs ever published. Price one dollar postpaid. Field and Fancy Pub. Corp., 205 W. 34th St., New York. Send for free sample copy best weekly in the United States devoted to dogs.

PURE-BRED American Foxhounds—Suitable for coon, cat, deer, rabbits, fox, wolves, and all other fur-bearing animals. July and Walker strains, trained and untrained; 10 days' trial allowed. J. E. Adams, Montgomery City, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—High class Foxhounds, Beaglehounds, Coonhounds, bloodhounds, and Setters; partly and well broken; puppies of all breeds. I ship C. O. D., no money in advance; stamp for booklet. Landis-Kennels, Mohnton, Pa. (3-12)

SIXTY-MINUTE Worm remedy for dogs. Vegetable compound administered with food-Harmless; results guaranteed. Prepaid, 15 doses, $1.00; 36 doses, $2.00; 75 doses, $3.50. Chemical Products Co., Ellsworth, Minn. (5-2)

SIX Female Fox Terriers, 1 to 2 years. These are real ratters and hunters. $15.00 to $25.00. Do not write unless you want something good and are willing to pay the price. All are registered. Galloway's Kennels, 1630 Michigan Avenue, Logansport, Ind.

CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Grown dogs and puppies for sale. Trained and untrained. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pedigree furnished. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-12)

HIGH class Irish, English, Llewellyn, Gordon setters and pointers. Also Irish Water Spaniels and Chesapeakes. Puppies and trained dogs at all times. Stamps. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (3-12)

"PREMIER" Police Dogs, registered; wolf grey puppies, finest type at lowest prices on approval. Satisfaction or money returned. Write your wants. Wm. A. Fraser, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

ENGLISH, Irish and Gordon Setters. Pointers and retrieving spaniels. Grown dogs broken and unbroken puppies and bitches in whelp. Prices to sell. List free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Beautiful German Police pups from trained prize winning European dogs of highest quality. Wolf and silver grey. Dr. Almklov, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-11)

Dogs

FINE English and Irish Setter Puppies and grown dogs for sale. All registered or eligible. Registered English and Irish Setters at stud. D. A. Estep, Clearwater, Neb.

EXTRA long eared bugle voiced black and tan registered American Foxhound puppies. Descriptive illustrated circular 10c. Earl Gossett, Box 35A, Bannock, Ohio.

FOR Sale—Coon, Opossum, Skunk and Squirrel dogs; fox, cat and rabbit hounds. Trial allowed; summer price list and catalog free. Mt. Yonah Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Georgia.

CAT, Coon and Cougar Hounds, Bear Dogs. Fine cold trailers and tree barkers. Western trained. Also some young hounds partly trained. Essex, 519 Thirteenth North, Seattle, Wash.

HIGH grade English Bull Dogs. Utility and sporting Airedale Terriers. Eligible young stock for sale. Send 10c for photos. Tri-Angle Kennels, Jackson Center, Ohio.

TRAINED and partly trained registered Walker foxhounds, price $75.00. Have few cheaper ones, not Walkers. D. M. Casper, Louisville, Kentucky.

FOR Sale: Five high-class coon, skunk and opossum hounds. Not culls, but real tree dogs. Also six Red Bone pups. Prices reasonable. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (2-11)

FOR Sale—Irish Setter Pups, sired by Whites Morty Oge. Dam by daughter of an International champion. Dr. R. S. Montgomery, Taylorville, Ill.

LE PELLY BROS., Mena, Ark., offers for sale fox and cat hounds, coon and skunk hounds and champion rabbit hounds at reasonable prices. Shipped on trial.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies. Champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City.

REGISTERED Airedale pups—six months old—dandies. Ready to train. Females $7.00. Males $12.00. Martin Matchey, Route 2, Independence, Wisc.

FOR Sale—Chesapeake Bay Retrievers and English Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines obtainable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Ia. (3-12)

OTTERHOUND puppies, early spring litter, from imported parents of excellent breeding and type. Pedigrees furnished and eligible to register. R. M. Cronk, Cedar Falls, Washington.

KEEP in touch with the United National Beagle Club Field Trials. Write B'oodlines Journal, Kalamazoo, Michigan, for free information. (3-11)

FOR Sale—3 ½-year-old Coon, Opossum and Squirrel Dog, absolutely rabbit proof at night. Price, $50.00. Also have some nicely bred Beagle Hounds. H. J. Dul'e, Chamois, Mo.

Do not fail to read the editorial on pages 40 and 41—Important!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Dogs

ARKANSAS best Coon, Fox, Deer, Wolf, Bear, Squirrel and Rabbit Hounds. Thirty years' dog experience. Price list and terms free. W. B. Caraway, Alma, Arkansas. (3-11)

BUY a Chesapeake retriever, and (save the cripples) several litters. High class in every way. Dogs at stud. Lakeside Chesapeake Kennels. Taylor & Orr, Props., Clear Lake, Iowa.

TRAINED Coon Hounds and combination hunters, rabbit and fox hounds, setters and pointers. Trial. Catalog 5 cents. Frye's Kennels, Finger, Tenn.

FOR Sale—Pair of male beagles. Quality sort; type and breeding. Field winner at stud. James Whalen, Loraine St., Plattsburgh, N. Y. (3-11)

FOR Sale—American Brown Water Spaniels. Guaranteed to hunt at one year of age or money refunded. Wolf River Kennels, New London, Wis. (3-11)

FINE English and Irish Setter Puppies and grown dogs for sale. All registered or eligible. Registered English and Irish Setters at stud. D. A. Estep, Clearwater, Neb. (3-11)

RABBIT Hounds. 50 trained ones. Distemper proof, and prices very reasonable. Open Air-Dog Farm, Mayport, Penna.

BROKEN Beagles, Rabbit, Coon, Fox-hounds. Trial pups. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

LABRADORS, incomparable retrievers of feather and fur. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Mont.

FOX Terriers. Some registered. $12.00 to $15.00. A few Spitz. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisc.

CHESAPEAKE Puppies for sale, from registered stock. Dogs at stud. Thompson's Chesapeake Kennels, Lake Andes, S. Dak. (2-11)

FOR Sale—Thoroughbred Smooth Fox Terrier Puppies, nicely marked. L. G. Riecker, Lowell, Ohio.

FOR Sale—Registered bloodhound pups; earage and wrinkled. David S. Inglee, Whitehall, N. Y. (2-11)

AIREDALE Pups, bred to hunt. 5 months old. Papers furnished. R. Pierne, R. 4, Box 284, Tacoma, Washington. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Setters, Champion Stock, 4 months old. Two females one year old. Guaranteed. S. S. Shriner, Flora, Ill. (3-11)

COON and rabbit hounds, young stock. Unsolicited testimonials. Postage please. Jas. H. Grisham, Wheeler, Miss. (3-11)

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-11)

20 GOOD Fox and Coon Hound pups, 2 to 15 mo. old, from extra good hunting stock. Oran Walker, Dallas City, Ill.

FOR Sale—American Brown Water Spaniels. Guaranteed to hunt at one year of age or money refunded. Wolf River Kennels, New London, Wis.

LONG Eared Open Trailing Rabbit Hounds, $25.00 C. O. D. Trial. Kenneth Plowman, Lakewood, Ill.

FOX Terriers—Beauties, males, ten dollars, females four. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin.

FOR Sale—Trained rabbit hounds. Beagle at stud puppy stock. V. Hershey, Orrville, Ohio. (3-11)

ENGLISH setters, field and bench show type. All papers. G. D. Simpson, York, New York (3-11)

I WANT an A-1 coonhound; state price. C. W. Potter, Churdan, Iowa.

GREAT Dane registered pups. $40—$50. Fox Farm, Steamboat Spgs., Colorado.

FOR Sale—Beagles, all ages. Harold Evans, Cold Springs, Indiana.

BULL Puppies, Fox Terriers, Collies, $10.00. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial catalogue. Beck, D-45, Herrick, Ill. (3-11)

SALE—Foxhound, six pups, female setters. John Matlack, Haddonfield, N. J. (3-11)

BULLDOGS—Trained fighters or pups. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

HIGH class Bostons for sale and service. 2252 Orchard St., Chicago. (3-11)

Firearms

Sauer Shot Guns and Sauer-Mauser Rifles

Your safety lies in your dealing direct with the factory's Sole and Only Agent in America. By doing so you will receive Genuine NEW goods of Pre-War quality and at Pre-War Prices. You have the Guarantee of J. P. Sauer & Son, as well as our own, back of every transaction. Address (3-12)

The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

SELL: Double barrel hammerless shot gun. Good shooter, $15.00. Marlin hammerless 20 ga., perfect new condition, $38.00. Printed firearms list—100 guns—10c. N. P. Frayseth, Milan, Minn.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DOUGH Bait, guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs. $1.00 postpaid. Sour clams best of all catfish bait, $1.00 per quart, postpaid. I. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

1 QUART Sour Clams, guaranteed to catch catfish, $1.00. 2 lbs. Dough Bait, guaranteed to catch carp, $1.00. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange—We exchange guns, rifles, field glasses, cameras, watches, etc. Or will buy for cash. Write us what you have, what you want, or send us the article with a letter, and will make you an offer by return mail. E. Wanger, 502-A Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-11)

BUY, sell, and trade all makes of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Binoculars, Field Glasses, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Gold Bridges, and Platinum. Watch repairing and diamond setting. Sam Efron, 170 E. 4 St., St. Paul, Minn. Bankers' references if required. (3-11)

SALE—Granger fly-rod like new. Cheap. A. H. Sikes, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

Game Birds and Animals

HOW to Attract Ducks. Grow their favorite foods, Terrell's Wild Rice, etc., in your waters. Seeds for every condition ready for fall planting. Write for free illustrated booklet giving expert advice on what and where to plant. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 10-L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-12)

WILD Mallard Decoys! Genuine mallard decoys that will please you. Raised on our large Wisconsin marshes. The best birds to be found anywhere. $2.50 each during Sept.; $2.75 each in October. 5% discount until Sept. 16th. Walter Doemel's Game Farm, Dept. A, Oshkosh, Wis.

FOR Sale: Wild Canadian geese, black ducks, mallards, English calls, spriggs, teal, all kinds waterfowl. Wild turkeys, pheasants, peafowl, all kinds wild animals. Clinton Game Farm, Ina, Ill.

CHINESE Ring-neck and Fancy Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Waterfowl, Deer and Elk. Eggs for Spring delivery. E. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (3-11)

LIVE Decoys, Callers, English Call Ducks, $7.00 pair. Wild Mallards, $5.00 pair. Wild Canada Geese. J. E. Robar, Walworth, Wisconsin. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Canada, Blue, White Front, Hutchins, Cackling, and Snow Geese, Brants and Wild Ducks. Write Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr.

CANARIES—Pure blooded rollers. Choice mating stock. Splendid singers; prices reasonable. Frank Caduff, 317 Sixteenth Ave., Newark, N. J. (3-11)

Miscellaneous

INVENTORS: Send sketch or model for free opinion concerning patentable nature and exact cost of patent. Book "How to Obtain a Patent," sent free. Tells what every inventor should know. Established twenty-eight years. Highest references. Prompt service. Reasonable charges. Chandlee & Chandlee, 472 Seventh, Washington, D. C.

FOR Sale—Navajo Indian Rugs, hand woven from pure wool by Navajo Indians; bought direct from Navajo reservation; very appropriate for rugs or couch throws; will last a life time. Price, $7.50. Buel Canady, Box 393, Winslow, Ariz.

Miscellaneous

CIRCULATION list of newspaper "Trapper." About one thousand "live" trappers' names in Newfoundland and Labrador for fifty dollars. Also newspaper "Trapper." Owner retiring. J. W. McGrath, Muir Bldg., St. John's, Newfoundland. (3-11)

1,000,000 FORMULAS and Facts—1016-page illustrated book covers everything, gunsmiths, trapping scents, tanners, mechanics, $2.50, postpaid. H. Glathart, Box 183, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can show any reader of this magazine how to get them. Just drop me a card for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-2)

WES-LET—New invention "Wes-Let" stationery. Combined envelope and letterhead. Distinctive; convenient; original. Your name and address on 100 for $1.00. Wes-Let, Ballston Spa, N. Y. (3-11)

SPORTSMEN! Articles, stories typed, proper form; 50c 1,000 words. Revision—arrangement, author. Protection. Market suggested. Walter H. Sonnenberg, Lock Box 474, Rochester, Minn. (3-11)

JEWELRY, sporting goods, Kohlman player pianos, Waltham sewing machines, check protectors, typewriters, adding machines. Address, Samuel Paul, Lock Box 196, Valley View, Pa. (3-11)

MEXICAN made dog collars, harness; pistol holsters and cartridge belts. Fancy goods, low prices; list free. Ingersoll Leather Co., Prince Bldg., Houston, Texas. (2-11)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (6-2)

OREGON Homesteads—Recently opened offer, exceptional opportunities. Map and details, $1.00. F. G. Thompson, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-11)

OLYMPIC Elk Herd on snowfield—prize photo, 9x11, ready for framing. $1.50 postpaid. N. D. Moser, Sylvan, Washington.

MEN wanting forest ranger, postal clerk and other government positions; particulars free. Write Mokane, Dept. A-57, Denver, Colo. (3-11)

FORMULAS, reblueing, nitro solvent, rust remover; three, 25c. H. Glathart, Box 183, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A WILD Ginseng plant with instructions about finding Wild Ginseng, 50c. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa.

HUDSON'S Bay "Point" Blankets; also beautiful genuine Indian handwoven blankets. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho.

BLUE FINISH your gun. Complete instructions, rust remover, nitro solvent, etc., only 50c. Will Ziegler, East Dedham, Mass.

TWO-DOOR Ford Sedan owners sleep in your car. Beds $6.50. Send for particulars. Milligan & Chrey, Bremerton, Washington.

GENUINE Indian baskets and beads; wholesale catalog. Gilham, Kelseyville, Cal. (3-11)

Real Estate

5 ACRES fruit, poultry, ginseng farm, $76.00; $1.00 down, $5.00 monthly. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Ozarks. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

FOR Sale—20 acres of good land in game region of Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan.

FREE Rent Land. Free Homestead land. Harry Blow, Milford, Utah.

Taxidermy

FEW uncalled for deer heads at cost of mounting. Stainsky Fur and Taxidermy Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

FINE mountain lion skins suitable for rugs, $12 up. Other skins. Write for list. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

MOUNTED Trout—Several choice specimens. $10 up. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho.

CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

The most interesting setting a bath can be given is in the open, away from walls and corners. And now the new Crane *Crystal* shower provides the final luxury of a curtainless, splash-proof shower adapted to use in any setting in combination with the *Tarnia* bath.

Inclosed on three sides in plate glass, framed in standards of nickeled brass, water is led to the overhead needle shower and four horizontal sprays through two of the vertical supports. The hot-and-cold mixing faucet supplies tempered water to the shower, sprays and tub. Large hand grips on main supports at both sides. All valves within easy reach.

The *Tarnia* bath shown is encased in black and white marble, matching the *Neumar* lavatory and dressing table. Tiles of any color or pattern can also be used for the setting.

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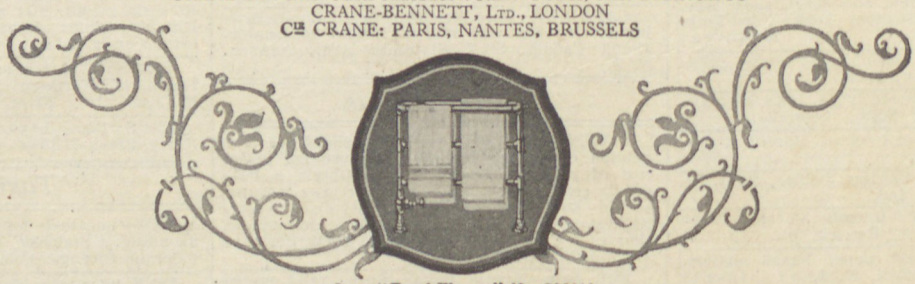


Crane "Towel Warmer" No. C25010

ATTENTION WALTONIANS!!!

50,000 New Members During October

To All Officers, Committeemen and Members of Izaak Walton League Chapters:

You already have received letters regarding the great drive for additional members planned for the month of October.

Early indications show that this drive will be an unqualified success. There can be no DOUBT as to its success if EVERY CHAPTER will add a list of new members to its roster. In your community there are hundreds of men and women who are potential members.

A well conducted drive during October puts your chapter on a solid foundation, assures its proper functioning during the winter months, adds needed dollars to your local treasury, adds power and prestige to the League as a whole and makes easier the performance of the great conservation duties confronting the League.

Many chapters already have teams at work and assurance has been received that chapter memberships in at least 100 cities will be doubled.

LETTER FROM WILL H. DILG

". . . . It is not necessary to say any more about the accomplishments of your League, except to say that we have within the period of thirty-two months proved to all *men of common sense* that a membership in a Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America PAYS BIG DIVIDENDS.

"Of course every one knows that sportsmen everywhere AGREE that we have a great League and naturally everyone WISHES our League success. There are hundreds of thousands of sportsmen not enrolled in Izaak Walton Chapters who will enjoy better sport because of our League, yet they pay no dues and do absolutely nothing to help win *our sometimes costly victories.*

"You have them *in your city* and they are to be found in every one of the hundreds of cities where Izaak Walton Chapters are established. These outsiders to a man WISH *the League success* yet they do nothing to help. Perhaps they have not been urged, or even *invited* to join and do not know that our League publishes the best outdoor magazine in the world BUT—my brother sportsman, WISHES *never won a battle*—wishes never won America's independence—it took Washington eight long years of hard fighting to bring about the surrender of Yorktown. There were no *sunshine patriots* during that awful winter at Valley Forge and without Valley Forge there would have been no surrender at Yorktown."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Jefferson, Iowa—"We are putting out a challenge to any county in Iowa for number of chapters and also to any chapter which has made as many new members as we have. We have 6 chapters in Green County and the largest town is only 3500 population. This chapter has organized seven chapters besides our own."—R. H. FINCH, Secretary.

Franklin, Nebraska—"Here's bank draft to double the membership of Franklin Chapter No. 20—Division of Nebraska. The Franklin Chapter also wants credit for sponsoring the Chapter at Tecumseh, Nebraska."—KARL L. SPENCE, Secretary.

October is the ideal month for the drive. Will your chapter do its part? Please label your envelopes "MEMBERSHIP DRIVE" and address them to

M. S. HEISS,
Executive Secretary, I. W. L. A.,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

Remington
Heavy Duck Load
Long Range Load

12-gauge recommended for Duck, Brant, and Jack Rabbit, No. 4, 5 or 6 Chilled or Soft Shot.

16 and 20-gauge—recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. 16-gauge in No. 4, 5 or 6 Chilled or Soft Shot. 20-gauge —2¾ in. shells—in No. 6, 7 or 7½ Chilled or Soft Shot.

Remington
Specific Loads for Specific Game

Remington Game Loads are scientifically loaded to a uniform standard of velocity, pattern and penetration, all with moderate recoil.

They are loaded with the highest quality American-made smokeless powders in Nitro Club *Wetproof* Shells.

Remington Game Loads—

taking the place of "specified" loads the country over

WITH all due respect to any specified load you are now shooting—give Remington Game Loads a try-out on your next shooting trip. They will give you a uniformity in shooting quality you never knew before. We leave the decision to you.

This idea of specific loads for specific game is original with Remington. All our ballistic knowledge told us it was *all wrong* to have 3200 different prescription loads when there were only a few kinds of game hunted with a shotgun.

So we brought out Remington Game Loads—the *right* load—the *best* load—for each kind of game.

Hundreds of thousands of sportsmen all over the country are discarding the old style specified loads, and are now shooting Remington Game Loads.

Besides the Heavy Duck Loads there are:

QUAIL LOAD

Recommended for Quail, Dove, Woodcock, Rail, Plover and Snipe. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 8 Chilled or Soft Shot.

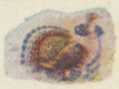
DUCK LOAD

Recommended for Duck, Pheasant, Hawk, Crow, Rabbit, Partridge, Prairie Chicken and Grouse. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 5, 6 or 7½ Chilled or Soft Shot.

GOOSE LOAD

Recommended for Goose, Fox, Turkey and Raccoon. 12-gauge; No. 2 Chilled or Soft Shot.

GROUSE LOAD



Recommended for Grouse, Prairie Chicken, Pheasant, Partridge, Dove, Rabbit, Duck and Squirrel. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 7 Chilled or Soft Shot.

SNIPE LOAD

Recommended for Snipe, Rail, Plover, Woodcock and Quail. 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 9 Chilled or Soft Shot.

DOVE LOAD

Recommended for Dove, Quail, Rabbit, Partridge, Grouse, Plover and Woodcock. 12, 16, and 20-gauge; No. 7½ Chilled or Soft Shot.

RABBIT LOAD

A light, snappy load recommended for Rabbit and Squirrel, 12, 16 and 20-gauge; No. 4, 6 or 8 Chilled or Soft Shot.

SQUIRREL LOAD

A slightly heavier load than the Rabbit load, recommended for Squirrel and Rabbit and other small game. 12, 16, and 20-gauge; No. 6 Chilled or Soft Shot.

BUCK SHOT LOAD

Recommended for Deer, Black Bear and Wolf. 12-gauge; loaded with 12 pellets of No. 0 Eastern (No. 4 Western) Shot.

TRAP LOAD

12-gauge only; regulation charge of 1¼ ounces of No. 7½ Chilled Shot and special wadding.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc., 25 Broadway, New York

Established 1816

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